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B E L L'S  
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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*John Bell's*  
BRITISH THEATRE ;  
*TRAGEDIES.*



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BRITISH THEATRE.

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

Being the Third VOLUME of TRAGEDIES.

CONTAINING

ALL FOR LOVE, by Mr. DRYDEN.

. The ORPHAN, by Mr. T. OTWAY.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA, by Mr. THOMSON.

GEORGE BARNWELL, by Mr. LILLO.

ISABELLA, altered from SOUTHERNE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed, for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, Strand.

M DCC LXXX.



M<sup>rs</sup> HARTLEY in the Character of CLEOPATRA.  
*I'll die I will not bear it.*



Well's Characteristical Edition.

# ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

A TRAGEDY, BY MR. DRYDEN.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated for the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. DRYDEN PROMPTER.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAYERS.

I am made a Soldier—faded Beauty—  
All my charms are gone—  
The name of Love—  
And world's against my Fortune, child her from me, &c. and now she is gone—  
Give, you Gods!—Give to your boy, your Char—  
This gawdy world, and put him cheaply off—I'll not be pleas'd with less than Antony—  
I can never be conquer'd but by love

Tell her I'll name on't—I'm not ashamed of honest poverty—  
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe—  
Venitius from his faith—I can die with you when time shall serve—  
But Fortune calls upon us now to live—To fight, to conquer—  
And if I have ten years behind take all—I'll thank you for th' exchange—  
Now you shall see I love you—  
My few hours of life—I am in pleas'd with this brave Roman life—  
I would not be Comforted—  
When we put off this flesh, and meet together—I shall be one in all th' ethereal crowd—  
Let those be whodid with Antony—  
I will be one to you, for I die perjur'd—  
Rather than kill my friend

Nature has call me in to rest a while—  
That but to have a few bright days to live—  
And from her lover's death, mortifies my eyes—  
And tells me of my manhood—  
And blames the love of ruin'd Antony—  
Yet with that I were he to be ruin'd—  
Friendship—  
I'll call them saving—  
This, and reason worse—  
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sin'd—  
But if to have repented of that love—  
Can wash away my crime, I have repented—  
If I have offended past forgiveness—  
Let her not follow the injustice—

Please forgo my earlier infamy—  
The luxury of—  
With'd hence the commands of a—

My eyes are open—  
I am made a Soldier—  
All my charms are gone—  
The name of Love—  
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TO THE RIGHT HON.

## THOMAS EARL OF DANBY,

*Vizcount Loximer, and Baron Osborn of Kinton in Yorkshire, Lord High Treasurer of England, one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

MY LORD,

THE gratitude of poets is so troublesome a virtue to great men that you are often in danger of your own benefits, for you are threatened with some epistle, and not suffered to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have obliged. Yet I confess I neither am nor ought to be surpris'd at this indulgence, for your Lordship has the same right to favour poetry which the great and noble have ever had;

*Carmen amat, quicquid carmine digna gerit.*

There is somewhat of a tie in nature betwixt those who are born for worthy actions and those who can transmit them to posterity; and though there be much the inferior part, it comes at least within the scope of alliance; we are we imperishable members of the commonwealth when we animate others to their virtue, which we copy and describe from you.

It is indeed their interest to endeavour the subversion of governments to disengage parts and kingdoms, for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten; but such who under kings are the fathers of their country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs preferre us, have the time taken to cherish the chronicles of their actions as they have to lay up in safety the deeds and evidences of their estates; for such records are their undoubted titles to the love and reverence of after ages. Your Lordship's administration has already taken up a considerable part of the English annals, and many of its most happy years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most excellent Prince of Denmark, and the best master, has acknowledged the great service he has receiv'd by the increase of his Treasury, which has exceed'd his expectations. All things were in the utmost disorder, though some in soul were not reduced beyond measure, so that you had not only to separate the jars of their business, if separation might be allowed. Your enemies had so contriv'd the management they look'd on your advancement as the ruin of the Kingdom, and as if the chipping of the revenue and the expence of the war, which you found on your entrance were not their own weight of matter in the publick, but the weight of the voice which should raise all your friends, and make you not only capable of ruling but not of siding you; and so they were so far from being so, that what was founded on your ruin was now your glory; for your diligence, your justice, your wisdom, your courage were surely within when they were so far from being so. The highest virtue is to be so far from being so, for the highest virtue can be given by a person capable of being so, which is contrary; and it is the noblest kind of merit when we are only oblig'd to God and nature. This then, my Lord, is your great commendation, that you have wrought out yourself a way to glory by those very means that were designed for your

destruction; you have not only restored but advanced the revenues of your master without grievance to the subject; and as if that were little, yet the debts of the Exchequer, which lay heaviest both on the Crown and on private persons, have by your conduct been established in a certainty of satisfaction; an action so much the more great and honourable because the case was without the ordinary relief of laws, above the hopes of the afflicted, and beyond the narrowness of the Treasury to redress, had it been managed by a less able hand. It is certainly the happiest and most unenvied part of all your fortune to do good to many while you do injury to none; to receive at once the prayers of the subject and the praises of the prince; and by the care of your conduct to give him means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his royal virtues, his distributive justice to the deserving, and his bounty and compassion to the wanting. The disposition of princes towards their people cannot better be discovered than in the choice of their ministers, who, like the animal spirits betwixt the soul and body, participate somewhat of both natures, and make the communication which is betwixt them. A prince who is just and moderate in his nature, who rules according to the laws, whom God made happy by forming the temper of his soul to the constitution of his government, and who makes us happy by assuming over us no other sovereignty than that wherein our welfare and liberty consists; a prince, I say, of so excellent a character, and so suitable to the wishes of all good men, could not better have conveyed himself into his people's apprehensions than in your Lordship's person, who so lively expresses the same virtues, that you seem not so much a copy as an emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of greatness; but there is a steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a minister of state; so equal a mixture of both virtues that he may stand like an isthmus betwixt the two encroaching seas of arbitrary power and lawless anarchy. The undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary genius to stand at the line and to divide the limits: to pay what is due to the great representative of the nation, and neither to invade nor to yield up the unlimited prerogatives of the crown. These, my Lord, are the proper virtues of a noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English virtues, no people in the world being capable of using them; but we who have the happiness to be born under so equal and so wellpoised a government, a government which has all the advantages of liberty beyond a commonwealth, and all the security of kingly sovereignty without the danger of a tyranny. Both my nature as I am an Englishman, and my reason as I am a man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious name of a Republick, that mock appearance of a liberty, where all who have not part in the government are slaves; and slaves they are of a siller note than such as are subjects to an absolute dominion: for no Christian monarchy is so absolute but it is circumscribed with laws; but when the executive power is in the lawmakers there is no farther check upon them, and the people must suffer without a remedy, because they are oppressed by their representatives. If I must serve, the number of my masters, who were born my equals, would but add to the ignominy of my bondage. The nature of our government, above

all other, is exactly suited both to the situation of our country and the temper of the natives, an island being more proper for commerce and for defence than for extending its dominions on the continent; for what the valour of its inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness and the casualities of the seas it could not so easily preserve; and therefore neither the arbitrary power of one in a monarchy, nor of many in a commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. It is true that vaster and more frequent taxes might be gathered when the consent of the people was not asked or needed, but this went only by conquering abroad to be poor at home; and the examples of our neighbours teach us that they are not always the happiest subjects whose kings extend their dominions farthest. Since, therefore, we cannot win by an offensive war, at least a land-war, the model of our government seems naturally contrived for the defensive part; and the consent of a people is easily obtained to contribute to that power which must protect it. *Felices nimium bona se sua norint, Angligraee!* And yet there are not wanting malcontents among us who, surfeiting themselves with too much happiness, would persuade the people that they might be happier by a change. 'Twas indeed the policy of their old forefathers, when Nimrod was fallen from the station of glory, to seduce mankind into the same rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be more than he was, that he was less than his nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God would make him. We have already all the liberty which free-born subjects can enjoy, and all beyond it is but licence. But if it be liberty of conscience which they pretend, the moderation of our church is such, that its practice extends not to the severity of persecution, and its discipline is without severity, that it allows more freedom of dissenters than any of the churches of the world. In the meantime what right can be pretended to oppose the attempt innovations in church or state? Who are they that would take away the liberty of England? If their call be extended to the whole world, they may convince us by working miracles; for ordinarily we have none to disturb the government under which we live, and which protects them. He who has often abused the power, and always has made his interest the rule of it, will be very ready to give up his authority for the publick good: it is made a rule of conduct for himself, and takes the people for tools to serve his ends; but the experience of all men might let him know that he who troubles the waters will have seldom the benefit of them; and they who began the late rebellion enjoyed not the fruits of it, but were crushed themselves by the usurpation of the usurper's government. Neither is it enough for them to pretend they only intend a reformation of the government but not a change of it; on such pretences all insurrections have been justified; 'tis striking at the root of power, which is obedience. Every sedition is a seed of treason in it; and discourses which are couched in ambiguous terms are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the laws. These, my Lord, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over.

had I room to manage them as they deserve, for no man can be so inconsiderable in a nation as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman he must at the same time be fired with indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the disturbers of his country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn but an hereditary loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your father, almost to the ruin of his estate, for the royal cause, were an earnest of that which such a parent and such an institution would produce in the person of a son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own zeal in suffering for his present Majesty the providence of God, and the prudence of your administration, will I hope prevent; that as your father's fortune waited on the unhappiness of his sovereign, so your own may participate of the better fate which attends his son. 'The relation which you have by alliance to the noble family of your lady serves to confirm to you both this happy anxiety; for what can deserve a greater place in the English Chronicle than the loyalty and courage, the actions and death, of the general of an army fighting for his prince and country? 'The honour and gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey is so illustrious a subject that it is fit to add an heroic poem; for he was the protomartyr of the cause, and the type of his unfortunate royal master.

Yet after all, my Lord, if I may speak my thoughts you are rather happy to us than to yourself; for the multiplicity, the cares, and the vexations of your employment, have betrayed you from yourself, and given you up into the possession of the publick. You are robbed of your privacy and friends, and scarce any hour of your life you can call your own. 'Those who envy your fortune, if they wanted not good-nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watched by a crowd of suitors, whose importunities are impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason that you are more in true content than you have gained by it. A private gentleman is better attended by a single friend than your Lordship with so clamorous a train. Pardon me, my Lord, I speak like a philosopher on this subject; the fortune which makes you uneasy cannot make him happy; and a wise man is never at self uneasy when few of his actions are in his choice.

'This last consideration has brought me to another, and a seasonable one for your relief; which is, that while I am out of leisure I have impertinently detained you so long from putting off my own business, which was my Dedication, that I am now ashamed to begin it; and therefore I have added to the Poem which I present to you, because I know you will not have an hour which, with a good conscience, you can spare in perusing it; and for the Author, I have only to beg the assistance of your protection to him, who is,

My Lord,

your Lordship's most obliged,  
most humble, and most  
obedient servant.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## PREFACE.

THE death of Antony and Cleopatra is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation after Shakspeare, and by all so variously, that their example has given me the confidence to try myself in this bow of Ulysses amongst the crowd of suitors, and withal to take my own measures in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt, I mean the excellency of the moral; for the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love, and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded that the hero of the Poem ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not without injustice be made unhappy, nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steered the middle course, and have drawn the character of Antony as favourably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius, would give me leave. The like I have observed in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love, which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary, since our passions are or ought to be within our power. The fabrick of the Play is regular enough as to the inferior parts of it, and the unities of time, place, and action, more exactly observed than perhaps the English theatre requires; particularly the action is so much one that it is the only of the kind without episode or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia; for though I might use the privilege of a poet to introduce her into Alexandria, yet I had not enough considered that the compassion she moved to herself and children was due to that which I reserved for Antony and Cleopatra, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~unlawful~~ <sup>the</sup> love being founded upon vice must lessen the favour of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppressed by it. Yet though I justified Antony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure to proceed wholly from herself, yet the force of the first pathos still remained; and the dividing of pity, like the waters of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the second stream. But this is an objection which none of my critics have taken against me, and therefore I might have let it pass if I had not been resolved to have been partial to myself. The faults my friends have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential particulars, which a master of the ceremonies may decide between us. The French poets, I confess, are strict observers of these rules; but they would not, for example, have suffered Cleopatra to be refused to have met, or if they had met, there must only have passed between them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of reparation for not offending against the greatness of their characters and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw, and at the same time determined; for I judged it both natural and probable that Octavia, jealous of her new-gained conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her, and that Cleopatra, thus attacked, was not

\* if I

of a spirit to shun the encounter; and 't is not unlikely that two exasperated rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a Roman and the other a queen they were both women. 'Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented, and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided; expressions, therefore, are a modell clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty all beyond it is but nicety and affectation, which is no more but modesty depraved into a vice: they betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them than of the poet.

Honell Montaigne goes yet farther; *Nous ne sommes que cerimonie, la cerimonie nous impose, et laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches et abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux dames de rougir, ayant seulement nommer ce qu'elles craignent uniquement a faire: nous n'osons appeller a droit nos membra, et ne craignons pas de les employer a toute sorte de debauche. La cerimonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites et naturelles, et l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites et d'ouïses, et personne ne l'en croit. My comfort is, that by this our my enemies are but sucking criticks, who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.*

Yet in this nicety of manners does the excellency of French poetry consist; their heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their goodbreeding seldom extends to a word of sense: all their wit is in their ceremony: they want the genius which animates our stage, and therefore 't is but necessary when they cannot please that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critick that they never leave him any work; so busy with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise; for no part of a poem is worth our discommending where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of palleted wine we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles they are often careless in essentials: thus their Hippolytus is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his stepmother to his father; and my criticks I am sure will commend him for it; but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance, and the audience is like to be much concerned at the misfortunes of this admirable hero: but take Hippolytus out of his poetick fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to leave the saddle on the right horse, and chuse rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest man than to die with the infamy of an ineffectual villain. In the mean-time we may take notice that where the poet ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man of the Amazonian strain, a jolly hunt-

man, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte. I should not have troubled myself thus far with French poets, but that I find our Chedreux critics wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country, for it seems unjust to me that the French should prescribe here till they have conquered. Our little sonneteers who follow them have too narrow souls to judge of poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper though I conclude not the only critics. But till some genius as universal as Aristotle shall arise, who can penetrate into all arts and sciences without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man, at least where he is not bribed by interest or prejudiced by malice; and this I suppose is manifest by plain induction; for, first, the crowd cannot be presumed to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or to please them: every man will grant me this; but then by a partial kindness to himself he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguished from the multitude, of which other men may think him one. But if I come closer to those who are allowed for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest either from the number of witty men, or at least of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves; and every one who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. Not to press it yet farther, there are many witty men but few poets; and all poets a taste of tragedy: and this is the rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a picture of nature, must generally please; but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not tragedy to be judged by a single man, whose taste is only confined to comedy: and every man who loves tragedy a sufficient judge of it; he must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critic. From hence it comes that so many satires are written andasures of their writings fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so) and endued with a trifling kind of learning, perhaps helped out with some smattering of Latin, are contented to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen by their poetry;

*Non enim solum sensus communis in illis  
est sed etiam.*

And is not this a wretched affectation not to be contented with what nature has done for them, and sit down quietly with their wits, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their shallowness to publick view, not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men which they have from their flatterers after the third bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on as for witty men, where was the

contented with



necessity of undecreasing the world! Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right where he said, That no man is satisfied with his own condition. A poet is not pleased because he is not rich, and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers; if they succeed not they must starve; and if they do some malicious satire is prepared to level them for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

Dignity and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. It is true they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet, and poets they were upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could; for 't was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind; so every man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could: it was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureats, but when the show was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play though he had been ten years a-making it. In the mean-time the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions: they were sure to be rewarded if they confessed themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. *Lucan's* example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death for overcoming Nero the emperor carried it, without dispute, for the best poet in his dominions: no man was ambitious of that grinning honour, for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too; but finding himself far gone in poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and wish *Horace*, that at least he might be a poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him, for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of *Mecenas* but little of his liberality. They are for procuring themselves reputation by the actions of their successors, (for such is every man who has any part

of their soul and fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little Zanies yet go further, for they are persecutors even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him, by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him he would be more uneasy in their company than he was with Crispinus their forefather in the holy way, and would no more have allowed them a place among the zriticks than he would Demetrius the mimick and Tigellius the buffoon;

Demetri, teque Tigelli,  
Discipulorum inter juheo pluvare cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry;

Saxum, antiquum lapiens  
Limes agro postea litum ut disceracret arvis.

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews, are required to raise the weight of such an author, and when they would toss him against such enemies,

Genus labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,  
Tum lapsa ipsa, viri vacuum per laeas volutus  
Nec spatium evadit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other revenge either for myself or the rest of the poets from this rhyming judge of the twelpenny gallery, this legitimate son of Sternhold, than that he would subscribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his mark: for should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the lion's skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would chuse to be condemned; and the magistrates whom he has elected would modestly withdraw from their employment to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his satire, next to himself, falls most heavily on his friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minced the matter, and to have called it readiness of thought and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbour virtue:

Vellem in amicis sic erraremus; et isti  
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

But he would never have allowed him to have called a slow man hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge, as Juvenal explains it;

Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta  
Levibus, et sicca immensibus ossa legeram  
Nomen eris, puer, tigris, leo, si quid adhuc est  
Quod frenat in terris violentius.

Yet Lucretius laughs at a foolish lover even for excusing the imperfections of his mistress;

Nigra melichrona est, immunda et sordida chloas  
Nuda loqui non quit, traxime, munda pudens est, &c.

But to drive it *ad Aristophanem cygnum* is not to be endured. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the other side, and without farther considering him than I have the rest of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer because they are not qualified for judges. It remains that I acquaint the reader that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observed, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his Art of Poetry,

— — — — — *Vni exemplaria Græcæ*  
*Nequæ sit verba manu, veritas altera,*

Yet though their models are regular they are too little for English tragedy, which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the Oedipus Tyrannus, which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style I have profess'd to imitate the divine Shakspeare, which that I might perform more freely I have disincumber'd myself from rhyme; not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself that I have not copied my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure, and that he who began dramatick poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of styles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him it will be prudence in me to be silent: yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him I have excelled myself throughout the Play, and particularly that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius, in the first, act to any thing which I have written in this kind.

## PROLOGUE.

*IV* **HAT** flocks of critics hover here to-day,  
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,  
All gaping for the carcass of a play!  
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,  
And follow dying poets by the scent.  
Ours gives himself far gone; you 'ave watch'd your time;  
He fights this day unarm'd, without his rhyme,  
And brings a tale which often has been told,  
As sad as Dido's and almost as old.

His 72nd birthday was celebrated by his wife.

...the ... ..

Fig. 1. Learning curve for the first 10 trials.

10' days max, 10' days min, but is very low max

In fact, a person can be a member of

Donald W. Hughes, *Director*

$\mathcal{L}(\mathbf{y}|\mathbf{X}) = \prod_{i=1}^n \mathcal{L}(y_i|\mathbf{X}_i)$  and  $\mathcal{L}(\mathbf{y}|\mathbf{X}) = \prod_{i=1}^n \mathcal{L}(y_i|\mathbf{X}_i)$  are

[illegible]

2017-18-19-2018-19-2019-20

Now, Part, I, was done by the first.

And a time also for conversion.

*A brave man scorn to quarrel on a Sunday.*

*Like Healers, in at every petty fray.*

Let those find fault whose ears 're very small

*They've need to show that they can think at all;*

Errors like Arrows upon the surface flow,

*He who would search for pearls must dive below:*

**Fear** — knows to level all they can,

*As pigmies would be glad to lap a man.*

*Half-wits are flies, so little and so light,*

*He scarce could know they live but that they bite.*

*But as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,*

*For change become their next poor tenant's guests.*

*Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bottles.*

And fetch the homely rafter from the coals :

So you, retiring from much better cheer,

*For once may venture to do penance here:*

*And since that plentiful autumn now is past,*

*Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,*

*Take in good part from our poor Post's board*

not need'd fruits as winter can afford.

# Dramatis Personae.

## MEN.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
MARC ANTONY,	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Barry.
VENTIDIUS, his general,	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Clarke.
DOLABELLA, his friend,	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Aickin.
ALEXAS, the Queen's eunuch,	} Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Young.
SERAPION, priest of Isis,		Mr. Bates.
ROMANS,	} Mr. Griffiths.	Mr. L'Estrange.
	} Mr. Norris.	Mr. Thompson.

## WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt,	}	Miss Younge.	Mrs. Hartley.
OCTAVIA, Antony's wife,		Mrs. Yates.	Mrs. Mattocks.
CHARMION, } Cleopatra's maids,	}	Mrs. Johnston.	Mrs. Simpson.
IRAS,		Miss Platt.	Mrs. Plattsley.
Antony's two little daughters.			

SCENE ALEXANDRIA.

# ALL FOR LOVE;

## OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

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### ACT I.

SCENE, *the temple of Isis.*

SERAPION, MYRIS, *priests of Isis, discovered.*

SERAPION.

PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so frequent  
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile  
Flow'd, ere the wonted season, with a torrent  
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce  
That the wild deluge overtook the haste  
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it. Men and beasts  
Were borne above the tops of trees that grew  
On th' utmost margin of the watermark:  
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,  
It rose from underneath the scaly herd:  
Here ~~the~~ phocæ panted on the shore,  
And dolphins there with their broad tails  
Lap'd in the departing waves, hard by 'em  
Belted round'ring in the slimy mud  
Toss'd up their heads and dash'd the ooze about 'em.

*Enter ALEXAS behind them.*

*Alex.* Avert these omens Heav'n!

*Ser.* Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,  
In a lone aisle o' the temple while I walk'd,  
A whirlwind rose that with a violent blast  
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;  
The iron wicket that defends the vault  
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid  
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:

From out each monument, in order plac'd,  
 An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last  
 Rear'd his inglorious head: a peal of groans  
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice  
 Cry'd Egypt is no more. My blood ran back,  
 My shaking knees against each other knock'd,  
 On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,  
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene?

*Alex.* And dreamt you this, or did invent the story  
*[Shewing himself.]*

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,  
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood?

*Ser.* My lord, I saw you not,  
 Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what  
 I utter'd was most true.

*Alex.* A foolish dream,  
 Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts  
 And holy luxury.

*Ser.* I know my duty:  
 This goes no farther.

*Alex.* 'Tis not fit it should,  
 Nor would the times now bear it were it true.  
 All southern from yon' hills the Roman camp  
 Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm  
 Just breaking on our heads.

*Ser.* "Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony,  
 "But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

*Myr.* "Why then does Antony dream out his hours,  
 "And tempts not Fortune for a noble day,  
 "Which might redeem what Actium lost?

*Alex.* "He thinks 'tis past recovery,

*Ser.* "Yet the foe  
 "Seems not to press the siege.

*Alex.* "Oh, there 's the wonder.  
 "Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most  
 "With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,  
 "Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge;  
 "And Dolabella, who was once his friend,  
 "Upon some private grudge now seeks his ruin;  
 "Yet still war seems on either side to sleep."

*Ser.* 'Tis strange that Antony for some days past  
 Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra.

But here in Isis' temple lives retir'd,  
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

*Alex.* 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence  
To cure his mind of love.

*Ser.* " If he be vanquish'd  
" Or make his peace Egypt is doom'd to be  
" A Roman province, and our plenteous harvests  
" Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.  
" While Antony stood firm our Alexandria  
" Rivall'd proud Rome, (Dominion's other seat)  
" And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,  
" Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

*Alex.* " Had I my wish these tyrants of all nature,  
" Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,  
" Each by the other's sword; but since our will  
" Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r we must  
" Depend on one, with him to rise or fall.

*Ser.* How stands the Queen affected?

*Alex.* Oh, she dotes,  
• She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,  
And winds herself about his mighty ruins,  
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,  
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,  
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain——  
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,  
And makes me use all means to keep him here  
Whom I could wish divided from her arms  
• Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know  
The state of things: no more of your ill omens  
And black prognosticks; labour to confirm  
The people's hearts.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a gentleman of Antony's.*

*Ser.* These Romans will o'erhear us.  
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,  
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,  
He's of no vulgar note.

*Alex.* Oh, 'tis Ventidius,  
Our Emperour's great Lieutenant in the East.  
• He first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.  
When Antony return'd from Syria last  
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.



*Scr.* You seem to know him well.

*Alex.* Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first  
When Cleopatra there met Antony;  
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.  
But let me witness to the worth I hate;  
A braver Roman never drew a sword:  
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave:  
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides  
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels:  
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue  
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.  
His coming bodes I know not what of ill  
To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better,  
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,  
And what's our present work.

*[They withdraw to a corner of the stage, and Ventidius retires  
the other comes forward to the front.]*

*Vent.* Not see him say you?

I say I must and will.

*Gent.* He has commanded

Q. pain of death none should approach his presence.

*Vent.* I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,  
Give him new life.

*Gent.* He sees not Cleopatra.

*Vent.* Would he had never seen her.

*Gent.* He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use  
Of any thing but thought; or if he talks  
'Tis to himself, and then 't is perfect raving;  
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.  
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud  
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth  
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,  
The world's not worth my care.

*Vent.* Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path, but sometimes 't is too narrow  
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,  
And bounds into a vice that bears him far  
From his first course, and plunges him in ill:

“ But when his danger makes him find his fault,

“ Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,

“ He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,

“ Judging himself with malice to himself,

" And not forgiving what as man he did,  
 " Because his other parts are more than man."  
 He must not thus be lost.

*[Alexas and the priests come forward.]*

*Alex.* You have your full instructions; now advance;  
 Proclaim your orders loudly.

*Ser.* Romans! Egyptians! hear the Queen's command.  
 Thus Cleopatra bids: let labour cease;  
 To pomp and triumphs give this happy day  
 That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.  
 Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!  
 Be this the gen'ral voice sent up to Heav'n,  
 And ev'ry publick place repeat this echo.

*Vent.* Fine pageantry!

*[Aside.]*

*Ser.* Set out before your doors

The images of all your sleeping fathers  
 With laurels crown'd, with laurels wreath your posts,  
 And strow with flow'rs the pavement; let the priest  
 Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,  
 And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

*Vent.* Curse on the tongue that bids this gen'ral joy!  
 Can they be friends of Antony who revel  
 When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,  
 You Romans, your great grandfathers' images,  
 For fear their souls should animate their marbles  
 To blush at their degenerate progeny.

*Alex.* A love which knows no bounds to Antony  
 Would mark the day with honours; when all Heav'n  
 Labour'd for him, when each propitious star  
 Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour  
 And shed his better influence, her own birthday,  
 Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar fate  
 That pass'd obscurely by.

*Vent.* Would it had slept  
 Divided far from him, till some remote  
 And future age had call'd it out to ruin  
 Some other prince, not him.

*Alex.* Your Emperour,  
 Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle than  
 To upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

*Vent.* " Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?  
 " He knows him not his executioner.

" Oh ! she has deck'd his ruin with her love,  
 " Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,  
 " And made perdition pleasing: she has left him  
 " The blank of what he was."

I tell thee eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:  
 Can any Roman see and know him now,  
 Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,  
 Unbent, unfinew'd, made a woman's toy,  
 Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,  
 And cramp'd within a corner of the world?  
 Oh Antony!

Thou bravest soldier and thou best of friends!  
 Bounteous as Nature next to Nature's God!  
 Couldst thou but make new worlds so wouldst thou give 'em,  
 As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle  
 As the first Romans when they went to war,  
 Yet after victory more pitiful  
 Than all their praying virgins left at home!

*Alex.* Would you could add to those more shining virtues  
 His truth to her who loves him.

*Vent.* Would I could not.  
 But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?  
 Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,  
 Antony's other Fate. Go tell thy Queen  
 Ventidius is arriv'd to end her charms.  
 Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,  
 Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.  
 You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,  
 And keep your coward's holyday in temples.

[*Exeunt Alex. Serap.*]

*Re-enter the Gentleman of Marc Antony.*

*Second Gent.* The Emperour approaches, and commands  
 On pain of death that none presume to stay.

*First Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*]

*Vent.* Well, I dare;  
 But I'll observe him first unseen, and find  
 Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*]

*Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.*

*Ant.* They tell me 't is my birthday, and I'll keep it  
 With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.  
 Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,  
 Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,  
 Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward  
 To be trod out by Cæsar?

*Vent. aside.]* On my soul  
 'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

*Ant.* Count thy gains  
 Now Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?  
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth  
 Has starv'd thy wanting age.

*Vent. aside.]* How sorrow shakes him!  
 So now the tempest tears him up by the roots,  
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

*Ant. having thrown himself down.]* Lie there, thou shadow  
 of an emperor;

The place thou possess't on thy mother earth  
 Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;  
 Some few days hence, and then 't will be too large,  
 When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,  
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,  
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it)  
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,  
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;  
 "Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,  
 "To see his rival of the universe  
 "Lie still and peaceful there." I'll think no more on't.

Give me some mutick; look that it be sad.  
 I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,  
 And burst myself with sighing———

*[Soft musick.]*

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy  
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;  
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,  
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,  
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,  
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,  
 And look just of a piece as I grew from it:  
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,  
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook  
 Runs at my foot———

*Vent.* "Methinks I fancy  
 "Myself there too.

*Ant.* "The herd come jumping by me,  
 "And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,  
 "And take me for their fellow-citizen.  
 "More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts."

[Soft musick again.

*Vent.* I must disturb him: I can hold no longer..

[Stands before him.

*Ant.* [starting up.] Art thou Ventidius?

*Vent.* Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was than you to him  
 I left you last.

*Ant.* "I'm angry.

*Vent.* "So am I."

*Ant.* I would be private. Leave me.

*Vent.* Sir, I love you,  
 And therefore will not leave you.

*Ant.* Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

*Vent.* My Emperour; the man I love next Heav'n:  
 If I said more I think 'twere scarce a sin:  
 You're all that's good and godlike.

*Ant.* All that's wretched.  
 You will not leave me then?

*Vent.* 'Twas too presuming  
 To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;  
 And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence  
 So soon when I so far have come to see you.

*Ant.* Now thou hast seen me art thou satisfy'd?  
 For if a friend thou hast beheld enough,  
 And if a foe too much.

*Vent.* Look, Emperour, this is no common dew:

[Weeping

I have not wept this forty years; but now  
 My mother comes afresh into my eyes;  
 I cannot help her softness.

*Ant.* By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps!  
 "The big round drops course one another down  
 "The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em Ventidius,  
 "Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame  
 "That caus'd 'em full before me.

*Vent.* "I'll do my best."

*Ant.* Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;

See, I have caught it too. Believe me 't is not  
For my own griefs but thine——Nay, father——

*Vent.* Emperour.

*Ant.* Emperour! why that 's the style of victory:  
The conq'ring foldier, red with unfelt wounds,  
Salutes his gen'ral so; but never more  
Shall that sound reach my ears.

*Vent.* I warrant you.

*Ant.* Aëtium, Aëtium! Oh——

*Vent.* It fits too near you.

*Ant.* Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,  
And in my short distracted nightly slumbers  
The hag that rides my dreams——

*Vent.* Out with it; give it vent.

*Ant.* Urge not my shame——

I lost a battle.

*Vent.* So has Julius done.

*Ant.* Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou  
For Julius fought it out and lost it fairly; [think'st;  
But Antony——

*Vent.* Nay, stop not.

*Ant.* Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,  
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first Ventidius.  
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave;  
"I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

*Vent.* "I did."

*Ant.* I'll help thee—I have been a man Ventidius.

*Vent.* Yes, and a brave one; but——

*Ant.* I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd  
The name of foldier with inglorious ease;  
"In the full vintage of my flowing honours  
"Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands;  
"Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it,  
"And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.  
"When first I came to empire I was borne  
"On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,  
"The wish of nations, and the willing world  
"Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.  
"I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,  
"Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,

" And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,  
 " And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.  
 " My careless days and my luxurious nights  
 " At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,  
 " Gone, gone, divorce'd for ever." Help me, soldier,  
 To curse this madman, this industrious fool,  
 Who labour'd to be wretched. Prithee curse me.

*Vent.* No.

*Ant.* Why?

*Vent.* You are too sensible already  
 Of what you 'ave done, too conscious of your failings,  
 And like a scorpion whipt by others first  
 To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.  
 I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,  
 Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

*Ant.* I know thou wouldst.

*Vent.* I will.

*Ant.* " Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Vent.* " You laugh.

*Ant.* " I do, to see officious love  
 " Give cordials to the dead.

*Vent.* " You would be lost then?

*Ant.* " I am.

*Vent.* " I say you are not. Try your fortune.

*Ant.* " I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me des-  
 " Without just cause? No, when I found all lost [perate  
 " Beyond repair I hid me from the world,  
 " And learn'd to scorn it here, which now I do  
 " So heartily, I think it is not worth  
 " The cost of keeping.

*Vent.* " Cæsar thinks not so;

" He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.  
 " You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do  
 " Hold out your throat to Cæsar and die tamely.

*Ant.* " No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.

*Vent.* " I can die with you too when time shall serve;  
 " But Fortune calls upon us now to live,  
 " To fight, to conquer."

*Ant.* Sure thou dreamst Ventidius.

*Vent.* No, 't is you dream; you sleep away your hours  
 In desprate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.  
 Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you.

And long to call you chief: by painful journies  
 I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,  
 Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile:  
 'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,  
 Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue in  
 They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates [ 'em:  
 Than yon' trim bands can buy.

*Ant.* Where left you them?

*Vent.* I said in Lower Syria.

*Ant.* Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

*Vent.* They will not come.

*Ant.* Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids  
 To double my despair? they're mutinous.

*Vent.* Most firm and loyal.

*Ant.* " Yet they will not march

" To succour me. Oh trisler!

*Vent.* " They petition

" You would make haste to head 'em.

• *Ant.* " I'm besieg'd.

*Vent.* " There's but one way shut up—How came I

*Ant.* I will not stir. [hither?

*Vent.* " They would perhaps desire

" A better reason.

*Ant.* " I have never us'd

" My soldiers to demand a reason of

" My actions." Why did they refuse to march?

*Vent.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

*Ant.* What was't they said?

*Vent.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra:

Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,

And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdom,

Which for a kiss at your next midnight feast

You'll sell to her?—" Then she new names her jewels,

" And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

" Each pendant in her ear shall be a province."

*Ant.* Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence

On all my other faults, but on your life

No word of Cleopatra; she deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

*Vent.* Behold, you Pow'rs!

To whom you have intrusted humankind;



See Europe, Africk, Asia, put in balance,  
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!  
"I think the gods are Antonica, and give,  
"Like prodigals, this nether world away  
"To none but wasteful hands."

*Ant.* You grow presumptuous.

*Vent.* I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

*Ant.* Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!  
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,  
Who under seeming honesty hath vented  
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.  
Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms  
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee  
Without stain to my honour!

*Vent.* You may kill me:

You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

*Ant.* Art thou not one?

*Vent.* For showing you yourself,  
Which none else durst have done? But had I been  
That name, which I disdain to speak again,  
I need not have sought your abject fortunes,  
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.  
What hinder'd me t'ave led my conqu'ring Eagles  
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been  
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,  
And not have been so call'd.

*Ant.* Forgive me soldier;  
I've been too passionate.

*Vent.* You thought me false,  
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me Sir,  
Pray kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness  
Has left your sword no work.

*Ant.* I did not think so;  
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.  
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery  
Of what I would not hear?

*Vent.* No prince but you  
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,  
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:  
"But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,  
"Were sure the chief and best of human race,  
"Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature;

" So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd  
 " At their own skill. and cry'd, A lucky hit  
 " Has mended our design. Their envy hinder'd  
 " Else you had been immortal, and a pattern  
 " When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake  
 " To copy out again."

*Ant.* But Cleopatra——

Go on, for I can bear it now.

*Vent.* No more.

*Ant.* Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st :  
 Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

*Vent.* Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind  
 May I believe you love me? speak again. [word!

*Ant.* Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[*Hugging him.*

Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em,  
 And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt ;  
 Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

*Vent.* And will you leave this——

• *Ant.* Prithce do not curse her  
 And I will leave her, tho' Heav'n knows I love  
 Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:  
 But I will leave her.

*Vent.* That's my royal master.

And shall we fight?

• *Ant.* I warrant thee old soldier ;  
 Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,  
 And at the head of our old troops that beat  
 The Parthians cry aloud. Come, follow me.

• *Vent.* Oh, now I hear my Emperour ! In that word  
 Octavius fell. Gods ! let me see that day,  
 And if I have ten years behind take all ;  
 I'll thank you for th' exchange.

*Ant.* " Oh Cleopatra !

• *Vent.* " Again !

• *Ant.* " I've done ; in that last sigh she went.  
 " Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover  
 " From all he holds most dear.

*Vent.* " Methinks you breathe

" Another soul ; your looks are more divine ;  
 " You speak a hero and you move a god."

*Ant.* Oh, thou hast fir'd me ! my soul's up in arms,

And manns each part about me. Once again  
 That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,  
 That eagerness with which I darted upward  
 To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill  
 Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears  
 Hung round my head, and planted all my shield;  
 I won the trenches while my foremost men  
 Lagg'd on the plain below.

*Vent.* Ye gods, ye gods,  
 For such another honour!

*Ant.* Come on my soldier;  
 Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long  
 Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,  
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops  
 May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,  
 And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield  
 Begin the noble harvest of the field. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE, a grand saloon.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

CLEOPATRA.

WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn!  
 Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

*Alex.* He goes to fight for you.

*Cleo.* Then he would see me ere he went to fight.  
 Flatter me not; if once he goes he's lost,  
 And all my hopes destroy'd.

*Alex.* Does this weak passion  
 Become a mighty queen?

*Cleo.* I am no queen:  
 Is this to be a queen to be besieg'd  
 By yon' insulting Roman, and to wait  
 Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small,  
 For Antony is lost, and I can mourn  
 For nothing else but him. Now come Octavius;  
 I have no more to lose; prepare thy hands;

I'm fit to be a captive: Antony  
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

*Iras.* Call reason to assist you.

*Cleo.* I have none,

And none would have: my love's a noble madness,  
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow  
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;

But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,  
I soar'd at first quite out of reason's view,

And now am lost above it—"No, I'm proud

" 'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now:

" Think you he would not sigh? tho' he must leave me

" Sure he would sigh, for he is noble-natur'd,

" And bears a tender heart: I know him well:

" Ah no! I know him not: I knew him once,

" But now 'tis past.

*Iras.* " Let it be past with you:

" Forget him Madam.

*Cleo.* " Never, never, *Iras*:

" He once was mine, and once, tho' now 'tis gone,

" Leaves a faint image of possession still.

*Alex.* " Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

*Cleo.* " I cannot; if I could those thoughts were vain:

" Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, tho' he be,

" I still must love him."

*Enter CHARMION.*

Now, what news my Charmion?

Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?

Am I to live or die? "Nay, do I live,

" Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer

" Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or dy'd."

*Char.* I found him Madam——

*Cleo.* A long speech preparing!

If thou bringst comfort haste and give it me,

For never was more need.

*Iras.* I know he loves you.

*Cleo.* Had he been kind her eyes had told me so

Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies

To soften what he said: but give me death

Just as he sent it Charmion, undisguis'd,

And in the words he spoke.

*Char.* I found him then

Encompass'd round I think with iron statues,  
 So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,  
 While awfully he cast his eyes about,  
 And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd;  
 Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd:  
 When he beheld me struggling in the crowd  
 He blush'd, and bad make way.

*Alex.* There's comfort yet.

*Char.* Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage  
 Severely, as he meant to frown me back,  
 And sullenly gave place. I told my message  
 Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;  
 I number'd in it all your sighs and tears,  
 And while I mov'd your pitiful request,  
 That you but only begg'd a last farewell,  
 He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time  
 I nam'd you sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,  
 But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.  
 He seem'd not now that awful Antony  
 Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod,  
 But making show as he would rub his eyes  
 Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

*Cleo.* Did he then weep? and was I worth a tear?  
 If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing  
 Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

*Char.* He bid me say He knew himself so well  
 He could deny you nothing if he saw you,  
 And therefore——

*Cleo.* Thou wouldst say he would not see me.

*Char.* And therefore begg'd you not to use a pow'r,  
 Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever  
 Respect you as he ought.

*Cleo.* Is that a word

For Antony to use to Cleopatra?

Oh, that faint word Respect! how I disdain it!

Disdain myself for loving after it!

"He should have kept that word for cold Octavia;

"Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,

"That dull insipid lump, without desires,

"And without pow'r to give 'em?"

*Alex.* You misjudge;

You see thro' love, and that deludes your sight,

"As what is straight seems crooked thro' the water ;"  
But I who bear my reason undisturb'd  
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,  
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,  
And shuns his master's eyes ; if you pursue him  
My life on 't he still drags a chain along  
That needs must clog his flight.

*Cleo.* Could I believe thee——

*Alex.* By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.  
True, he's hard prest by int'rest and by honour ;  
Yet he but doubts and parlies, and casts out  
Many a long look for succour.

*Cleo.* He sends word  
He fears to see my face.

*Alex.* And would you more ?  
He shows his weakness who declines the combat ;  
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak  
More plainly ? to my ears the message sounds,  
Come to my rescue Cleopatra, come ;  
Come free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant ;  
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him. [*A march.*]  
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.  
Please you retire a while ; I'll work him first,  
That he may bend more easy.

*Cleo.* You shall rule me,  
But all I fear in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*]

*Alex.* I fear so too,  
Tho' I conceal'd my thoughts to make her bold ;  
But 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.

[*Withdraws. A march till all are on.*  
*Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the Eagle ; then enter*  
*ANTONY and VENTIDIUS, followed by other commanders.*

*Ant.* Octavius is the minion of blind Chance,  
But holds from Virtue nothing.

*Vent.* Has he courage ?

*Ant.* But just enough to season him from coward.  
Oh ! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,  
The most deliberate fighter ! if he ventures.  
(As in Ilyria once they say he did)  
'To storm a town 'tis when he cannot chuse,  
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him ;

And then he lives on that for sev'n years after:  
But at a close revenge he never fails.

*Vent.* I heard you challeng'd him.

*Ant.* I did Ventidius:

What think'st thou was his answer? 't was so tame—  
He said he had more ways than one to die,  
I had not.

*Vent.* Poor!

*Ant.* He has more ways than one,  
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

*Vent.* He first would chuse an ague or a fever.

*Ant.* No, it must be an ague, not a fever;  
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

*Vent.* Or old age and a bed.

*Ant.* Ay, there 's his choice;  
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,  
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.  
Oh Hercules! why should a man like this,  
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,  
Be all the care of Heav'n? why should he lord it  
O'er fourscore thousand men of whom each one  
Is braver than himself?

*Vent.* "You conquer'd for him;

"Philippi knows it: there you shar'd with him  
"That empire which your sword made all your own.

*Ant.* "Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's wings  
"I bore this wren till I was tir'd with soaring,  
"And now he mounts above me.  
"Good Heav'ns! is this, is this the man who braves me,  
"Who bids my age make way, drives me before him,  
"To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?"

*Vent.* Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.

*Ant.* Then give the word to march:  
I long to leave this prison of a town  
To join thy legions, and in open field  
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Great Emperour,  
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,  
But in soft pity to th' oppress'd a god,  
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra  
To her departing lord.

*Vent.* Smooth sycophant!

*Alex.* A thousand wishes and ten thousand pray'rs,  
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;  
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,  
And would have sent

"As many dear embraces to your arms,"

As many parting kisses to your lips,  
But those she fears have weary'd you already.

*Vent. aside.]* False crocodile!

*Alex.* And yet she begs not now you would not leave her;  
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,  
And too presuming, (for her low fortune and your ebbing  
That were a wish for her most prosp'rous days, [love]  
Her blooming beauty and your growing kindness.

*Ant. aside.]* Well, I must man it out—What would the  
Queen?

*Alex.* First to these noble warriors who attend  
Your daring courage in the chase of fame  
(Too daring and too dang'rous for her quiet)  
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,  
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

*Vent.* Yes, witness Actium.

*Ant.* Let him speak Ventidius.

*Alex.* You, when his matchless valour bears him forward  
With ardour too heroick on his foes,  
Fall down as she would do before his feet,  
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of Death;  
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,  
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;  
And that you may remember her petition  
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,  
Which at your wish'd return she will redeem

[Gives jewels to the commanders.

With all the wealth of Egypt.  
This to the great Ventidius she presents,  
Whom she can never count her enemy,  
Because he loves her lord.

*Vent.* Tell her I'll none on't;  
I'm not ashamed of honest poverty:  
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe  
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see

end



These and the rest of all her sparkling store  
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

*Ant.* And who must wear 'em then?

*Vent.* The wrong'd Octavia.

*Ant.* You might have spar'd that word.

*Vent.* And she that bribe.

*Ant.* But have I no remembrance!

*Alex.* Yes, a dear one;

Your slave, the Queen——

*Ant.* My mistress.

*Alex.* Then your mistress.

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,  
But that you had long since; she humbly begs  
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,  
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a bracelet.*]

*Vent.* Now my best Lord, in Honour's name I ask you,  
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,  
'Touch not these poison'd gifts,  
Infected by the tender; touch 'em not;  
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,  
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

*Ant.* Nay, now you grow too cynical Ventidius;  
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.  
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul  
When I lie pensive in my tent alone  
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights  
'To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,  
'To count for ev'ry one a soft embrace,  
A melting kiss at such and such a time,  
And now and then the fury of her love,  
When—And what harm's in this?

*Alex.* None, none, my Lord,  
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

*Ant.* going to tie it. ] We soldiers are so awkward—help  
me tie it.

*Alex.* In faith my Lord we courtiers too are awkward  
In these affairs; so are all men indeed;  
“Ev'n I who am not one.” But shall I speak?

*Ant.* Yes, freely.

*Alex.* Then, my Lord, fair hands alone  
Are fit to tie it; she who sent it cau.

*Vent.* Hell! death! this eunuch pander ruins you.  
You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

*Ant.* But to take my leave.

*Vent.* Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. Y'are undone!  
Y'are in the toils! y'are taken! y'are destroy'd!  
Her eyes do Caesar's work.

*Ant.* You fear too soon:

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;  
And yet she shall not think me barb'rous neither,  
Born in the deeps of Africk: I'm a Roman,  
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.  
A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

*Vent.* You do not know  
How weak you are to her, how much an infant;  
You are not proof against a smile or glance;  
A sigh will quite disarm you.

*Ant.* See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;  
I form'd the danger greater than it was,  
And now 't is near 't is lessen'd.

*Vent.* Mark the end yet.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.*

*Ant.* Well, Madam, we are met.

*Cleo.* Is this a meeting!

Then we must part!

*Ant.* We must.

*Cleo.* Who says we must?

*Ant.* Our own hard fates.

*Cleo.* We make those fates ourselves.

*Ant.* Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other  
Into our mutual ruin.

*Cleo.* The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;  
"I have no friends in heav'n;" and all the world  
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)  
Is arm'd against my love; ev'n you yourself  
Join with the rest: you, you are arm'd against me.

*Ant.* I will be justify'd in all I do  
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.  
If I mix a lie  
With any truth reproach me freely with it,  
Else favour me with silence.

*Cleo.* You command me,  
And I am dumb.

*Vent.* I like this well: he shows authority.

*Ant.* 'That I derive my ruin  
From you alone——

*Cleo.* Oh Heav'ns! I ruin you!

*Ant.* You promis'd me your silence, and you break it  
Ere I have scarce begun.

*Cleo.* Well, I obey you.

*Ant.* When I beheld you first it was in Egypt,  
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,  
And were too young to know it. That I settled  
Your father in his throne was for your sake;  
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.  
Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand  
Pluck'd the green fruit ere the first blush of red  
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,  
And was beside too great for me to rival:  
But I deserv'd you first tho' he enjoy'd you.  
When after I beheld you in Cilicia  
An enemy to Rome I pardon'd you.

*Cleo.* I clear'd myself——

*Ant.* Again you break your promise.

I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,  
Took you into my bosom stain'd by Cæsar,  
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,  
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,  
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight  
To give whole years to you.

*Vent.* Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

[*Aside*]

*Ant.* How I lov'd

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,  
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,  
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.  
One day past by and nothing saw but love;  
Another came and still 't was only love:  
The suns were weary'd out with looking on  
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,  
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,  
So eager was I still to see you more.

*Vent.* 'Tis all too true.

*Ant.* Fulvia my wife grew jealous,  
As she indeed had reason, rais'd a war  
In Italy to call me back.

*Vent.* But yet  
You went not.

*Ant.* While within your arms I lay  
'The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,  
And left me scarce a grasp; I thank your love for 't.

*Vent.* Well push'd: that last was home.

*Cleo.* Yet may I speak?

*Ant.* If I have urg'd a falsehood yes; else not.  
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia dy'd:  
(Pardon, you gods! with my unkindness dy'd.)  
'To set the world at peace I took Octavia,  
This Caesar's sister. In her pride of youth  
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,  
Whom blushing I must praise, altho' I left her.  
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:  
'This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was your's.  
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;  
You hinder'd it; yet when I fought at sea  
Forsook me fighting; and oh, stain to honour!  
Oh lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,  
But fled to follow you.

*Vent.* What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!  
And to appear magnificent in flight  
Drew half our strength away.

*Ant.* All this you caus'd:  
And would you multiply more ruins on me?  
'This honest man, my best, my only friend,  
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes:  
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,  
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes  
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer  
Now speak, you have free leave.

*Alex.* She stands confounded:  
Despair is in her eyes.

[*Aside.*

*Vent.* Now lay a sigh i' th' way to stop his passage;  
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:  
'Tis like they shall be sold.

*Cleo.* How shall I plead my cause when you my judge  
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring

The love you bore me for my advocate?  
 That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;  
 For love once past is at the best forgotten,  
 But oftner sours to hate. It will please my Lord  
 To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty;  
 But could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,  
 That you would pry with narrow searching eyes  
 Into my faults, severe to my destruction,  
 And watching all advantages with care  
 That serve to make me wretched! Speak my Lord,  
 For I end here. Tho' I deserve this usage,  
 Was it like you to give it?

*Ant.* Oh, you wrong me  
 To think I sought this parting, or desir'd  
 To accuse you more than what will clear myself,  
 And justify this breach.

*Cleo.* Thus low I thank you,  
 And since my innocence will not offend  
 I shall not blush to own it.

*Vent.* After this  
 I think she'll blush at nothing.

*Cleo.* You seem griev'd  
 (And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first  
 Enjoy'd my love, tho' you deserv'd it better;  
 For had I first been your's it would have sav'd  
 My second choice; I never had been his,  
 And ne'er had been but your's. But Cæsar first,  
 You say, possess'd my love. Not so my Lord:  
 He first possess'd my person, you my love:  
 Cæsar lov'd me, but I lov'd Antony:

"If I endur'd him after 't was because  
 "I judg'd it due to the first name of men;  
 "And half constrain'd I gave, as to a tyrant,  
 "What he would take by force."

*Vent.* Oh Siren! Siren!  
 Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,  
 Has she not ruin'd you? I will urge that,  
 The fatal consequence.

*Cleo.* The consequence indeed,  
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,  
 To say it was design'd. It is true I lov'd you,  
 And kept you far from an uneasy wife,

Such Fulvia was.

Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:  
And can you blame me to receive that love  
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?  
How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,  
Great as the first, and as the second young,  
Would court my love to be refus'd for you! [tium!

*Vent.* Words, words! but Actium Sir, remember Ac-

*Cleo.* Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I counsell'd  
To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not:  
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:  
Would I had been a man not to have fear'd,  
For none would then have envy'd me your friendship  
Who envy me your love.

*Ant.* We're both unhappy:  
If nothing else yet our ill fortune parts us.  
Speak! would you have me perish by my stay?  
*Cleo.* If as a friend you ask my judgment go;  
If as a lover stay. If you must perish—  
'Tis a hard word: but stay.

*Vent.* See now th' effects of her so boasted love!  
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;  
But could she 'scape without you, oh how soon  
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore  
And never look behind!

*Cleo.* Then judge my love by this.

[Giving Antony a writing.

Could I have borne  
A life or death, a happiness or wo,  
From your's divided, this had giv'n me means.

*Ant.* By Hercules the writing of Octavius!  
"I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,  
"Young as it was, that led the way to mine,  
"And left me but the second place in murder!"——

*Sec.* See, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,  
And joins all Syria to it as a present,  
So in requital she forsakes my fortunes  
And joins her arms with his.

*Cleo.* And yet you leave me!  
You leave me Antony; and yet I love you!  
Indeed I do! I have refus'd a kingdom,

That 's a trifle;  
For I could part with life, with any thing.  
But only you. Oh let me die but with you!  
Is that a hard request?

*Ant.* Next living with you  
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

*Alex.* "He melts; we conquer." [*Aside.*

*Cleo.* No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you hence:  
Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these  
Weak arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his hand.*

Go, leave me Soldier,  
(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;  
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,  
And when your march begins let one run after,  
Breathless almost for joy, and cry She's dead!  
The soldiers shout. You then perhaps may sigh,  
And muster all your Roman gravity;  
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up  
As I had never been.

*Ant.* Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man to bear!

*Cleo.* What is't for me then,  
A weak forsaken woman and a lover?  
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not  
'This minute in your arms! I'll die "apace,  
"As fast as ere I can," and end your trouble.

*Ant.* Die!—rather let me perish, loosen'd nature  
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,  
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!  
My eyes! my soul! my all!—— [*Embraces her.*

*Vent.* "And what's this toy

"In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?"

*Ant.* "What is't Ventidius? it outweighs them all.

"Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now;

"My Queen's not only innocent but loves me.

"This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!"

But could she 'scape without me, with what haste  
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore  
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemous as thou art,  
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

*Vent.* I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?

*Ant.* Go! whither? go from all that's excellent?

" Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid  
 " That I should go from her who sets my love  
 " Above the price of kingdoms." Give, you gods!  
 Give to your boy, your Cæsar,  
 This rattle of a globe to play withal,  
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;  
 I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* She's wholly your's. My heart's so full of joy  
 That I shall do some wild extravagance  
 Of love in publick, and the foolish world,  
 Which knows not tenderneſs, will think me mad.

*Vent.* Oh women! women! women! all the gods  
 Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to man  
 As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Our men are arm'd;  
 Unbar the gate that looks to Cæſar's camp;  
 I would revenge the treachery he meant me,  
 And long ſecurity makes conqueſt eaſy.  
 I'm eager to return before I go,  
 For all the pleaſures I have known beat thick  
 On my remembrance. How I long for night!  
 That both the ſweets of mutual love may try,  
 And triumph once o'er Cæſar ere we die.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a  
 train of Egyptians, ANTONY and Romans; Cleopatra  
 crowns Antony.*

ANTONY.

" I Thought how thoſe white arms would fold me in,  
 " And ſtrain me cloſe and melt me into love:  
 " So pleas'd with that ſweet image I ſprung forwards,  
 " And added all my ſtrength to ev'ry blow.

*Cleo.* " Come to me, come, my ſoldier, to my arms,  
 " You've been too long away from my embraces;  
 " But when I have you faſt, and all my own,  
 " With broken murmurs and with am'rous ſighs  
 " I'll ſay you are unkind, and puniſh you,  
 " And mark you red with many an eager kiſs."

Dij



*Ant.* My brighter Venus!

*Cleo.* Oh, my greater Mars!

*Ant.* Thou join't us well my love.

" Suppose me come from the Phleæan plain,  
 " Where gasping giants lay cleft by my sword,  
 " And mountain-tops pair'd off each other blow  
 " To bury those I slew; receive me goddess!  
 " Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets like Vulcan,  
 " In thy embraces I would be beheid  
 " By heav'n and earth at once,  
 " And make their envy what they meant their sport.  
 " Let those who took us blush; I would love on  
 " With awful state, regardless of their frowns,  
 " As their superiour god."

There's no satiety of love in thee;  
 Enjoy'd thou still art new; perpetual spring  
 Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls  
 And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,  
 And I grow rich by giving.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.*

*Alex.* Oh, now the danger's past your general comes;  
 He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs,  
 But with contracted brows looks frowning on,  
 As envying your success.

*Ant.* Now on my soul he loves me, truly loves me;  
 He never flatter'd me in any vice,  
 But awes me with his virtue: ev'n this minute  
 Methinks he has a right of chiding me.  
 Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;  
 It checks too strong upon me.

*[Exeunt the rest.]*

*[As Antony is going Ventidius pulls him by the robe.]*

*Vent.* Emperour!

*Ant.* 'Tis the old argument; I prithee spare me!

*[Looking back.]*

*Vent.* But this one hearing Emperour.

*Ant.* Let go

My robe, or by my father Hercules——

*Vent.* By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,  
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

*Ant.* Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here  
 And I'll return.

*[Exit.]*

*Vent.* I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;

I love this man who runs to meet his ruin!  
And sure the gods themselves are fond of him:  
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes  
As would confound their choice to punish one  
And not reward the other.

*Enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* We can conquer yet.  
You see without your aid  
We have dislodg'd their troops,  
"They look on us at distance, and like curs  
" 'Scap'd from the lion's paws they bay far off,  
" And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war."  
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,  
Lie breathless on the plain.

*Vent.* 'Tis well; and he  
Who lost 'em could have spar'd ten thousand more;  
Yet by this advantage you could gain  
An easy peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance  
Of arms.

*Ant.* Oh, think not of 't Ventidius!  
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!  
"His justice is cou'd'rate in advantage;  
"Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so flanch,  
"He kills and keeps his temper."

*Vent.* Have you no friend  
In all his army who has pow'r to move him?  
Mæcenas or Agrippa might do much.

*Ant.* "They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests;  
"We'll blow it out by dint of sword or parish."

*Vent.* "Fain I would find some other."

*Ant.* "I'll back thy loss.  
"Some of our men will follow as they  
"Will see thy further pains."

*Vent.* "Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.  
"I know, Sir, you have conquer'd several odds;  
"But still you draw supplies from one part down,  
"And of Egyptians he has all the world,  
"And at his beck nations march to tag in  
"To fill the gaps you make." Pray think again.

*Ant.* Why dost thou drive me from myself to search  
For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,  
And range all o'er a wide and barren place

To find a friend? The wretched have no friends——

Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,  
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;

“He could resolve his mind as fire does wax,

“From that hard rugged image melt him down,

“And mould him in what softer form he pleas’d.”

*Vent.* Him would I see, that man of all the world!  
Just such a one we want.

*Ant.* He lov’d me too;  
I was his soul; he liv’d not but in me:  
We were so clos’d within each other’s breasts  
The rivets were not found that join’d us first

“That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt

“As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost:

“We were one mass: we could not give or take

“But from the same; for he was I, I he.

*Vent.* “He moves as I would wish him.

[*Aside.*

“*Ant.*” After this  
I need not tell his name: ’twas Dolabella.

*Vent.* He’s now in Cæsar’s camp.

*Ant.* No matter where,  
Since he’s no longer mine. He took unkindly  
That I forbade him Cleopatra’s sight,  
Because I fear’d he lov’d her. “He confess  
“He had a warmth which for my sake he stifled;  
“For ’twere impossible that two so one  
“Should not have lov’d the same. When he departed  
“He took no leave, and that confirm’d my thoughts.

*Vent.* “It argues that he lov’d you more than her,

“Else he had staid; but he perceiv’d you jealous,

“And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.

*Ant.* “I should have seen him then ere now.

*Vent.* “Perhaps

“He has thus long been lab’ring for your peace.

“*Ant.*” Would he were here!

*Vent.* Would you believe he lov’d you?

I read your answer in your eyes you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A messenger from Cæsar’s camp with letters.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

*Vent.* I’ll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and reenters immediately with Dolabella.*

*Ant.* 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friendship!

[*Runs to embrace him.*]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half!

Come, give me all myself!

"Let me not live

"If the young bridegroom longing for his night

"Was ever half so fond."

*Dol.* I must be silent, for my soul is busy  
About a nobler work. She's new come home,  
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er  
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look  
If all be safe.

*Ant.* Thou hast what's left of me,

"For I am now to sink from what I was

"Thou find'st me at my low, & watermark:

"~~What~~ ~~it is~~ that ~~two~~ ~~in~~ ~~and~~ ~~rais'd~~ my fortunes

"Are all ~~down~~ ~~up~~ ~~or~~ ~~take~~ another course:

"What I have left is from my native spring;

"I have a bliss that smiles in scorn of Fate,

"And lifts me to my birth."

*Dol.* "Still you are lord of all the world to me.

*Ant.* "Why, then I yet am so, for thou art all!

"If I had any joy when thou wert absent

"I made it due to myself; methought I could'd

"Taste of the past." Betrich, my Dolabella!

Thou hast belov'd me other than I am—

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd

With scented slaves who waited to salute me?

With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun

To worship my ~~spring~~ ~~of~~ Mental kings

"~~Ran~~ coming up and down my palace-yard,"

Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,

And at my least command all fluted out

Like racers to the goal.

*Dol.* Slaves to your fortune.

*Ant.* Fortune is Caesar's own; and what am I?

*Vent.* What you have made yourself: I will not flatter.

*Ant.* Is this friendly done?

*Dol.* Yes, when his end is so: I must join with him,

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:

Why am I else your friend?

*Ant.* Take heed, young man,

How thou upbraid'st my love! the Queen has eyes,  
And thou too halt a soul! Canst thou remember  
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first  
As accessory to thy brother's death?

*Dol.* Spare my remembrance! 't was a guilty day,  
And still the blush hangs here.

*Ant.* To clear herself

For sending him no aid she came from Egypt,  
Her galley down the silver Sydnos row'd,  
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,  
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,  
Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,  
Where she another seahorn Venus lay.

*Dol.* No more! I would not hear it!

*Ant.* Oh, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of all beholders' hearts  
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,  
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,  
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
That mens' desiring eyes were never weary'd,  
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes  
The silver oars kept time, and while they play'd,  
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat more!  
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
To give their welcome voice.  
Then Dolabella, where was then thy soul?  
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?  
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,  
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not  
That I accus'd her of my brother's death!

*Dol.* And should my weakness be a plea for your's?  
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,  
"When kindly warmth and when my springing youth  
Made it a debt to nature:" your's——

*Vent.* Speak boldly:

Your's, he would say, in your declining age,  
"When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,

" When all the sap was needful for the trunk,  
 " When it went down then they constrain'd the course,  
 " And robb'd from Nature to supply desire."

In you (I would not use so harsh a word)

'Tis but plain dotage.

*Ant.* Ha!

*Dol.* 'Twas urg'd too home.

But yet the loss was private that I made;  
 'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;  
 I had no world to lose, no peoples' love.

*Ant.* This from a friend?

*Dol.* Yes, Antony, a true one;

A friend so tender, that each word I speak  
 Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.  
 Oh! judge me not less kind because I chide.

To please I excuse you.

*Ant.* Oh, you shall!

He that I then liv'd in befriend, (Leo Caesar)

*Dol.* As to your equal.

*Ant.* Well, he's but my equal:

While I wear this he never shall be more.

*Dol.* I bring no tidings from him.

*Ant.* Are they noble?

Mistake thou shouldst not bring in else; yet he

Is full of deep dissimulation, knows no honour

Dissemble, and cherish in his heart " Fate will look him,

" Fate will look him for an enemy."

He's not to be bought, nor conquer kingdoms,

For he's a man of this sort.

What news of the other? Was wrought so hard a temple

To him as to the other?

*Ant.* I was my healthless as some god.

*Dol.* No, I, nor yet the gods nor fortune;

They were your enemies, and I your friend.

You were the one, and I was the Roman dead.

*Ant.* True, like a Roman dead. Show me that man

Who has possess'd my life, my love, my honour;

Let me but see his face.

*Vent.* That's all to mine,

And, Heaven! how know'st how pleasing. [Exit Vent.

*Dol.* You'll remember

To whom you stand oblig'd?

*Ant.* When I forget it  
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.  
My Queen shall thank him too.

*Dol.* I fear she will not.

*Ant.* But she shall do't. The Queen, my Dolabella!  
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

*Dol.* I would not see her lost.

*Ant.* When I forsake her  
Leave me my better stars, for she has truth  
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her  
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me;  
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me  
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

*Dol.* Yes; there's my reason.

*Reenter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, leading Antony's two  
little daughters.*

*Ant.* Where—Octavia there! [*Starting back.*]

*Vent.* What! is the poison to you? a disease?  
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:  
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature  
No secret call, no whisper, they are your's?

*Dol.* For shame my Lord! if not for love, receive 'em  
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man  
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you,  
"Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,  
"To clasp 'em in; your feet should rush to meet 'em,  
"To bear you to 'em; and your eyes should  
"And aim a kiss ere you could see her.

*Ant.* I stood amaz'd to think I should see her.

*Vent.* I sent for 'em; I brought them to your house  
To Cleopatra's guards.

*Dol.* Yet are you cold?

*OS.* 'Thus long I have attended for my sister,  
Which as a stranger sure I miss;  
Who am I?

*Ant.* Cæsar's sister.

*OS.* That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister  
Know I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;  
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,  
Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,  
In spite of Cæsar's sister still is your's.

'Tis true I have a heart disdains your coldness,  
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;  
But a wife's virtue still furmounts that pride:  
I come to claim you as my own, to show  
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.  
Your hand my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his hand.

*Vent.* Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

*Dol.* On my soul

And so she does. "She's neither too submissive  
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean

"As to be, as it ought, a wife and a friend too."

*Ant.* I see, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

*Oct.* Begg'd it my Lord!

*Ant.* Yes, begg'd it my antick-luck;

Poorly and basely begg'd it, of your brother.

*Oct.* Purely and fairly I could never beg,

Nor could my brother give.

*Ant.* Shall I, who do my pleading have could say

Rise up and bear him, should he fall down

And cry Forgive me, should he should I let

"A man my equal in the place of him,

"As he could give me being?" No, that word

Forgive would choke me up,

And die upon my tongue.

*Dol.* You shall not need it.

*Ant.* I will not need it, I fear, you've still my dear

"My friend too; but I have some other conditions."

My wife has brought me, she has pray'd and read,

And now I must be sworn to her command.

In ev'ry point I will obey her will.

The life she gives me, I will hold away

She craves, and will receive.

*Oct.* My dear friend,

Should I be fill'd with your unkind mistakes

With the misfortune I have brought me forth

You need not think to take. I love your honour,

Because 'tis mine. It never shall be sold

Octavia's love, and was her brother's love.

Sir, you are free, free as 'tis from her you breathe;

For tho' my brother bargain for your love,

E



Makes me the price and cement of your peace,  
 I have a soul like your's; I cannot take  
 Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.  
 I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;  
 He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march  
 To rule the East. I may be dropt at Athens;  
 No matter where; I never will complain,  
 But only keep the barren name of wife,  
 And rid you of the trouble.

*Vent.* Was ever such a trife of fullen honour!  
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

*Dol.* Oh she has touch'd him in the tend'rest part:  
 See how he reddens with despiht and shame  
 To be outdone in generosity!

*Vent.* "See how he winks! how he dries up a tear  
 "That fain would fall!"

*Ant.* Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise  
 The greatness of your soul,  
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd;  
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love,  
 And you do all for duty. You would free me,  
 And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

*Os.* It was my Lord.

*Ant.* Then I must be oblig'd  
 To one who loves me not, who to herself  
 May call me thankless and ungrateful man  
 I'll not endure it; no.

*Vent.* I'm glad it pleas'd her so.

*Os.* Would you think she offer'd you  
 That pride was all I had to love?  
 'That you might think you ought to love me,  
 And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

"I have been injur'd, you are brought to bed,  
 "Could brook but ill the man who lights my bed."

*Ant.* Therefore you love me not.

*Os.* Therefore, my Lord,  
 I should not love you.

*Ant.* Therefore you would leave me.

*Os.* And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

*Dol.* Her soul's too great, after such injuries,  
 To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.  
 Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

*Ant.* Oh Dolabella! which way shall I turn?  
I find a secret yielding in my soul;  
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,  
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,  
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

*Vent.* Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,  
For Cleopatra neither.

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first  
Had ruin'd you; the other you have ruin'd,  
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their merits are unequal.

*Ant.* Oh my distracted soul!

*Oct.* Sweet Heav'n! compose it.

Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you  
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;  
Are they not yours? or hand they thus neglected  
As they are mine? Go to him children, go,

Kiss to him, tell him by the word, speak to him,

For you may speak, and he may own you too

Without a blush: and he cannot all

"His children. Go I say, and pull him to me,

"And pull him to yourself, from that bad woman:"

You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,

And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:

If he will shake you off, if he will dash you

Against the pavement, you must bear it children,

For you are mine, and I am born to suffer.

*[Here the Children go to him, &c.]*

*Vent.* Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

*Dol.* Friend!

*Oct.* Husband!

*Both Child.* Father!

*Ant.* I am vanquish'd, take me

Octavia, take me Dolabella, there we will.

*[Embracing them.]*

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,  
And run out much in riot from your stock;  
But all shall be amended.

*Oct.* Oh, blest hour!

*Dol.* Oh, happy change!

*Vent.* My joy stops at my tongue!

" But it has found two channels here for one,  
 " And bubbles out above."

*Ant. to Oſ.*] This is thy triumph: lead me where thou  
 Ev'n to thy brother's camp. [wilt,

*Oſ.* All there are your's.

*Enter ALEXAS haſtily.*

*Alex.* The Queen, my miſtreſs, Sir, and your's—

*Ant.* 'Tis paſt. Octavia, you ſhall ſtay this night;  
 To-morrow Cæſar and we are one.

[*Ex. leading Oſ. Dol. and the Children follow.*

*Vent.* There's news for you! Run my officious eunuch;  
 Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte forward;  
 Haſte my dear eunuch, haſte! [Exit.

*Alex.* " This downright fighting fool, this thickſcull'd  
 " This blunt unthinking inſtrument of death, [hero,  
 " With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.  
 " Pleaſure forſook my earlieſt infancy;  
 " The luxury of others ~~ebb'd~~ my cradle,  
 " And raviſh'd thence the promiſe of a man,  
 " Caſt out from Nature, diſinherit'd  
 " Of what her meaneſt children claim by kind,  
 " Yet greatneſs kept me from contempt: that's gone.  
 " Had Cleopatra follow'd my advice  
 " Then he had been betray'd who now forſakes.  
 " She dies for love; but ſhe has known its joys.  
 " Gods! is this juſt, that I who know no joys  
 " Muſt die becauſe ſhe loves?

" *Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and train.*

" Oh Madam! I have ſeen what blaſts my eyes  
 " Octavia's here!

*Cleo.* " Peace with that raven's note!  
 " I know it too, and now am in  
 " The pangs of death.

*Alex.* " You are no more a queen;  
 " Egypt is loſt.

*Cleo.* " What tell'ſt thou me of Egypt!  
 " My life, my ſoul, is loſt! Octavia has him!  
 " Oh, fatal name to Cleopatra's love!  
 " My kiſſes, my embraces, now are her's,  
 " While I—But thou haſt ſeen my rival; ſpeak,  
 " Does ſhe deſerve this bleſſing? is ſhe fair?

"Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection  
 "Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made  
 "Of that coarse matter which when she was finish'd  
 "The gods threw by for rubbish.

*Alex.* "She is indeed a very miracle.

*Cleo.* "Death to my hopes, a miracle!

*Alex.* "A miracle—

[*Bowing.*]

"I mean of goodness; for in beauty, Madam,

"You make all wonder cease.

*Cleo.* "I was too rash:

"Take this in part of recompense. But oh!

"I fear thou flatterest me.

[*Giving a ring*]

*Char.* "She comes! she's here!

*Iras.* "Fly, Madam, Cæsar's sister! •

*Cleo.* "Were she the sister of the Thund'rer Jove,

"And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,

"Thus would I face my rival."

*Enter OCTAVIA with VENTURIUS.* *Os.* bears up to *Cleo.*

"I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,

"Your haughty carriage—

*Cleo.* "Shows I am a queen.

"Nor need I ask who you are.

*Os.* "A Roman;

"A name that makes and can unmake a queen.

*Cleo.* "Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

*Os.* "He was a Roman till he lost that name

"To be a slave in Egypt; but I come

"To free him hence.

*Cleo.* "Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.

"When he grew weary of that household clog

"He chose my easier bonds.

*Os.* "I wonder not

"Your bonds are easy; you have long been practis'd

"In that lascivious art. He's not the first

"For whom you spread your snares, let Cæsar witness.

*Cleo.* "I lov'd not Cæsar; 't was but gratitude

"I paid his love: the worst your malice can

"Is but to say the greatest of mankind

"Has been my slave. The next, but far above him

"In my esteem, is he whom law calls your's,

"But whom his love made mine.

*Os.* "I would view nearer

[*Coming up close to her:*

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" That face which has so long usurp'd my right,  
 " To find th' inevitable charms that catch  
 " Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear lord. .

*Cleo.* " Ob, you do well to search; for had you known  
 " But half these charms you had not lost his heart.

*Os.* " Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,  
 " Far from a modest wife. Shame of our sex!  
 " Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments  
 " That make sin pleasing?

*Cleo.* " You may blush you want 'em.  
 " If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n,  
 " Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest man  
 " Should I not thank 'em? should I be ashamed,  
 " And not be proud? I am that he has lov'd me;  
 " And when I love not him Heav'n change this face  
 " For one like that.

*Os.* " Thou lov'st him not so well.

*Cleo.* " I love him better, and deserve him more. .

*Os.* " You do not, cannot: you have been his ruin—  
 " Who made him cheap at Rome but Cleopatra?  
 " Who made him scorn'd abroad but Cleopatra?  
 " At Actium who betray'd him? Cleopatra.  
 " Who made his children orphans, and poor me  
 " A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* " Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.  
 " If you have suffer'd I have suffer'd more.  
 " You bear the specious title of a wife  
 " To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world  
 " To favour it: the world contemns poor me,  
 " For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,  
 " And stain'd the glory of my royal house,  
 " And all to bear the branded name of Mistress.  
 " There wants but life, and that too I would lose  
 " For him I love.

*Os.* " Be it so then; take thy wish. [*Exit cum suis.*]

*Cleo.* " And 't is my wish,  
 " Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.  
 " My sight grows dim, and ev'ry object dances  
 " And swims before me in the maze of death.  
 " My spirits while they were oppos'd kept up;  
 " They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:  
 " But now she's gone they faint.

" *Alex.* Mine have had leisure  
 " To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel  
 " To ruin her who else must ruin you.  
*Cleo.* " Vain promiser!  
 " Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too Iras;  
 " My grief has weight enough to sink you both.  
 " Conduct me to some solitary chamber,  
 " And draw the curtains round,  
 " Then leave me to myself to take alone  
 " My fill of grief;  
 " There I till death will his unkindness weep,  
 " As harmless infants moan themselves asleep." [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

*Scene, a garden.*

*Enter ANTONY and DOLABELLA.*

*DOLABELLA.*

**W**HY would you shift it from yourself on me?  
 Can you not tell her you must part?

*Ant.* I cannot;

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,  
 And t'other should not weep. Oh Dolabella!  
 How many deaths are in this word Depart!  
 I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:  
 One look of her's would thaw me into tears,  
 And I should melt till I were lost again.

*Dol.* Then let Ventidius;  
 He's rough by nature.

*Ant.* Oh, he'll speak too harshly;

He'll tell me of the news: thou, only thou.

*Dol.* Nature has cast me in so soft a mould

That I can hear a story feign'd for pleasure,

And yet a lover's death, moistens my eyes,

And takes away some of my manhood."——I should speak

With such fear to grieve her heart,

That I should believe it earnest.

*Ant.* Well, therefore

Thou, art fit. Think thyself me,

And thou speak'it (but let it first be long)

Take off the edge from ev'ry sharper sound,  
And let our parting be as gently made  
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

*Dol.* What you have said so sinks into my soul  
That if I must speak I shall speak just so.

*Ant.* I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell!  
I sent her word to meet you.

*[Goes to the door and comes back.]*

I forgot :

Let her be told I'll make her peace with mine :  
Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd  
If I have pow'r with Cæsar——Oh ! be sure  
To think on that.

*Dol.* Fear not, I will remember.

*[Antony goes again to the door and comes back.]*

*Ant.* And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;  
I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,  
For I still cherish her's——insist on that.

*Dol.* Trust me I'll not forget it.

*Ant.* Then that's all. *[Goes out and returns again.]*

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more ?

Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love

The news would break my heart——Now I must go,

For ev'ry time I have return'd I feel

My soul more tender, and my next command

Would be to bid her stay and ruin both.

*[Exit.]*

*Dol.* Men are but children of a larger growth,  
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain ;  
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,  
Viewing so clear abroad at home sees nothing,  
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
To the world's open view. Thus I discover'd  
And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony,  
Yet with that I were he to be so ruin'd.

*Enter VENTIDIUS above.*

*Vent.* Alone, and talking to himself ! Concern'd too !  
Perhaps my guess is right : he lov'd her once,  
And may pursue it still.

*Dol.* Oh, friendship! friendship!  
 Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:  
 Unfaithful in th' attempt, hopeless to win,  
 And if I win undone. Mere madness all.  
 And yet th' occasion fair. What injury  
 To him to wear the robe which he throws by?

*Ant.* None, none at all. This happens as I wish,  
 To ruin her yet more with Antony. *[Aside.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS, CHARMION,  
 IRAS, on the other side.*

*Dol.* She comes! what charms have sorrow on that  
 face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;  
 Yet now and then a melancholy smile  
 Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,  
 And shows a moment's day.

*Ant.* If I should love him too! Her eunuch there!  
 'That pore'pissed body ill wreath'd. Draw, draw nearer,  
 Sweet devil! that I may hear.

*Alex.* Believe me; try.

*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras, seems to talk with  
 them.*

To make him jealous; jealousy is like  
 A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:  
 If there be breath 't will catch the damp and show it.

*Cleo.* I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,  
 But 't is a weak and unavailing medicine;  
 'It puts out the disease, and makes it show,  
 "But has no pow'r to cure."

*Alex.* 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:  
 And then this Dolabella, who so fit

To live on? He's handsome, valiant, young,  
 And all that he were laid for Nature's bait  
 To catch the women's eyes.

He's more than half suspected  
 Of the least kind word or glance  
 That youth will kindle him with love;  
 His burning vessel set a drift  
 To run down again before the wind  
 Of jealous Antony.

Will I do this? ah, no! my love's so true  
 I'll rather hide it where it is



Nor shew it where it is not. "Nature meant me  
 "A wife, a silly harmless household dove,  
 "Fond without art, and kind without deceit;  
 "But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,  
 "Has thrust me out to the wide world unfurnish'd  
 "Of falsehood to be happy."

*Alex.* Force yourself:

Th' event will be, your lover will return  
 Doubly desirous to possess the good  
 Which once he fear'd to lose.

*Cleo.* I must attempt it;  
 But oh, with what regret!

[*Exit Alex. She comes up to Dolabella.*

*Ment.* So now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

*Cleo. to Doll.]* Discouraging with my women! Might not I  
 Share in your entertainment?

*Char.* You have been  
 The subject of it Madam—

*Cleo.* How! and how?

*Iras.* Such praises of your beauty!

*Cleo.* Mere poetry:

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,  
 Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

*Dol.* Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,  
 Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:  
 I who have seen——had I been born a poet  
 Should chuse a nobler name.

*Cleo.* You flatter me;

But 't is your nation's vice: all of your country  
 Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you:  
 I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

*Dol.* No Madam; yet he sent me——

*Cleo.* Well, he sent you——

*Dol.* Of a less pleasing errand.

*Cleo.* How less pleasing?

Less to yourself or me?

*Dol.* Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

*Cleo.* You Charmion and your fellow stand at the door.  
 Hold up my spirits! [*Aside*]——Well, now your  
 mournful matter,

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

*Dol.* I wish you would, for 't is a thankless office  
To tell ill news; and I of all your sex  
Most fear displeasing you.

*Cleo.* Of all your sex  
I soonest could forgive you if you should.

*Vent.* Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!  
Dead, damn'd, unconstant sex!

*Cleo.* In the first place,  
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

*Dol.* I wish I could not answer to that question.

*Cleo.* 'Then pass it o'er because it troubles you:  
"I should have been more griev'd another time."  
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell Egypt!  
Yet is there any more?

*Dol.* Madam, I fear  
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

*Cleo.* No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;  
And love may be expell'd by other love,  
As poisons are by poisons.

*Dol.* ——— You o'erjoy me Madam,  
To find your griefs so moderately borne.  
You've heard the worst: all are not false like him.

*Cleo.* No, Heav'n forbid they should!

*Dol.* Some men are constant.

*Cleo.* And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

*Dol.* Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

*Vent.* I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:  
"But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider." [Exit.

*Dol.* I came prepar'd  
To tell you heavy news, news which I thought  
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear;  
But you have met it with a cheerfulness  
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,  
Which on another's message was employ'd,  
Would gladly speak its own.

*Cleo.* Hold, Dolabella.  
First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord,  
Or sought you this employment?

*Dol.* He pick'd me out, and as his bosom-friend  
He charg'd me with his words.

*Cleo.* The message then  
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,  
To mollify that rugged word Depart.

Dol. Oh! you mistake: he chose the harshest words:

"With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,"

He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,

And fury shook his fabrick like an earthquake:

He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,

In sounds scarce human, "Hence, away for ever!"

"Let her begone, the blot of my renown,

"And bane of all my hopes:

[*All the time of this speech Cleopatra seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*]

"Let her be driv'n as far as men can think

"From man's commerce: she'll poison to the centre."

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!

[*Faints.*]

Dol. Help, help! Oh wretch! oh cursed, cursed wretch!

What have I done!

Char. "Help, chase her temples Iras."

Iras. "Bend, bend her forward quickly."

Char. Heav'n be pray'd!

She comes again!

Cleo. "Oh, let him not approach me!"

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,

Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,

And injur'd love? For pity let me go;

For if there be a place of long repose

I'm sure I want it. "My disdainful Lord

"Can never break that quiet, nor awake

"The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb

"Such words as fright her hence." Unkind, unkind!

Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak; [*Kneeling*

That sure deserves belief. I injur'd him;

My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh! had you seen

How often he came back, and ev'ry time

With something more obliging and more kind

To add to what he said; what dear farewell

How almost vanquish'd by his love he part

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:

I, traitor as I was, for love of you,

(But what can you not do who made me

I forg'd that lie, for whose forgiveness

This self-accus'd self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we

Rise Dolabella; if you have been guilty

I have contributed, and too much love  
Has made me guilty too.  
The advance of kindness which I made was feign'd  
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;  
But 't would not last. Oh! rather let me lose  
Than so ignominiously trifle with his heart.

*Dol.* Had your breast sent round from human reach,  
Tis'dly as a rock of solid chrystal,  
So unbroken but never pierc'd. "My friend, my friend!  
"What endless treasure ha't thou thrown away,  
"And scatter'd, like an' dross, in the ocean  
"This sum of wealth which none can gather thence."

*Clm.* Could you not beg  
An hour's admittance to his private eye?  
"Like one who wanders thro' long barren wilds,  
"And yet foregoes no hospitable inn  
"Is near to succour in his need,  
"Eats his fill before his painful march,  
"So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes"  
Before we part, for I have far to go  
If death be far, and never shall return.

*VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA behind.*

*Vent.* From whence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!  
Would you indeed! the pretty hand is earnest?

*Dol.* I will for this reward: [Takes her hand,

—Draw it not back;

Though I else will beg.

*Paul.* They turn upon us."

"*Ou.* What quick eyes has Guilt!"

*Paul.* Ours not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

*They enter.*

*Dol.* How you the Emperour Ventidius?

*Paul.* Yes.

I sought him, but I heard that he was private,  
I sought him, but Hipparchus his freed man.

*Dol.* Know you his business?

*Vent.* Giving him instructions  
And letters to his brother Cæsar.

*Dol.* Well,

He must be found. [Exit Dolabella and Cleopatra.

*Os.* Most glorious impudence!

*Vent.* She look'd methought

As she would say, Take your old man Octavia;  
 Thank you, I'm better here.  
 Well, but what use  
 Make we of this discovery?

*Oct.* Let it die.

*Vent.* I pity Dolabella! but she's dang'rous;  
 "Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms;  
 "To draw the moon from heav'n; for eloquence  
 "The seagreen Sirens taught her voice their flattery;  
 "And while she speaks night steals upon the day  
 "Unmark'd of those that hear: then she's so charming  
 "Age buds at sight of her and smells to youth:  
 "The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,  
 "And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,  
 "They bless her wanton eyes: ev'n I, who hate her,  
 "With a malignant joy behold such beauty,"  
 And "while I curse desire it." Antony  
 Must needs have some remains of passion still,  
 Which may ferment into a worse relapse  
 If now not fully cur'd——*But see he comes——*

"I know this minute

"With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.

*Oct.* "You have prevail'd——but for a farther purpose  
*[Walks off.]*

"I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.

"What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart: "

"It must not, shall not, be.

*Vent.* "His guards appear:

"Let me begin, and you shall second me."

*Enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* Octavia, I was looking you my love.  
 What, are your letters ready? I have given  
 My last instructions.

*Oct.* Mine, my Lord, are written.

*Ant.* Ventidius!

*[Drawing him aside.]*

*Vent.* My Lord?

*Ant.* A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

*Vent.* Now my Lord

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

*Ant.* Speak softly; 't was by my command he went  
 To bear my last farewell.

It look'd indeed

[*Aloud.*

Like a full farewell.

~~But~~ More softly—My farewell!

What is't that meaning have you in those words  
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

*Pent.* Then he obey'd your order I suppose. [*Aloud.*

You bid him do it with all gentleness,

All kindness, and all—love.

*Ant.* How she mourn'd!

The poor forsaken creature!

*Pent.* She took it as she ought; she bore your parting

As she did Caesar's, as she would another's,

Were a new love to come.

*Ant.* Then dost belie her,

[*Aloud.*

Most truly and judiciously belie her.

*Pent.* I thought not to dissuade you: I have done.

*Of.* You seem dissatisfied my Lord.

[*Coming up.*

*Ant.* A very trifles.

Retire, my love.

*Pent.* It was indeed a trifles.

He said:—

*Ant.* No more. Look how thus *Obey*'st me;

Thy life shall answer it.

[*Intelligibly.*

*Of.* When 'tis no trifles.

*Pent.* to *Of.* 'Tis the same thing: you too saw it

As well as I, and therefore, 'tis no secret.

*Ant.* She saw it!

*Pent.* Yes; she saw your *Obey*—

*Ant.* Young Deliaella!

*Pent.* Young? I think him young.

*Ant.* Young, too; and so do others think him.

He is young, and he went by your command,

And he is gentle, with some kind message,

And he is young, and he is gentle; far from it;

And he is young, and he is gentle with her hand,

And he is young, and he is gentle with her kisses;

And he is young, and he is gentle, and blush'd again;

And he is young, and he is gentle to talk softly.

And he is young, and he is gentle, and lean'd on his,

And he is young, and he is gentle, and kiss'd on her's;

And then he is young, and he is gentle, and he is young,

And he is young, and he is gentle, and he is young, and he is young.

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*Ant.* What woman was it whom you heard and saw  
So playful with my friend?  
Not Cleopatra?

*Vent.* Ev'n she my Lord!

*Ant.* My Cleopatra?

*Vent.* Your Cleopatra,  
Dolabella's Cleopatra,  
Ev'ry man's Cleopatra.

*Ant.* 'Tis false.

*Vent.* "I do not lie my Lord."

"Is this so strange? should mistresses be left

"And not provide against a time of change?

"You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights

*Ant.* "I'll think no more on't."

I know 't is false, and see the plot betwixt you.

"You needed not have gone this way Octavia;

"What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?

"She's mine no more, I see and I forgive;

"Urge it no farther love.

*Os.* "Are you concern'd

"That she's found false?

*Ant.* "I should be woe it so;

"For tho' 't is past I would not that the world

"Should tax my former choice; that I lov'd one

"Of so light note; but I forgive you both."

*Vent.* What, has my age deserv'd that you should think  
I would abuse your ears with perjury?

If Heav'n be true she's false.

*Ant.* Tho' Heav'n and earth

Should witness it I'll not believe her tainted.

*Vent.* I'll bring you then a witness

From hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back.

[*Seeing Alexas just entering and starting back.*

For stay you must and shall.

*Alex.* What means my Lord?

*Vent.* To make you do what most you hate, speak truth.

"You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,

"Of her bed counsel, her lascivious hours,

"Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,

"And watch her as Chaldeans do the moon,

"Can tell what signs she passes thro' what day."

*Alex.* My noble Lord.

I'll not flatter your powder;  
 I'll not flatter your speech, no valence, no rare'd periods,  
 I'll not flatter your homespun truth, is what I ask:  
 I can cry, if I hear you, I can make love  
 I'll not flatter your speech, for I will know  
 By your confession what more past betwixt 'em,  
 How ~~your~~ the bus'ness draws to your employment,  
 And when the happy hour.

*Alc.* I'll not flatter your speech; whether it offend  
 Or please Ventidius, I'll not. Justify  
 Thy sister Octavia from what he does his worst.

*Oct.* *Alc.* See how he gives him courage, how he fears  
 "To find his fall; and thus his eyes to truth,  
 "Willing to be misled!"

*Alc.* As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,  
 Urg'd by desert and gratitude of the lover,  
 So far (divine Octavia) may my Queen  
 Stand ex'cused; and you far beyond him  
 When is your loyalty so far from leave Ventidius.  
 May her past actions hope a fair report.

*Alc.* So well and truly spoken: Mark Ventidius.  
*Oct.* To you, most noble Emperor, her strong passion  
 Struck unresist'd, but wholly justify'd.  
 Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,  
 Eyes, lips and blazes drew the dissent vows  
 Of kings and kings, and at her feet were laid  
 The treasures of the earth, as if on heaps,  
 To show where she would have her  
 The greatest Roman on earth could deserve her,  
 And all Romans only are boys;  
 And less than wife to you disdain'd  
 The greatest Roman.

*Alc.* But yet the love and your unmatched desert  
 Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,  
 And she has open'd her unwilling eyes  
 To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,  
 Which she could not but deeply stirp'd:  
 And she has seen the bloody wars  
 Which she has seen, and she has seen the war

*Oct.* *Alc.* Oh, would you there?  
 Oh, would you there? the man begins to mend,



And talk substantial reason. Fear not, Eunuch,  
The Emperour has giv'n thee leave to speak.

*Alex.* Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears  
With what the last necessity has urg'd  
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not  
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

*Ant.* No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee, dare not  
Pronounce that fatal word.

*Oct.* Must I bear this? Good Heav'n! afford me patience!

[*Aside.*

*Vent.* On, sweet eunuch! my dear half man! proceed.

*Alex.* Yet Dolabella

Has lov'd her long; he next my galllike Lord  
Deserves her best, and should she meet his passion,  
Rejected as she is by him the lov'd—

*Ant.* Hence from my sight, for I can bear no more!  
Let Furies drag thee quick to hell! each torturing hand  
Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,  
Then join thou too and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas the Eunuch by another door.*

*Oct.* 'Tis not well!

Indeed my Lord 'tis much unkind to me  
To shew this passion, this extreme concern  
For an abandon'd faithless prostitute.

*Ant.* Octavia, leave me! I am much distressed.  
Leave me I say!

*Oct.* My Lord!

*Ant.* I bid you leave me.

*Vent.* "Obey him Madam, he best with you."

"And see how this will work."

*Oct.* "Wherein have I offend'd you?"

"That I am bid to leave you?" am I fallow?

"Or infamous? am I a Cleopatra?"

"Were I she,

"Base as she is, you would not bid me leave."

"But hang upon my neck, take slight excuse."

"And fawn upon my falsehood."

*Ant.* " 'Tis too much,

"Too much, Octavia! I am press'd with sorrow."

"Too heavy to be borne, and you add more."

"I would retire, and recollect what's left."

"Of man within to aid me."



With how secure a brow and specious form  
He gilds the secret villain ! Sure that face  
Was meant for honesty, but Heav'n mismatch'd  
And furnish'd treason out with nature's power  
To make its work more easy.

*Dol.* " O my friend ! "

*Ant.* Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my wish.

*Dol.* I did unwillingly.

*Ant.* Unwillingly !

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting ?  
You should have with'd it.

*Dol.* Why ?

*Ant.* Because you love me ;  
And she receiv'd my message with as true  
With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it ?

*Dol.* She loves you ev'n to madness.

*Ant.* Oh ! I know it.

You Dolabella do not know  
How much she loves me. And should I  
Forfake this beauty, this allperfect creature

*Dol.* I could not were she mine.

*Ant.* And yet you first  
Persuaded me. How come you alter'd fin

*Dol.* I said at first I was not fit to go ;  
I could not hear her sighs and see her tears  
But pity must prevail ; and I perhaps  
It may again with you ; for I have promised  
That she should take her last farewell ; and  
She comes to claim my word.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Ant.* False Dolabella !

*Dol.* What's false my Lord ?

*Ant.* Why, Dolabella's name,  
And Cleopatra's false ; but false and faithless  
Draw near you welljoin'd wickedness, you  
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd  
Till I am stung to death.

*Dol.* My Lord, have I  
Deserv'd to be thus us'd ?

*Cleo.* Can Heav'n prepare  
A newer torment ? can it find a curse  
Beyond our separation ?

Do you not wonder? "Heaven should be ingenious

"To give such quick creation. The rolling stone

"And his sharp culture were slight pains, invented

"When Jove was young, and no examples known

"Of mighty do; but you have oppos'd him

"To such a monstrous growth 'twill pose the gods

"To find an equal torture." Two, two such!

Oh, there's another name; two such—to me,

To me, who live my soul within your breasts,

Had no doubts, no joys, no life, but you;

"When both the gods was mine I gave it you

"To dowry with my heart: I had no life,

"No fruit, of all but you:" a friend and mistress

Was what the world could give, O Cleopatra!

Oh Dolabella! how could you betray

This tender heart, which with so instant fondness

Lay full betwixt your bosom, and there slept

Secure of injury'd faith?

But if he has wrong'd you

And you, revenge it.

He has wrong'd me!

Heav'd thy part of guilt: but swear

Not to hurt her.

Why I love you?

But swear, for God, I say, thou dost not love

More than friendship will allow. [her.

How?

How? thou art perjur'd—

I didst not say I lov'd her not;

And, no more. O God, trilling hypocrite!

Thou own'st to her, thou dost not love,

And thou dost lie. O, thus heard it,

Heav'd my revenge!

Heav'd not for he, he confess'd it;

But knew it, he avow'd it.

Is a proof beyond yourself?

Go to bid my last farewell

To her last day!

Shall I suffer?

Shall I be guile then? have I lov'd;

[To Dol.

But if to have repented of that love  
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.  
Yet if I have offended past forgiveness  
Let her not suffer: she is innocent.

*Cleo.* "Ah, what will not a woman do who loves!  
"What means will she refuse to keep the peace  
"Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I that set the fire  
" 'Twas I blew up, the fire that scorch'd his heart  
"To make you jealous, and by that rage to hurt  
"But all in vain; I could not counterfeign  
"In spite of all the dams my love broke through  
"And drown'd my heart again: Fate took th' occasion,  
"And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd  
"My whole life's truth."

*Ant.* Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,  
Seen and broke thro' at first.

*Dol.* Forgive your mistress.

*Cleo.* Forgive your friend.

*Ant.* "You have convinc'd yourselves;  
"You plead each other's cause. What will become  
"That you but meant to raile my jealousy?"

*Cleo.* "Ourselves and Heav'n.

*Ant.* Guilt witnesses for guilt! Hence!  
"You have no longer place in human breast  
"These two have driv'n you out: avoid me  
"I wou'd not kill the man whom I have lov'd  
"And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid  
"I do not know how long I can be tame  
"For if I stay one minute more to think  
"How I am wrong'd my justice and revenge  
"Will cry so loud within me that my pity  
"Will not be heard for anger."

*Dol.* "Heav'n has but

"Our sorrow for our sins, and then deliver  
"To pardon erring man: sweet mercy for  
"Its darling attribute, which limits just  
"As if there were degrees in infinite,  
"And infinite would rather want perfect  
"Than punish to extent."

*Ant.* I can forgive  
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend:  
Treason is there in its most horrid shape

Which soul is greatly <sup>41</sup> and the soul resign'd  
Is haubt' d up on own gnards. <sup>42</sup> I'll hear no more  
Hence from my sight for ever.

*Exit. How? for ever!*

I cannot go one moment from your sight,  
And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here:  
What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?

That I have left for you; or to the Romans?

They hate me for your sake; or must I wander

The wide world over, a banish'd woman,

Banish'd for love of you, banish'd from you;

Alas, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me, hear me,

With Christian justice, for I beg no favour,

And if I have offended you then kill me,

But do not banish me.

*Alas, I must not hear you;*

I have a soul without me taking <sup>43</sup> part,

But honour stops my ears,

*Exit. For pity hear me!*

Alas, a slave who follow'd you,  
And near your person—He has no pity!

No fear to my departure,

And farewell, <sup>44</sup> my heart!

Look down and judge betwixt us

*Exit. He!*

Alas, <sup>45</sup>

And villain!

For Alexander's

Was his plot, my generous design

In my love by jealousy,

From him will <sup>46</sup> me let him speak.

*Alas, <sup>47</sup>*

*He clear me out—*

Heard me who hangs upon your smiles,

Or, or, or to deny

Hearts? I am not to be mov'd.

Of my part? farewell my cruel Lord.

Against me, and I go

From your sight.

And you know; now yet I love

As I know myself:

I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,  
Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,  
I'll never strive against it, but die pleas'd  
To think you once were mine.

*Ant.* Good Heav'n! they weep at parting.  
Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.  
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think  
That I must not forgive——  
Live, but live wretched; 't is but just you should  
Who made me so: live from each other's sight;  
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth  
And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves;  
View nothing common but the sun and skies.  
Now all take several ways,  
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore  
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## ACT V.

*SCENE, the temple.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.*

*CHARMION.*

"Be juster, Heav'n! such virtue punish'd thus  
"Will make us think thy chance rules all about,  
"And shuffles with a random hand the lots  
"Which man is forc'd to draw."

*Cleo.* I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart  
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh the curse  
Of doting on, ev'n when 't find it dotage!  
Bear witness Gods! you heard him bid me go;  
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows  
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.  
"You may hold me——"

*[She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.]*

"But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,  
"And choke this love."

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Iras.* "Help, oh Alexas, help!"

"The Queen grows desprate, her soul struggles in her,

" With all the agonies of love and rage,

" And strives to force its passage.

*Cleo.* " Let me go."

Art thou there traitor! — Oh,

Oh for a little breath to vent my rage!

" Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him."

*Alex.* Yes, I deserve it for my illtim'd truth.

" Was it for me to prop

" The ruins of a falling majesty,

" To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,

" Thus to be crush'd and pounder'd into atoms

" By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming

" For subjects to preserve that wretched pow'r

" Which courts its own destruction."

*Cleo.* I would refuse

More calmly than you. Did you not o'errule

And force my plain, direct, and open love

Into that crooked path of policy?

Now, what's the event? Octavia is remov'd,

But Cleopatra banish'd. "Thou, thou, villain,

" Hast put my love to open sea, to prove

" At my sad cost if thou canst steer it back.

" It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:

" Hence thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil——

" I can no more: thou and my griefs have sunk

" Me down so low that I want voice to curse thee.

" " Suppose some shipwreck'd seaman near the shore,

" Drowning and faint with climbing up the cliff,

" If thou above some charitable hand

" Tell him to safety, hazarding himself

" To save the other's weight, would he look back

" To curse him for his pains? The case is your's;

" One step more and you have gain'd the height.

*Cleo.* " Sunk, never more to rise.

*Alex.* " Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banish'd."

Believe me, Madam, Antony is your's:

His heart was never lost, but started off

To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert,

Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.

Some other, any man, 'tis so advanc'd,



May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I  
(Unhappy only to myself) have left  
So easy to his hand.

*Cleo.* Look well thou do't, else——

*Alex.* Else what your silence threatens—Antony  
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret  
He stands surveying our Egyptian gallies  
Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest;  
If the first happen Fate acquits my promise;  
If we overcome the conqueror is your's.

[*A distant shout within.*]

*Char.* Have comfort Madam: did you mark that shout?

[*Second shout nearer.*]

*Tras.* Hark! they redouble it.

*Alex.* 'Tis from the port;

The loudness shows it near. Good news, Kind Heav'ns!

*Cleo.* "Ofiris make it so!"

*Enter SERAPION.*

*Ser.* Where, where's the Queen?

*Alex.* "How frightfully the holy coward stares!

"As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,

"When all his gods, and what's more dear to him,

"His off'rings, were at stake.

*Ser.* Oh, horror, horror!

Egypt has been; the latest hour is come.

The queen of nations from her ancient seat

Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:

'Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,

And now clos'd up the volume.

*Cleo.* Be more plain:

Say whence thou cam'st, (tho' Fate is in t

Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly

And threatens ere thou speak'st.).

*Ser.* I came from Pharos,

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our land's last hope, your navy——

*Cleo.* Vanquish'd?

*Ser.* No;

They fought not.

*Cleo.* Then they fled.

*Ser.* Nor that: I saw

With Antony your well appointed fleet

Row out, and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,  
 And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:  
 "'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet  
 'About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,  
 'With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,  
 'And flatter to the last:" the welltim'd oars  
 Now dipt from ev'ry bark, now smoothly run  
 To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,  
 But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps  
 On either side thrown up: th' Egyptian galleys,  
 Receiv'd like friends, past thro', and fell behind  
 The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,  
 And ride within the port.

*Cleo.* Enough Serapion;

I have heard no more of this needed ceremony;  
 When I lost Antony your work was done.  
 "Out superfluous noise!" Where's my Lord?  
 How can he be thus lost to me?  
 O, the time cannot be expell'd;—  
 "Fare ye well, my friends, I am going to have fall'n  
 Full on his sword, and added at Cæsar's feet."  
 Withhold, he rav's on you, cries he's betray'd.  
 Should he now find you—

*Alex.* Shun him, seek your safety,  
 Till you can clear your innocence.

*Cleo.* I'll stay.

*Alex.* You must not; haste you to the Monument  
 While I make speed to Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Cæsar! no;  
 I have no bus'ness with him.

*Alex.* I can work him .  
 To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

*Cleo.* Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?  
 Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor:  
 'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.  
 Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:  
 But haste, each moment's precious.

*Ser.* Retire; you must not yet see Antony.  
 He who began this mischief  
 'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;  
 And since he offer'd you his servile tongue  
 To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,

Let him expose that fawning eloquence  
And speak to Antony.

*Alex.* Oh Heav'ns! I dare not:  
I meet my certain death.

*Cleo.* Slave, thou deserv'st it.  
Not that I fear my Lord will I avoid him;  
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,  
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:  
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

*Alex.* Oh! pity me, and let me follow you.

*Cleo.* To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst  
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,  
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt Cleopatra, Serapion, Charmion, and Iras*

*Alex.* Oh, that I less could fear to ... this being,  
Which like a snowball in my coward hand  
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.  
Poor reason! what a wretched and ...  
For still in spite of thee  
These two long ... soul and body, ...  
Their final separation. Let me think;  
What can I say to save myself from death?  
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

*Ant.* Which way? where?

*Vent.* This leads to th' Monument.

*Alex.* Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprep  
My gift of lying's gone;  
And this court-devil, which I so oft' have rain  
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,  
Yet cannot go far hence.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Oh, happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead.  
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony,  
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

*Vent.* "Curse on this treach'rous train!  
" Their soil and heav'n infect them all with baseness;  
" And their young souls come tainted to the world  
" With the first breath they draw.

*Ant.* "Th' original villain sure no good  
" He was a bastard of the Sun by Nile;

" Ap'd into man with all his mother's mud  
 " Crusted about his soul."

*Vent.* The nation is  
 One universal traitor, and their Queen  
 The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

*Ant.* Is there yet left  
 A possibility of aid and valour?  
 Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,  
 " The least unmortgag'd hope?" for if there be  
 Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate  
 Of such a boy as Cæsar.

" The world's one half is yet in Antony,  
 " And from each limb of it that's hew'd away

" The soul comes back again."  
*Ant.* There is no man  
 That's left in the town; the last assault  
 Has left the rest of death be your design,  
 And make with it now what you will  
 To make a heap of dead  
 An heap of dead.

*Ant.* I will not divide our stars, but side by side  
 Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes  
 View each other's acts: " So ev'ry death  
 " Thou giv'st I'll take on me as a just debt,  
 " And pay thee back a foul."

*Ant.* Now you shall see I love you. " Not a word  
 " Concluding more." By my few hours of life  
 I am resolv'd with this brave Roman fate  
 That I should not be Cæsar to outlive you!  
 " Cut off this flesh, and mount together,  
 " " Down to all th' ethereal crowd;  
 " " And those who dy'd with Antony.  
 " " Knows but we may pierce thro' all their troops,  
 " " And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting  
 " " To leap up this gulf of fate,  
 " " And leave your wand'ring Destinies behind."

*Enter ALEXAS trembling.*

*Ant.* See, see that villain!  
 " Matra stamp upon that face,  
 " " Her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!

"How she looks out thro' those dissembling eyes!"  
 How he has set his count'nance for deceit,  
 And promises a lie before he speaks!  
 Let me dispatch him first.

[Drawing:

*Alex.* "Oh, spare me, spare me!"

*Ant.* Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,  
 (Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)  
 No syllable to justify thy Queen;  
 Save thy base tongue its office.

*Alex.* Sir, she's gone  
 Where she shall never be molested more  
 By love or you.

*Ant.* Fled to her Delabella!  
 Dye, traitor; I revoke my sentence; die. [Going to kill her]

*Alex.* Sir, that she is not fled.

*Ant.* She is; my eyes  
 Are open to her falsehood. My whole life  
 Has been a golden dream in love and friendship;  
 But now I wake, I'm like a merchant stung  
 From soft repose to see his vessel sinking  
 And all his wealth cast o'er. Unhappy return  
 Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,  
 "Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,  
 "Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;"  
 But now my winter comes she spreads her wings,  
 And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

*Alex.* Think not so;  
 Her fortunes have in all things mixt with your's:  
 Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome  
 How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,  
 Secure by such a bribe?

*Vent.* She sent it first  
 To be more welcome after.

*Ant.* 'Tis too plain,  
 Else wou'd she have appear'd to clear herself.

*Alex.* "Too fatally she has:" she could not bear  
 To be accus'd by you, but shut herself  
 Within her monument, look'd down and sigh'd,  
 While from her unchang'd face the silent tears  
 Dropt as they had not leave, but stole their parting.  
 Some undistinguish'd words she idly murmur'd;

At last she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks  
As dying Lucrece cast——

*Ant.* My heart forbodes——

*Vent.* "All for the best." Go on.

*Alex.* She snatch'd her poniard,  
And ere we could prevent the fatal blow  
Plung'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me;  
Go, bear my Lord, said she, my last farewell,  
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.  
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.  
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,  
And bury'd half within her.

*Vent.* Heav'n be prais'd!

*Ant.* Then art thou in love with my dear love!

*Oh!* ~~Two words~~ two words! their sound should be divided:  
Hast thou been false and dy'd, or hadst thou liv'd  
And have been true?—~~But~~ hence and death!  
This shows not well above. Then what am I?  
The murder of thy youth, this innocence!  
Thoughts on my form themselves in words so horrid  
As can express my guilt!

*Vent.* Is't come to this? The gods have been too grave  
And thus you thank 'em for't. [cious]

*Ant. to Alex.]* Why stay'st thou here?

"Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,  
"And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence!"  
Thou art not worthy to behold what now  
Becomes a Roman Emp'rour to perform.

*Alex.* "He loves her still; [Aside]  
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find  
"She's yet alive completes the reconciliation:  
"I'll comfort myself and her. But oh! the Romans!  
"Too fast upon my wit,  
"Too hard, and meets me at each double."

[Exit.]

"Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',  
"Thou might have treated;  
"And look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.  
"I'll die myself, and let's die warm together.  
"I'll not fight; there's no more work for war;  
"The work of my angry hours is done.

*Vent.* "Cæsar is at your gate."

*Ant.* Why, let him enter:

"He's welcome now.

*Vent.* "What lethargy has crept into your soul?

*Ant.* "'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire

"To free myself from bondage.

*Vent.* "Do it bravely.

*Ant.* "I will, but not by fighting." Oh Ventidius!

What should I fight for now? my Queen is dead:

I was but great for her: my pow'r, my empire,

Were but my merchandise to buy her love,

And conquer'd kings my factors. Now she's dead

Let Cæsar take the world—

"An empty circle, since my soul's gone

"Which is worth my strife—

"For all the bribes of life are gone—

*Vent.* Would you be taken?

*Ant.* Yes, I would be taken—

But as a Roman ought, dead, my Ventidius!

"For I'll convey my soul from—

"And lay down life myself. 'Tis time—

"Should have a lord, and know whom to obey—

"We two have kept its homage in suspense,

"And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,

"Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk

"Alone upon 't: I'm weary of my part.

"My torch is out, and the world stands before me

"Like a black desert at th' approach of night:

"I'll lay me down and stray no farther on—

*Vent.* "I could be griev'd,

"But that I'll not outlive you." Chuse your

For I have seen him in such various shapes

I care not which I take: I'm only troubled

The life I bear is worn to such a rag

'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed

We threw it from us with a better grace,

That like two lions taken in the toils

We might at least thrust out our paws and wound

The hunters that enclose us.

*Ant.* "I have thought on't;

"Ventidius, you must live.

*Vent.* "I must not Sir.

*Ant.* "Wilt thou not live to speak some good of me?  
To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches  
From the ill tongues of men?"

*Vent.* "Who shall guard mine  
For living after you?"

*Ant.* "Say I command it.

*Vent.* "If we die well our deaths will speak themselves,  
And need no living witness."

*Ant.* Thou hast lov'd me,  
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;  
Kill me, and take the merit of my death  
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

*Vent.* Thank your highness—  
You said I lov'd you, and I am in case  
You did say so, and I did I think  
You said I lov'd you, and I should die  
With you, and thought of you!

Now I have heard of Cæsar's death  
My reason is as good as dead, my tongue,  
Not being able to hold all at random out.  
I have thought better; do not deny me twice.

*Vent.* By Heav'n I will not!  
Let it not be t' outlive you.

*Ant.* Kill me first,  
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve  
Thy friend before thyself.

*Vent.* Give me your hand—  
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell Emperour!  
[Embrace.]

It thinks that word's too cold to be my last:  
Since death sweeps all distinctions farewell Friend.

—  
I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle—  
And I will not look on you and kill you:  
I will strike your face.

Now I will strike home; be sure.  
I will strike as my sword will reach. [Kills himself.]  
You mistak't!

—  
It was none of thine; give it me back:  
It is mine of my death.  
—  
It is indeed;



But think 't is the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,  
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!  
Forgive me if you will; for I die perjurd  
Rather than kill my friend.

[Dies]

*Ant.* Farewell! ever my leader, ev'n in death!  
My Queen and thou have got the start of me,  
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!  
Is death no more! "He us'd him carelessly  
"With a familiar kindness, ere he knock'd  
"Ran to the door and took him in his arms,  
"As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,  
"A friend need give no warning—Books had spoil'd him,  
"For all the learn'd are cowards by profession."

'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, I know,

Is but to think no more. Here 's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his sword.]

I've miss'd my heart—O my performing hand!

Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

"My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,

"Like a great man, takes state, and bids me wait

"For my admittance"—

[Trampling with his.]

Some perhaps from Cæsar!

"If he should find me living, and suspect

"That I play'd booty with my life!" I'll mend

My work ere they can reach me. [Rises upon his knees.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and LAR.*

*Cleo.* Where is my Lord! where is he!

*Char.* "There he lies,

"And dead Ventidius by him."

*Cleo.* My fears were prophets! I am come too late!

Oh, that accurs'd Alexas!

[Runs to him.]

*Ant.* Art thou living!

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost that meets me!

*Cleo.* "Help me seat him!

"Send quickly, send for help! [They place him in a chair.]

*Ant.* "I am answer'd:

"We live both. Sit thee down my Cleopatra!

"I'll make the most I can of life to stay

"A moment more with thee."

*Cleo.* How is it with you?

*Ant.* 'Tis as with a man  
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up  
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot,  
And he for that returns upon the spur;  
So I come back for thee.

*Cleo.* Too long, ye Heav'ns! you have been cruel to me!  
Oh, now be kind, and give me back  
His fleeting life!

*Ant.* It will not be my love!  
I keep my soul by force.  
Say but thou art not false.

*Cleo.* 'Tis now too late  
To say I'm true; I'll prove it and die with you.  
Unknown to me Alexander's death,  
Which when I heard, I halted to prevent  
That fatal consequence. My feet betray'd  
Both you and me.

*Ant.* And Dolabella—

*Cleo.* Since esteem'd before he lov'd, but hated now.

*Ant.* Enough! my life's not long enough for more.  
Then say'th' thou wilt come after: I believe thee;  
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st  
That we may part more kindly.

*Cleo.* I will come;  
Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly too!  
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

*Ant.* But grieve not while thou stay'st  
My last disastrous times!  
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,  
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm  
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,  
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd  
To th' utmost joys? What ages have we liv'd!  
And now to die each other's! and so dying,  
While hand in hand we walk in groves below  
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,  
And all the train be ours.

*Cleo.* Your words are like the notes of dying swans,  
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours  
For your unkindness and not one for love!

*Ant.* No, not a minute—this one kiss—more worth  
Than all I leave to Cæsar. — [Dies.

*Cleo.* Oh! tell me so again!

"And take ten thousand kisses for that word"—  
My Lord! my Lord! speak, if you yet have being!  
Sigh to me if you cannot speak! or cast  
One look! do any thing that shows you live!

*Iras.* He's gone too far to hear you,  
"And this you see a lump of senseless clay,  
"The leavings of a soul."

*Char.* Remember, Madam,  
He charg'd you not to grieve.

*Cleo.* And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a Roman not to know  
What should become his wife—his wife, my Charmion!  
For 'tis to that high birth—  
~~And to that high birth—~~

~~And to that high birth—~~ "Let me survive  
"Survive to mourn him dead: my noble state  
"Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong  
"For Roman laws to break."

*Iras.* Will you then die?

*Cleo.* Why shouldst thou make that question?  
Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

*Iras.* "Caesar is merciful—"

*Cleo.* "Let him be so—"

"To those that want his mercy: my poor Lord  
"Made no such covenant with him to spare me  
"When he was dead. Yield me to Caesar's pride!  
"What! to be led in triumph thro' the streets,  
"A spectacle to base plebeian eyes,  
"While some dejected friend of Antony's  
"Close in a corner shakes his head, and mutters  
"A secret curse on her who ruin'd him—  
"I'll none of that—"

*Char.* "Whatever you resolve—"

"I'll follow, ev'n to death."

*Iras.* "I only fear'd"

"For you, but more should fear to live without you."

*Cleo.* "Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,  
"Dispatch; ere this the town 's in Caesar's hands;  
"My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my stay,  
"Left I should be surpris'd:  
"Keep him not waiting for his love too long.  
"You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;

" With 'em the wreath of victory I made  
 " (Vain augury!) for him who now lies dead:  
 " You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills."

*Iras.* The aspicks Madam?

*Cleo.* Must I bid you twice? [*Ex. Char. and Iras.*]

'Tis sweet to die when they would force life on me,  
 To rush into the dark abode of death  
 And meet my love,

" And seize him first! If he be like my love

" He is not frightful sure!

" We're now alone, in secrecy and silence,

" And is not this like lovers? I may kiss

" Their pale cold lips: *Antavia* does not see me;

" And oh! let *Antony* have him thus

" Then the lips which have ~~been~~ welcome, welcome!

*Enter Char. and Iras with the aspicks.*

*Char.* What can be done?

*Cleo.* Some necessary friends;

" But you must be absent. First, this laurel

" Shall crown his ~~brave~~ head: he fell not basely,

" Nor left his sword behind him. Only thou

" Couldst triumph o'er thyself, and thou alone

" Wert worthy so to triumph.

*Char.* " To what end

" These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?"

*Cleo.* " Dull that thou art! why, 't is to meet my love,

" As when I saw him first on *Cydno's* bank,

" All sparkling like a goddess; so adorn'd

" I'll find him once again; my second spousals

" Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,

" And dress the bride of *Antony*!

*Char.* " 'Tis done.

*Cleo.* " Now set me by my Lord. I claim this place,

" For I must conquer *Cæsar* too like him,

" And win my share o' th' world. Hail, you dear relicks

" Of my immortal love!

" Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence,

" But rest for ever here! let *Egypt* give

" His death that peace which it deny'd his life.

" Reach me the casket.

*Iras.* " Underneath the fruit the aspicks lies."

*Cleo.* Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

[*Putting aside the leaves.*]

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key  
Dost open life, and unperceiv'd by us  
Ev'n steals us from ourselves, "discharging so  
"Death's dreadful office better than himself,  
"Touching our limbs so gently into slumber  
"That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,  
"And thinks himself but Sleep."

*Serv.* The queen where is she?

[*Within.*]

The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

*Cleo.* He comes too late t' invade the rights of Death.  
Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's fury.

[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*]

Coward flesh—

~~Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,~~  
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to 't,  
And not be sent by him,  
But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*]

Take hence; the work is done!

*Serv.* Break ope the door, —

[*Within.*]

And guard the traitor well.

*Char.* "The next is ours.

*Iras.* "Now Charmion, to be worthy  
"Of our great queen and mistress." [*They enter.*]

*Cleo.* Already, Death, I feel thee in my  
I go with such a will to find my Lord  
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps thro' ev'ry limb,  
And now 't is at my head: my eyelids fall,  
And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist!

"Where shall I find him, where? oh! turn,  
"And lay me on his breast?"—Cæsar, thy hand  
Now part us if thou canst.

[*Iras sinks down at her feet and dies, Charmion falls  
her chair as dressing her head.*]

*Enter SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, and  
2 Priests.* Behold, Serapion, what havock is

*Serv.* 'T was what I fear'd.

"Charmion, is this well done?"

"You't it is well done, and like a queen, the last  
Of my great race. I follow her. [*Sinks down. Dies.*]

*Alas! true*

*But how well: much better thus to die*

*Than live to make a holyday in Rome,"*

*Now the lovers lie in state together*

*As if giving laws to half mankind!*

*The remnant of a smile left in her face*

*Survives, pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,*

*And would disarm him in another world.*

*But, far, far, ring; grief has now no leisure.*

*Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,*

*To grace th'imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!*

*Secure from human chance long ages out,*

*For all the days of fate by the tomb;*

*And to posterity shall tell*

*How they liv'd as good as they did well.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,  
 Have one sure refuge left, and that's to rail:  
 Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd thro' the pit,  
 And this is all their equipage of wit.  
 We wonder how the devil this difference grows  
 Betwixt our souls in verse and your's in prose:  
 For faith the quarrel rightly understood,  
 'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.  
 The threadbare author hates the gawdy coat,  
 And swears at the gilt coach, but swears a-foot;  
 For 'tis observ'd of ev'ry scribbling man  
 He grows a fop as fast as *Lar* can,  
~~Drum~~ like the oracle his glass  
 If pink or purple best becomes his face?  
 For our poor wretch! he neither rails nor prays,  
 Nor likes your wit, just as you like his plays;  
 He has not yet so much of *Mr. Bays*:  
 He does his best, and if he cannot please  
 Would quietly sue out his writ of ease;  
 Yet if he might his own grand jury call,  
 By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.  
 Let *Cæsar's* pow'r the men's ambition move,  
 But grace you him who lost the world for love.  
 Yet if some antiquated lady say  
 The last age is not copy'd in his play,  
 Heav'n help the man who for that sake must drudge  
 Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.  
 Let not the young and beautiful join with these,  
 For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,  
 Young wits and sparks be to his aid must call,  
 'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.*

From the APOLLO PRESS,  
 by the MARTINS,  
 March 23. 1782.



*M<sup>rs</sup> CIBBER in the Character of MONSIEUR.*

*Readst thou not something in my face that speaks  
a wonderful Change and Horror from within me.*



BELL'S EDITION.

THE  
ORPHAN;

OR THE  
UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

TRAGEDY,

AS WRITTEN BY  
THOMAS OTWAY.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

QUALITIES OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

PLAYED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,  
BY MR. HOPKINS, PROMPTER.

*Agro credit magno, se suenore tollit ;  
castra petit, præcingitur auro ;  
culator picto jacet elvius vitro,  
solicitat nuptas, ad præconia peccat ;  
horret facundia panis,  
lingua desertæ invocat artes.*

*Pa. Arb.*

LONDON:

AT THE Shakespeare House, BY THE BATHERINGTONS ;

FOR J. BELL, OF THE BRITISH LIBRARY,  
in the STRAND.

1889.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

D U C H E S S.

Having a great while wished to write something that might be worthy to lay at your Highness's feet, and finding it impossible: since the world has not yet given me to judge of this poem to my advantage, I have committed a most pardonable fault, which I had made in my youth, and sinned against myself if I had not chosen to implore (what my ambition is most desirous of) your favour and protection.

My fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highness's presence, when this came into the world; yet I cannot but declare, it was my design and hopes, it might have been your divertisement, in that happy season, when you were again, to cheer all those eyes that had before been dimmed for your departure, and enliven all hearts that had been languishing for your absence. When wit ought to have paid its choicest tributes in, and joy have known no limits, I hoped my little mite would not have been rejected, though my ill fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a great honour, by your Royal Highness's absence, than all the applauds of the world besides can make me reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought myself not quite unhappy, so long as I had hopes this way yet to recompense my disappointment

pointment past: when I considered also, that poetry might claim right to a little share in your favour; for Tasso, and Ariosto, some of the best, have made their names eternal, by transmitting to after ages the glory of your ancestors: and under the spreading of that shade, where two of the best have planted their laurels, how honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a branch might grow for me?

I dare not think of offering any thing in this address, that might look like a panegyric, for fear, lest when I have done my best, the world should condemn me for saying too little, and you yourself check me for meddling with a task unfit for my talent.

For the description of virtues and perfections so rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate as Skillful a hand; the features must be drawn very fine, to be sure, but a hasty daubing will but spoil the picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false lights to set it off. And your virtue can receive no more lustre from practice, than your beauty can be improved by art; which, as it charms the bravest prince that ever amazed the world with his virtue; so, let but all other hearts inquire into themselves, and then judge how it ought to be praised.

Your love, too, as none but that great hero who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular lot from Heaven, was destined to so extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for its constancy, shall be remembered to your immortal honour, when all other transactions of the age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask pardon for the fault I have been all this while committing. Wherefore I beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption, and that you will be pleased to think well of one who cannot help resolving with all the actions of life, to endeavour to deserve it: nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may, through yours, never want an advocate in his favour, whose heart and mind you have so extensive a share in; it is my only portion and my fortune. I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it; and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill fate to lose it.

Thrs

This, with eternal wishes for your Royal Highness's  
content, happiness, and prosperity, in all humility is pre-  
sented by

Your most obedient, and  
devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

## P R O L O G U E.

*TO* you, great Judges in this writing age,  
 The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,  
 With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd  
 His pride, much doubting, trembling and afraid  
 Of what is to his want of merit due,  
 And aw'd by ev'ry excellence in you,  
 The author sends to beg you will be kind,  
 To find him out, and must find.

For other ends,  
 To his friends :  
 To insipid tools ;  
 All ye you were fools :  
 To so large a store,  
 Will have more.

With still treated yet the Town,  
 The names of honest men bedaub'd and shewn.  
 Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life,  
 Of suburb virgin, or of city wife.  
 Nature's ill effect of poetry's distaste,  
 Which, sick of a loud age, she vents for ease,  
 But now her only strife should be to please;  
 Since of ill fate the baneful cloud's withdrawn,  
 And happiness again begins to dawn ;  
 Since back with joy, and triumph he is come,  
 That always drew fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.  
 Oft has he plough'd the boist'rous ocean o'er,  
 Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing shore,  
 Than when he brought home victories before.  
 Then fresh laurels flourish'd on his brow ;  
 And he came crown'd with olive-branches now ;  
 Oh, receive him as his friends ;  
 Embrace the blessings which he recommends ;  
 Such gain as your foes shall ne'er destroy ;  
 Turn fears off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

DRAMATIS

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

*Drury-Lane. Covent-Garden.*

ACASTO, a Nobleman retired from the Court, and living privately in the country,	MR. PACKER.	MR. HULL.
CASTALIO, } <i>his Sons.</i>	MR. REDDISH.	MR. SMITH.
POLYDORE, }	MR. BRERETON.	MR. WROUGHTON.
CHAMONT, a young Soldier of fortune, Brother of Monimia.	MR. SMITH.	MR. BENSLEY.
ERNESTO, } <i>Servants in the family.</i>	MR. WRIGHTEN.	MR. REDMAN.
PAULINO, }	MASTER POLLEY.	MISS COCKAYNE.
CORDELIO, Polydore's Page.	MR. USHER.	
CHAPLAIN.		

### W O M E N.

MONIMIA, the Orphan, left under the guardianship of old Acasto.	MISS YOUNGE.	MISS MILLER.
SERINA, Acasto's daughter.	MISS PLATT.	MRS. POUSSIN.
FLORELLA, Monimia's Woman.	MRS. JOHNSTON.	MRS. PITT.

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## SCENE, BOHEMIA.

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THE  
ORPHAN.

## ACT. I.

*Enter Paulina and Ernesto.*

Verity  
al in Acasto's mind,  
bred, and liv'd  
pow'r could give.  
ie a private gentleman,  
family  
pire holds.  
ustly his ;

• He purchas'd them in war : twice has he led

• An army 'gainst the rebels, and as often

• Return'd with victory. The world has not

• A truer soldier, or a better subject.

• *Paul.* It was his virtue at first made me serve him ;

• He is the best of masters and of friends :

• I know he has lately been invited thither ;

• Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose ; cries

• He's old, and willingly would be at rest.

• I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,

• For the late slight his honour suffer'd there.

• *Ern.* Has he not reason ? When for what he had

• borne,

• Long, hard, and painful toil, he might have claim'd

• Places in honour, and employment high ;

• A bustling, shining, flatt'ring, cringing coward,

• A canker-worm of peace, was rais'd above him.

• *Paul.* Yet still he holds just value for the king,

• Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.

• 'Tis noble that——

*Ern.*

- ' *Ern.* Oh ! I have heard him wanton in his praise,  
 ' Speak things of him might charm the ears of Envy.  
 ' *Paul.* Oh, may he live till nature's self grows old,  
 ' And from her womb no more can bless the earth !  
 ' For when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,  
 ' All generous encouragement of arts ;  
 ' For Charity herself becomes a widow.  
 ' *Ern.* No, he has two sons, that were ordain'd to be  
 ' As well his virtues' as his fortune's heirs.  
 ' *Paul.* They're both of nature mild, and full of  
     ' sweetness ;  
 ' They came twins from the womb, and still they live  
 ' As if they would go twins too to the grave :  
 ' Neither has any thing he calls his own,  
 ' But of each other's joys, as griefs, partaking ;  
 ' So very honestly, so well they love,  
 ' As they were only for each other born.  
 ' *Ern.* Never was parent in an offspring happier ;  
 ' He has a daughter too, whose blooming age  
 ' Promises goodness equal to her beauty.  
 ' *Paul.* And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,  
 ' So has her infant nature chosen too  
 ' A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,  
 ' And kind companion of her harmless pleasures.  
 ' *Ern.* You mean the beauteous orphan, fair Menimia.  
 ' *Paul.* The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont.  
 ' He was our lord's companion in the wars ;  
 ' Where such a wond'rous friendship grew between 'em,  
 ' As only death could end. Chamont's estate  
 ' Was ruin'd in our late and civil discords ;  
 ' Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,  
 ' He left his daughter to our master's care ;  
 ' To such a care, as she scarce lost her father.  
 ' *Ern.* Her brother to the emperor's wars went early,  
 ' To seek a fortune, or a noble fate ;  
 ' Whence he with honour is expected back,  
 ' And mighty marks of that great prince's favour.  
 ' *Paul.* Our master never would permit his sons  
 ' To launch for fortune in th' uncertain world ;  
 ' But warns 'em to avoid both courts and camps,  
 ' Where dilatory fortune plays the jilt  
 ' With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,  
 ' To throw herself away on fools and knaves.

' *Ern.*



- 4 *Ern.* They both have forward, gen'rous, active spirits.  
 4 'Tis daily their petition to their father,  
 4 To send them forth where glory's to be gotten :  
 4 They cry, they're weary of their lazy home,  
 4 ~~Kings~~ *Kings* ~~to do~~ something that fame may talk of.  
 4 To-day they chas'd the boar, and near this time  
 4 Should be return'd.  
 4 *Paul.* Oh, that's a royal sport !  
 4 We yet may see the old man in a morning,  
 4 Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,  
 4 And there pursue the chase, as if he meant  
 4 To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.' [*Er.*

Page.

nger ;  
 met,  
 ny spear,  
 force,  
 the rock.

*Cast.* Ay, then, my brother, my friend Polydore,  
 Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,  
 Came on, and down the dangerous precipice leap'd  
 To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act !

*Pol.* But when I came, I found you conqueror.  
 Oh, my heart danc'd to see your danger past !  
 The heat and fury of the chase was cold,  
 And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

*Cast.* So, Polydore, methinks we might in war  
 Go on together ; thou shouldst be my guard,  
 And I be thine ; what is't could hurt us then ?  
 Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,  
 How fulsome must it be to stay behind,  
 And die of rank diseases here at home ?

*Pol.* No, let me purchase in my youth renown,  
 To make me lov'd and valu'd when I am old ;  
 I would be busy in the world, and learn,  
 Not like a warse and uselefs dunghill weed,  
 To rot in one spot, and rot just as I grow.

*Cast.* Our father——

## THE ORPHAN.

Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,  
And cries, it is not safe that we shou'  
I own I have duty very pow'rful in m  
And though I'd hazard all to raise my na  
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,  
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

*Pol.* Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,  
Which you, and only you can satisfy.

Will you be free and candid to your friend?

*Cast.* Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?  
What can this mean?

*Pol.* Nay, I'll conjure you too,  
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,  
To shew your heart as naked in this point,  
As you wou'd purge you of your sins to Heav'n.

*Cast.* I will.

*Pol.* And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear  
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

*Cast.* As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

*Pol.* That's kindly said. You know our father's ward,  
The fair Monimia. Is your heart at peace?  
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

*Cast.* Suppose I should?

*Pol.* Suppose you should not, brother?

*Cast.* You'd say, I must not.

*Pol.* That would sound too roughly  
\*Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.

*Cast.* Is love a fault?

*Pol.* In one of us it may be.  
What if I love her?

*Cast.* Then I must inform you  
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim,  
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.

*Pol.* You will.

*Cast.* I will.

*Pol.* No more, I've done.

*Cast.* Why not?

*Pol.* I told you I had done:  
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

*Cast.* No;

Not with my Polydore; though I must own

My

# THE ORPHAN.

13

And void of suff'rance :

And every tyrant in my heart,

And every throne by all his guards

And every fear, and nice suspitions.

And every rival in my friendship.

And every Nove, and fond of thee.

And every will break this friendship.

*Cass.* Not for crowns.

*Pol.* But for a toy you would, a woman's toy ;

Unjust Cassio !

*Cass.* Pr'ythee, where's my fault ?

*Pol.* You love Monimia.

*Cass.* Yes.

*Pol.* And you would kill me,

if I should say so.

*Cass.* No, I should be sure to kill you.

For I am sure I should be sure to kill you.

For I am sure I should be sure to kill you.

*Cass.* I am sure I should be sure to kill you.

*Cass.* Love her till I die.

And enjoy her.

*Pol.* But she is a woman.

*Cass.* No matter

Whose chance it prove ; but let's not quarrel for't.

*Pol.* You would not wed Monimia, would you ?

*Cass.* Wed her !

No ; were she all desire could wish, as fair

As would the vainest of her sex be thought,

With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,

She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry !

When I am old, and weary of the world,

I may grow desperate,

And take a wife to mortify withal.

*Pol.* It is an elder brother's duty so

To propagate his family and name :

And not have yours die and buried with you ?

*Cass.* I have vanity, and silly dotage all.

I shall live at large, and when I die—

*Pol.* Who shall possess th' estate you leave ?

*Cass.* My friend,

Who gives me ; if not, my king,

Who may bestow't again on some brave man,

Whose honesty and services deserve one.

*Pol.* 'Tis kindly offer'd.

*Cass.* By yon heav'n, I love  
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;  
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest  
With greater happiness than man e'er taste.

*Pol.* And by that heaven eternally I swear,  
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.  
Whose shall Monimia be?

*Cass.* No matter whose.

*Pol.* Were you not with her privately last night?

*Cass.* I was, and should have met her here again;  
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;  
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:  
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee  
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.  
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy passion prosper:  
But wrong not mine.

*Pol.* Heaven blast me if I do.

*Cass.* If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,  
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)  
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,  
That I may ever after stife mine.

*Pol.* Though she be dearer to my soul than rest  
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,  
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride,  
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,  
When ye would show'r down joys on Polydore,  
In one great blessing all your bounty send,  
That I may never lose so dear a friend.

(*Exeunt Cass. and Pol.*)

*Enter Monimia.*

*Mon.* So soon return'd from hunting? This fair day  
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.  
Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?

*Page.* Madam, just now.

*Mon.* Sure some ill fate's upon me,  
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,  
And apprehension shocks my timorous soul.  
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave  
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?  
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into care.  
*Castalio!* Oh, Castalio! thou hast caught

My

My foolish heart; and like a tender child,  
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,  
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.

Come near, Cordelio. I must chide you, Sir.

*Page.* Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

*Mon.* I never see you now; you have been kinder;  
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs;  
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you;  
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oft'ner?

*Page.* Madam, I'd serve you with my soul:

• But in the morning when you call me to you,

• As by your bed I stand, and tell you stories,

• I am ashamed to see your swelling breasts,

• It makes me blush, they are so very white.

• *Mon.* O, men, for flattery and deceit renown'd!

• *Page.* O, men, for flattery and deceit renown'd!

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• *Page.* O, men, for flattery and deceit renown'd!

• *Mon.* O, men, for flattery and deceit renown'd!

*Page.* Oh, men, very wickedly they have talk'd!

But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,

Boys must be whipp'd that tell their master's secrets.

*Mon.* Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;

For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,

With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

*Page.* And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.

Methinks you love me better than my lord;

For he was never half so kind as you are.

What must I do?

*Mon.* Inform me how thou'st heard

Castalio, and his brother, use my name.

*Page.* With all the tenderness of love;

You were the subject of their last discourse.

At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;

But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,

And yielded to the frailty of his friend;

At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd—

*Mon.* What, good Cordelio?

*Page.* Not to quarrel for you.

*Mon.* I wou'd not have 'em ; by my dearest hope,  
I wou'd not be the argument of strife.  
But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,  
And make a mock'ry of my easy love.  
Went they together ?

*Page.* Yes, to seek you, Madam.  
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him  
Where he alone might meet you,  
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

*Mon.* Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made  
A common stake, a prize for love in jest ?  
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it ?  
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,  
That heighten'd the debate ?

*Page.* The fault was Polydore's.  
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling shew'd  
The pleasure, not the pains of his desire.  
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom ;  
And marriage is a mortifying thing.

*Mon.* Then I am ruin'd, if Castalio's false.  
Where is there faith and honour to be found ?  
Ye gods that guard the innocent, and guide  
The weak, protect, and take me to your care.  
Oh, but I love him ! There's the rock will wreck me !  
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,  
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies ?  
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,  
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs ;  
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

*Enter Castalio and Polydore.*

He comes, the conqueror comes ! lie still, my heart,  
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

*Cast.* Madam, my brother begs he may have leave  
To tell you something that concerns you nearly.  
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

*Mon.* My Lord, Castalio !

*Cast.* Madam ?

*Mon.* Have you purpos'd  
To abuse me palpably ? What means this usage ?  
Why am I left with Polydore alone ?

*Cast.*

*Cast.* He best can tell you. Business of importance  
Calls me away; I must attend my father.

*Mon.* Will you then leave me thus?

*Cast.* But for a moment.

*Mon.* It has been otherwise; the time has been,  
When business might have staid, and I been heard.

*Cast.* I could for ever hear thee; but this time  
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,  
That I must go—

[*Exit.*]

*Mon.* Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.  
Well, my Lord Polydore, I guess your business,  
And read the ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

*Pol.* It is to tell you more than I can say.

*Mon.* And you will not hear it?

*Pol.* I will not hear it, and a more noble man

Should not be so much troubled by your business.

*Mon.* I am not troubled, my Lord, I will not hear it.

*Pol.* Will you be so kind, each lady, and be silent?

*Mon.* I am not troubled, my Lord, I will not hear it.

*Pol.* I am not troubled, my Lord, I will not hear it.

*Mon.* I am not troubled, my Lord, I will not hear it.

Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts;

But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,  
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,  
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

*Mon.* The first created pair indeed were blest'd;  
They were the only objects of each other,  
Therefore he courted her, and her alone:  
But in this peopled world of beauty, where  
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin  
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

*Pol.* Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus  
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze  
On those dear eyes: for every glance they send  
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

*Mon.* How can you labour thus for my undoing?  
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more  
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.

There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;  
And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,  
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,  
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,  
A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.

*Pol.* 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.  
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat,  
' And those who taught it first were hypocrites.'  
Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.

*Mon.* Here on my knees, by Heaven's light I  
swear, [Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,  
But rather wander through the world a beggar,  
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;  
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit  
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

*Pol.* Intolerable vanity! your sex  
Was never in the right! y<sup>e</sup> are always false  
Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more  
Fantastic than your appetites; you think  
Of nothing twice. Op'ison you have now.  
To-day y<sup>e</sup> are nice, to-morrow not so free;  
Now smile, then frowns; now sorrowful, then glad;  
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!  
Virtue you affect; inconstancy's your practice;  
And when your loose desires once get dominion,  
No hungry churl feeds courser at a feast;  
Ev'ry rank fool goes down——

*Mon.* Indeed, my Lord,  
I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all.  
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.  
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high  
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,  
And lay all nature's riches at my feet;  
I'd rather run a savage in the woods  
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,  
' As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,'  
So I might still enjoy my honour safe  
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.—— [Exit.

*Pol.* Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,  
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,  
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?  
The lusty bull ranges through all the field,  
And from the herd singling his female out,  
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.  
It shall be so; I'll yet possess my love;  
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours;  
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,

And



And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,  
 I'th' very minute when her virtue nods,  
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,  
 Beat down her guard of honour all before me,  
 Surfers on joys, till ev'n desire grows sick;  
 Then, by long absence, liberty regain,  
 And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.

[*Exeunt Pol. and Page.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

*Scene, the Apartment of Polidore.*

*Polidore enters.*  
 So late, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,  
 With his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,  
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;  
 Evening he came at me, where I was posted,  
 Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,  
 Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,  
 As if he already had me for his prey;  
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd jav'lin high,  
 With this bold executing arm, I struck  
 The ugly, brindled monster to the heart.

*Cast.* The actions of your life were always wond'rous.

*Acas.* No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;  
 It is a little sneaking art, which knaves  
 Use to cajole and fatten fools withal.

It thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with it,  
 Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

*Pol.* Why there?

*Acas.* 'Tis, next to money, current there;  
 To be seen daily in as many forms  
 As there are sorts of vanities, and men;  
 The supercilious statesman has his facer,

• To

- To sooth a poor man off with, that can't bribe him ;
- The grave dull fellow of small business sooths
- The humourist, and will needs admire his wit.
- Who, without spleen, could see a hot-brain'd atheist,
- Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon ;
- Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,
- Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good com-  
plexion ?

- *Pol.* Courts are the places where best manners flourish ;
- Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
- Make shew. Why should I vex and chase my spleen,
- To see a saudy coxcomb shine, when I
- Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,
- And ride him to advantage as I please ? —

- *Acaß.* Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' world ;
- But no wise man that's honest shou'd expect it.
- What man of sense would rack his generous mind,
- To practise all the base formalities
- And forms of business, force a grave starch'd face,
- When he's a very libertine in's heart ?
- Seem not to know this or that man in public,
- When privately perhaps they meet together,
- And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin.
- Such things are done.

*Cass.* Your Lordship's wrongs have been  
So great, that you with justice may complain ;  
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt  
Fortune's deceits, to court her as she's fair.  
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,  
Her worth wou'd cease, and half the world grow idle.

*Acaß.* Go to, y'are fools, and know me not ; I've  
learn'd

Long since, to bear, revenge, or scorn my wrongs,  
According to the value of the doer.  
You both wou'd fain be great, and to that end  
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.  
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,  
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find  
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,  
Almost in ev'ry band. How many men  
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,  
Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,

That

That e'en wou'd cut their throats whom now they fawn on,  
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,  
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for.

*Cass.* These precepts suit not with my active mind;  
Methinks I would be busy.

*Pal.* So would I,  
Not loiter out my life at home, and know  
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.

*Acast.* Busy your minds then, study arts and men;  
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,  
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd knave in office.

*Enter Serina.*

*Ser.* My Lord, my father!

*Acast.* Blessings on my child,  
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome news.  
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,  
Is arriv'd, and entering.

*Acast.* By my soul,  
And in my honours, he's most dearly welcome;  
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

*Enter Chamont.*

Welcome, thou relic of the best lov'd man.  
Welcome from all the turmoils and the hazards  
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune;  
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

*Cha.* Words wou'd but wrong the gratitude I owe  
you:

Shou'd I begin to speak, my soul's so full,  
That I shou'd talk of nothing else all day.

*Enter Monimia.*

*Mon.* My brother!

*Cha.* Oh my sister! let me hold thee  
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face  
These many days; by night I've often seen thee  
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul  
With fancy'd joys, 'till morning cares awak'd me.  
Another sister! sure it must be so;  
Though I remember well I had but one:  
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,  
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

*Acast.* Young soldier, you've not only study'd war,  
Courtship,

with fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.

Another sister! sure it must be so;

Though I remember well I had but one:

Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,  
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

*Cha.* Is she your daughter! then my heart told true,  
And I'm at least her brother by adoption.  
For you have made yourself to me a father,  
And by that patent I have leave to love her.

*Ser.* Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,  
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love.  
Is Chamont so? No, sure, he's more than man,  
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.

*Acast.* Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,  
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?  
Let there be joy through all the house this day!  
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large,  
It is the birth-day of my royal master.  
You have not visited the court, Chamont,  
Since your return.

*Cha.* I have no business there;  
I have not slavish temperance enough  
To attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,  
Bear an ill office done me to my face,  
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

*Acast.* This you could do.

*Cast.* I'd serve my prince.

*Acast.* Who'd serve him?

*Cast.* I would, my Lord.

*Pol.* And I; both would.

*Acast.* Away!

He needs not any servants such as you.  
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!  
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth:  
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath;  
So just, that were he but a private man,  
He cou'd not do a wrong. How wou'd you serve him?

*Cast.* I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,  
And serve him with my person in his wars,  
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

*Pol.* Die for him,  
As ev'ry true-born loyal subject ought.

*Acast.* Let me embrace you both. Now, by the souls  
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy;  
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,

Bless

Blest be your mother's memory that bore you,  
 And doubly blest be that auspicious hour  
 That gave ye birth. ' Yes, my aspiring boys,  
 ' Ye shall have business, when your master wants you.  
 ' You cannot serve a nobler: I have serv'd him;  
 ' In this old body yet the marks remain  
 ' Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd  
 ' His right, e'en in the face of rank rebellion;  
 ' And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd  
 ' His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,  
 ' E'en at the head of all his giddy rout,  
 ' I rush'd, and clove the rebel to the chine.'

*Servant.*

My guests are just arriv'd.  
 I'll give you welcome and reception.

*Enter Cast. Polydore, Servina, &c.*

My dear friends, I have need of your assistance  
 To preserve my peace and honour.  
 Of that brave man I lov'd:  
 I have convers'd together.

Let me impart it be, with confidence impart it,  
 Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

*Cha.* I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice,  
 Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,  
 My orphan sister must not be forgotten;

*Acast.* Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates my nature,

*Chor.* When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd together,  
 One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;

My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd

Her to my love. My mother, as she lay

Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,

Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;

Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my tears,

Kiss'd them away. Said she, Chamont, my son,

By this and all the love I ever shew'd thee,

Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth;

Let not her wants betray her to dishonour:

Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,

Kiss'd me again; so blest'd us, and expir'd.

Pardon my grief.

*Acast.* It speaks an honest nature.

*Chor.*

*Cha.* The friend Heaven rais'd was you ; you took her  
up

An infant, to the desert world expos'd,  
And prov'd another parent.

*Acas.* I've not wronged her.

*Cha.* Far be it from my fears.

*Acas.* Then why this argument ?

*Cha.* My Lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

*Acas.* Go on.

*Cha.* Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly.

Good offices claim gratitude ; and pride,  
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,  
And make us, rather than be thought behind-hand,  
Pay over-price.

*Acas.* I cannot guess your drift ;  
Distrust you me ?

*Cha.* No, but I fear her weakness  
May make her pay her debt at any rate ;  
And, to deal freely with your Lordship's goodness,  
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

*Acas.* Then first charge her ; and if th' offence be  
found

Within my reach, though it should touch my name,  
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance  
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,  
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance.

[Exit.

*Cha.* I thank you from my soul.

*Mon.* Alas, my brother !

What have I done ? and why do you abuse me ?  
My heart quakes in me ; in your settled face,  
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.  
You will not kill me !

*Cha.* Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so ?

*Mon.* Look kindly on me then : I cannot bear  
Severity ; it daunts, and does amaze me.  
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,  
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing ;  
But use me gently like a loving brother,  
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

*Cha.* Fear nothing, I will shew myself a brother,  
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.  
You've not forgot our father ?

*Mon.*

Now, I shall never.

*Cha.* Then you'll remember too, he was a man  
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,  
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth.  
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,  
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,  
He could not have forgiven it to himself.  
This was the only portion that he left us;  
And I more glory in't, than if possit  
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.  
\*Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely;

**You know what? Make sure you get all the value.**

U.S. 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681

2. *Reliability in sales*

17

13

*[Illegible text]*

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1990

... ..

Ben's dad was born and raised in the city.

My head throbbed under me, she murmured, startled.

But he'd look under me, the curtains parted,  
And as my heart'd swim there, you'd

And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd  
The form of her, whose heavenly face

The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;  
 The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;

by garments flowing loose, and in each hand

A wanton lover, who by turns eareld thee,

With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.

I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment

Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me.

Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, Oh, dire men

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,

Just where that famous tale was interwoven,

## How the unhappy Thelma flew his father.

*Mon.* And for this cause my virtue is suspected!

Because in dreams your fancy has been riddled,

I must be tortur'd waking!

**Cla. Have a care!**

Labour not to be justify'd too fast.

Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.

What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.

Through a cloic lane, as I pursu'd my journey,

And meditating on the last night's vision,  
 I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,  
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;  
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;  
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,  
 And o'er her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd  
 The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,  
 Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;  
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
 With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.  
 I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;  
 Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten  
 To save a sister: at that word I started!

*Mon.* The common cheat of beggars, every day  
 They flock about our doors, to beg to pass  
 Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

*Cha.* Oh! but she told me such a tale, *Monim.*  
 As in it bore great circumstance of truth;  
 Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

*Mon.* Hah!

*Cha.* What, alter'd! does your courage fail you!  
 Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.  
 Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them  
 Thy honour at a sordid game?

*Mon.* I will,  
 I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,  
 That both have offer'd me their loves most true.

*Cha.* And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

*Mon.* Though they both with earnest vows  
 Have prest my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded  
 To any but Castalio—

*Cha.* But Castalio!

*Mon.* Still, will you cross the line of my discourse.  
 Yes, I confess that he has won my soul  
 By gen'rous love, and honourable vows,  
 Which he this day appointed to complete,  
 And make himself by holy marriage mine.

*Cha.* Art thou then spotless? Hast thou still preserv'd  
 Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

*Mon.*



*Mon.* When I'm unchaste may Heav'n reject my pray'rs!

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

*Cha.* Oh, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me Than all the comforts ever yet blest man.

But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.

Trust not a man; we are by nature false,

Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant.

When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;

But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I charge thee let no more Cassatio touch thee;

And if thou dost, I'll never see thee more.

Go, and be wiser, for thy peace is precious.

*Mon.* How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

How soon you meet, as great

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*Enter Cassatio.*

*Cass.* Monimia, Monimia!—She's gone;

And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;

I am a fool, and she has found my weakness;

She uses me already like a slave

Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.

'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother;

I might have trusted him with all the secret,

Open'd my silly heart, and shewn it bare.—

But then he loves her too; but not like me:

I am a doating honest slave, design'd

For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn

To wear. It is the only thing I e'er

Hid from his knowledge; and he'll sure forgive

The first transgression of a wretched friend,

Betray'd to love, and all its little follies.

[Exit.

C 2

Exit

*Enter Polydore and Page at the Door.*

*Pol.* Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly.

If he should chance to meet Monimia, make just observation on each word and action;

*Pol.* not one circumstance without remark:

Sir, 'tis your office; do't, and bring me word. [*Exit. Pol.*]

*Enter Monimia and Castalio.*

*Cast.* Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind  
To leave me like a turtle here alone,  
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.  
When thou art from me, every place is desert,  
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn:

Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,  
Heal my unquiet mind, and ease my soul.

*Mim.* Oh, the bewitching powers of falsehood make

'Tis thus the false hyena makes her moan.

To draw the pitying traveller to her den.

Your sex are so, such false dilemmes all,

With sighs and plaints y'entice poor women's hearts,  
And all that pity you are made your prey.

*Cast.* What means my love? Oh, how have I deserv'd  
This language from the sov'reign of my joys?

Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall,

I like baneful dew from a disemper'd sky;

I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

*Mim.* Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!  
Attempt no further to delude my faith;

My heart is next, and you shall shake't no more.

*Cast.* Who told you so? What hell-bred villain durst  
Provoke the sacred business of my love?

*Mim.* Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,  
The unhappy object of your father's charity,

Licentiously discours'd to me of love,

And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

*Cast.* 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;

False to my brother, and unjust to thee.

For, Oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,  
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

*Mim.* And was your love so very tame, to shrink;

Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

*Cast.* I, knowing him precipitate and rash,

To

To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,  
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;  
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;  
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,  
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

*Mon.* Could you then? did you? can you own it too?  
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!  
And I can never think you meant me fair.

*Cass.* Is this Monimia? surely no; till now  
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.

*Mon.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Mon.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Mon.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
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You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Mon.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

*Cass.* You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost,  
You shall find her heart with woman's surely lost.

I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,  
And listen to the language of thy heart.

*Cast.* Where am I! surely Paradise is round me,  
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here,  
And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection.  
'To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,  
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;  
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties,  
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.  
'To touch thee's heaven, but to enjoy thee. Oh!"  
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece;  
Sure framing thee Heaven took unusual care  
As its own beauty it design'd thee for;  
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there. *Ex.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE, a Garden.

*Enter Polydore, and Page.*

POLYDORE.

**W**ERE they so kind? Express it to me all  
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

*Page.* At first I thought they had been mortal foes;  
Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd;  
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,  
They scorn'd submission: though love all the while  
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

*Pol.* But what succeeded?

*Page.* Oh, 'twas wond'rous pretty!  
For of a sudden all the storm was past,  
A gentle calm of love succeeded it;  
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, Castalio swore;  
As you, my Lord, I well remember, did  
To my young sister in the orange grove,  
When I was first prefer'd to be your page.

*Pol.* Happy Castalio! Now by my great soul,  
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,  
I'd have her yet, by my best hopes I will.  
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.

But

But for Castalio why was I refus'd?  
 Has he supplanted me by some foul play?  
 Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.  
 It must be so: we parted, and he met her,  
 Half to compliance brought by me; surpris'd  
 Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.  
 So poachers basely pick up tired game,  
 While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.  
 Boy!

My Lord!

Enter your chamber, and prepare your lute:  
 I'll have you play me, that describes  
 Their subtle wiles,  
 And their false hearts, and their inconstancies;  
 Their broken promises, and corrupted minds;  
 Their follies, and their falsehoods.

*Enter Servant.*

Unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!  
 Your father's dead!

*Serv. O.* Your father, my good master,  
 As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,  
 And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,  
 A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;  
 His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale;  
 His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled,  
 And all his friends are waiting now about him.

*Enter Acasio leaning on a wall.*

*Acasio.* Support me; give me air; I'll yet recover.  
 'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;  
 For she grows weary near her journey's end.  
 Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore;  
 Your brother; where's Castalio?

*Serv.* My Lord,  
 I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house;  
 He and Monimia are not to be found.

*Acasio.* Not to be found! then where are all my  
 friends? 'Tis well;

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault  
 My unmannerly infirmity has made!  
 Death could not come in a more welcome hour,  
 For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and, methinks,  
 Would live and die with all my friends about me.

*Enter*

*Enter Castilio and Monimia.*

*Cast.* Angels preserve my dearest father's life,  
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!  
Oh! may he live till time itself decay,  
'Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

*Acast.* Thank you, Castilio; give me both your hands,  
And bear me up, I'd walk.—So, now methinks,  
I appear as great as Hercules himself,  
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

*Cast.* My Lord, your Chaplain.

*Acast.* Let the good man enter.

*Enter Chaplain.*

*Chap.* Heav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your health.

*Acast.* I have provided for thee, if I die.  
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to my office.  
My sons, as thus united ever live;  
And for th' estate, you'll find when I die  
I have divided it betwixt you both,  
Equally parted, as you shar'd my love;  
Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd  
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,  
To wed her honourably as she's born.  
Be not less friends because you're brothers; 'thun  
' The man that's singular, his mind's unsound,  
' His spleen o'erweighs his brains; but above all,  
' Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
' The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave,  
' The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,  
' Calls fancy loud suspicion, public zeal,  
' And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit:  
' Be very careful how you make new friends.  
' Men read not morals now: 'twas a custom:  
' But all are to their father's vices born;  
' And in their mother's ignorance are bred.  
' Let marriage be the last mad thing you do,  
' For all the sins and follies of the past.  
' If you have children, never give them knowledge,  
' 'Twill spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion;  
' If you've religion, keep it to yourselves;  
' Atheists will else make use of toleration,  
' And laugh you out on't. Never shew religion,

• Except

- Except you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
- And cheat believing fools that think ye honest.

*Enter Serina.*

*Ser.* My father!

*Acast.* My heart's darling!

*Ser.* Let my knees

Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,  
But wake and weep, till Heaven restore my father.

*Acast.* Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are  
answer'd.

Thou art the precious extract of all goodness,  
And art the dear treasure that I prize near thee.

Thou art the lucky omen.

*Cha.* Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine  
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,  
And know not how to deal love out with art:  
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,  
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;  
So I would open my whole heart at once,  
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

*Acast.* What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?  
One born to honour, and to honour bred?  
One that has learn'd to treat e'en foes with kindness;  
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?

*Ser.* Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy,  
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,  
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune  
Render him lovely to some happier maid!  
While I at friendly distance see him blest,  
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.

- *Acast.* Chamont, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
- And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
- Shall be thy lot.
- But keep thy eyes from wand'ring, man of frailty.
- Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton;

Shun

Shun their enticements; ruin like a vulture  
 Waits on their conquests: falsehood too's their business,  
 They put false beauty off to all the world,  
 Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em,  
 And when they marry, to their silly husbands,  
 They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.

*Mon.* Hear ye that, my Lord?

*Pol.* Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.

*Acst.* Chamont, you told me of some doubts that  
 press'd you,

Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?

*Cha.* My Lord, I would not lose that satisfaction  
 For any blessing I could wish for.

As to my fears, already I have lost 'em.  
 They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble

*Acst.* I thank you. Daughter, you must do so  
 My friends, 'tis late;

Now my disorder seems all past and  
 And I, methinks, begin to feel new

*Acst.* Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

*Acst.* Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weak-  
 nesses:

Let me have music then, to lull and chase

This melancholy thought of death away.

Good-night, my friends; Heav'n guard ye all! good-  
 night!

To-morrow early we'll salute the day,

Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

*[Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.]*

*Cha.* Hift, hift, Sir Gravity, a word with 'you.

*Chap.* With me, Sir!

*Cha.* If you're at leisure, Sir, we'll waste an hour.

'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity  
 To lend your conversation to a stranger.

*Chap.* Sir, you're a soldier?

*Cha.* Yes.

*Chap.* I love a soldier.

And had been one myself, but that my parents  
 Would make me what you see me: yet I'm honest,  
 For all I wear black.

*Cha.* And that's a wonder.

Have you had long dependence on this family?

*Chap.*



*Chap.* I have not thought it so, because my time's  
Spent pleasantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,  
Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good-nature,  
And I have manners.

His sons too are civil to me, because  
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are.  
I meddle with no man's business but my own;  
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,  
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,  
Take my innocent pleasures freely;

So get on with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well. [Aside.] we lost him.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well. he was my mas-

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well. very notion.

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well. think

*Chap.* I'm glad you are so well.

*Chap.* I can be no man's foe.

*Chap.* Then pr'ythee tell me,

Think'st thou the Lord Castalio loves my sister?

'Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office

'Opens thee all the secrets of the family.

'Then if thou'rt honest, use this freedom kindly.'

*Chap.* Love your sister!

*Chap.* Ay, love her.

'*Chap.* Sir, I never ask'd him,

'And wonder you should ask it me.

'*Chap.* Nay, but thou'rt an hypocrite; is there not one

'Of all thy tribe that's honest? In your schools

'The pride of your superiors make ye slaves;

'Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives;

'Not free enough to practise gen'rous truth,

'Though ye pretend to teach it to the world.

'*Chap.* I would deserve a better thought from you.

'*Chap.* If thou wouldst have me not contemn thy office

'And character, think all thy brethren knaves,

'Thy trade a cheat, and thou its worst professor,

'Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I'll know.'

*Chap.*

*Chap.* Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

*Cha.* How! wrong'd her? Have a care, for this may lay  
A scene of mischief to undo us all.

But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

*Chap.* Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

*Cha.* This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:  
What shall I give thee for't? Thou dear physician  
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,  
And comfort mine——

*Chap.* I would hide nothing from you willingly.

‘ *Cha.* Nay, then again thou’rt honest. Would’st thou  
tell me?

‘ *Chap.* Yes, if I durst.

‘ *Cha.* Why, what affrights thee?

‘ *Chap.* You do.

‘ Who are not to be true

‘ *Cha.* Why, I am not.

‘ *Chap.* So maced you say.

‘ *Cha.* Prythee be serious then.

‘ *Chap.* You see I am so,

‘ And hardly shall be mad enough to-night

‘ To trust you with my ruin.

‘ *Cha.* Art thou then

‘ So far concern’d in’t? What has been thy office?

‘ Curse on that formal steady villain’s face!

‘ Just so do all hawds look: nay, hawds, they say,

‘ Can pray upon occasion, talk of heav’n,

‘ Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,

‘ Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.

‘ Art thou a hawd?

‘ *Chap.* Sir, I’m not often us’d thus.

‘ *Cha.* Be just then.

‘ *Chap.* So I shall be to the trust

‘ That’s laid upon me.’

*Cha.* By the revered soul

Of that great honest man that gave me being,

Tell me but what thou know’st concerns my honour,

And if I e’er reveal it to thy wrong,

May this good sword ne’er do me right in battle!

May I ne’er know that blessed peace of mind,

That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

*Chap.* I see your temper’s mov’d, and I will trust you

*Cha*

*Cha.* Wilt thou?

*Chap.* I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

*Cha.* It never shall.

*Chap.* Swear then.

*Cha.* I do, by all

• That's dear to me, by 'h' honour of my name,

• And by that you'll as soon, it never shall.

*Chap.* I see this good day, when all the world is busy,

When mirth and kind revellour fill each heart,

As I was walking to the grove I met thee.

*Cha.* What! met thee in the yew-wood here? Tell me

What business brought thee to this place, and I

Will, I, by the gods, reveal thee, and be true,

As I can, to thy secret, and your true friends.

*Cha.* Hark ye, Sir,

I have a secret, which I must reveal to you,

And which I must reveal to you, and to your friends.

• I have a secret, which I must reveal to you,

And which I must reveal to you, and to your friends.

• I have a secret, which I must reveal to you,

And which I must reveal to you, and to your friends.

• I have a secret, which I must reveal to you,

And which I must reveal to you, and to your friends.

• I have a secret, which I must reveal to you,

And which I must reveal to you, and to your friends.

Huddled I'm dark, and done at too much venture;

The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,

Not ev'n to them, the new matched pair. Farewel.

Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [Exit.]

*Enter Castilio and Monimia.*

*Cast.* Young Chamont and the Chaplain? sure 'tis they!

No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,

Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look

Seems no good boding omen to her bliss;

Else pr'ythee tell me why that look cast down?

Why that sad sigh as if thy heart was breaking?

*Mon.* Castilio, I am thinking what we've done.

The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;

For at the ceremony as we stood,

And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine;

As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,

Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,

D

Teart

Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.  
What should that mean?

*Cass.* Oh, thou art tender all!

Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!

' When a sad story has been told, I've seen

' Thy little breaths, with soft compassion swell'd,

' Shove up and down, and heave like dying birds;

' But now let fear be banish'd, think no more

' Of danger; for there's safety in my arms;

' Let them receive thee. Heav'n grows jealous now;

' Sure she's too good for any mortal creature!

' I could grow wild, and plunge her ev'n to madness'.

But wherefore do I dally with my grief?

The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;

To bed, my love, and wake till I come to thee.

*Pol.* So hot, my brother! — [*Pol. exits.*]

*Mon.* 'Twill be long, yet I'll wait for thee.

You know your red volleys cannot be hid.

And the least noise will certainly alarm you.

*Cass.* Impossible! impossible! alas!

Is't possible to live one hour without thee?

' Let me behold those eyes; they'll tell me truth.

' Hast thou no longing? art thou still the same

' Cold, icy virgin? No; thou'rt alter'd quite:

' Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes.'

*Mon.* 'Tis but one night, my Lord: I pray be rul'd.

*Cass.* Try if thou'lt power to stop a flowing tide,

Or in a tempest make the seas be calm;

And when that's done, I'll conquer my desires.

No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?

When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,

As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

*Mon.* Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;

And at that signal you shall gain admittance:

But speak not the least word; for if you should,

'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

*Cass.* Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys

Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss

Of souls, that by intelligence converse.

Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,

Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolv'd.

Away, my love; 'first take this kiss. Now hush.'

I long

I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.

[Exit Men.]

My brother wand'ring too so late this way!

*Pol.* Castalio!

*Cast.* My Polydore, how dost thou?

How does our father? Is he well recovered?

*Pol.* I tell him happily repulsed still;

He's still as gay as if he were young.

But how does our sister bleed?

*Cast.* Unhappily, well:

A good beauty, with her natural grace,

My brother lov'd, she lov'd him too;

But she is dead, and he's a wretched fool,

That will do nothing but remember how

Love's little fits she pass'd, when he was young;

And then to chide the time that comes so fast,

Which but like shadows do come and go.

Will he not yet be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And will he not be satisfied with this?

And would enjoin thee, Polydore——

*Pol.* To what?

*Cast.* To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

*Pol.* What, quit my love? As soon I'd quit my post

In fight, and, like a coward, run away.

No, by my stars I'll chase her till she yields

To me, or meets her rescue in another.

*Cast.* Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues

Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds:

But I have wond'rous reasons on my side,

That wou'd persuade thee, were they known.

*Pol.* Then speak 'em:

What are they? Came ye to her window here,

To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;

Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.

Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,

But can discern your purpose to abuse me.

Quit your pretences to her.

*Cast.* Grant I do;

You

You love capitulations, Polydore,  
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

*Pol.* You say you've reasons; why are they conceal'd?

*Cass.* To-morrow I may tell you.

*Pol.* Why not now?

*Cass.* It is a matter of such consequence,  
As I must well consult ere I reveal.  
But pry'thee cease to think I would abuse thee,  
'Till more be known.

*Pol.* When you, Castalio, cease  
To meet Monimia unknown to me,  
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease  
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.  
Did not I see you part this very moment?

*Cass.* It seems you've watch'd me, then!

*Pol.* I scorn to flatter.

*Cass.* Pry'thee, I beseech you, be content.

*Pol.* That is better than making league with you.

*Cass.* Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good-night.

*Pol.* Good-night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.

He little thinks I've overheard the appointment;  
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,  
Then come and take possession of my love.  
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;  
Or now she must, or never can be mine.  
Oh, for a means now, how to counterplot,  
And disappoint this happy elder brother:  
In ev'ry thing we do or undertake  
He soars above me, mount what height I can,  
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.  
Cordelio!

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My Lord!

*Pol.* Come hither, boy.

Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,  
And mayst in time expect preferment. Canst thou  
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter  
Thy master's follies, and fulfil his pleasure?

*Page.* My Lord, I could do any thing  
And ever be a very faithful boy.

Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll  
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey

A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;  
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

*Pol.* 'Tis pity, then, thou shouldst not be employ'd.  
Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,  
Undressing, and preparing for his rest:  
Find out some means to keep him up a while;  
Tell him a pretty story, that may please  
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:  
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone  
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,  
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,  
Remember with thy brother! that's one point. [*Aside.*]  
But do not leave him till he's in his bed,

Succeed in this, and then

*Page.* Doubt not, my Lord. 'He has been always kind  
To me; would often set me on his knee,  
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,  
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

*Pol.* Run quickly, then, and prosperous be thy wishes.  
[*Exit Page.*]

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief; now  
To cheat this brother, will't be honest that?  
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.  
Oh, for the art of Proteus, but to change  
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!  
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,  
But I may fit her arms as well as he.  
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more  
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,  
To hear my disappointed brother come,  
And give the unregarded signal; Oh,  
What delicious pleasure will that be!  
Just then the knock strikes against the chamber door;  
But he's not here, my Lord, for if you should,  
It's sure they both are both betray'd.  
How I contrive to outwit him!  
With ease I'll see the truth of her joys;

One that has wit to charm the very soul,  
And give a double relish to delight!  
Blest heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,  
And my kind stars be but propitious now,  
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia!

[Gives her sign.

[Ma'd at the window.] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My Lord Castalio?

Pol. The same.

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;

You've staid so long that at each little noise

The wind but makes, she asks if you are in the house.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and that she may be sure.

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell  
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss.

[The door unbolt.

It opens! Hah! what means my trembling flesh?

Limbs, do your office, and support me well,

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

[Exit.

Enter Castalio and Page.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely morning;  
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle prattler.

I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your Lord

Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave me,  
I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your Lordship,  
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;

My senses are quite disorb'd of thought,

And ready all with me to go to rest.

Good-night. Commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!

You never heard the last new song I learn'd;

It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,

Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught  
'Together, you know where. My Lord, intend it well.

Cast.



## THE ORPHAN.

**Cass.** You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

*Page.* Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

*Cast.* Palms, child, plaine.

*Page.* Oh, dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms:

But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

• *Capt.* Well, leave me. I'm weary.

Page. Oh! but you promis'd me, the last time I told you what colour my Lady Monimia's stockings were, that you would keep your word.

...orrow ask me.

...he go leave you.

...attend me!

... was not :

Table 1. *Continued*

Chap. What can thou say? Death! what can all this mean?

*Page.* Oh! I know who loves somebody.

**Capt.** What's that to me, boy?

**Page.** Nay, I know who loves you too.

Car. That's a wonder! pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will

**You give me the horse, then?**

*Cap.* I will, my child.

*Page.* It is my Lady Monimia, look you ; but don't you tell her I told you ; she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, man.

*Cass.* Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

- Page. Yes, and I sung her the song you made, too; and she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes; and her breath did so lift up and down, I could have found in my heart to have beat 'em, for they made me ashamed.

Capt. Mark! what's that noise?

Take this, bring me, and leave me.

● You leave you little flatterer, get you gone. [Ex. Page.

Surely it was: no!—only fancy;

For all is but 'til, as nature were retir'd,

• And

' And the perpetual motion standing still,'  
 So much she from her work appears to cease;  
 And ev'ry warring element's at peace:  
 All the wild herds are in the coverts couch'd;  
 The fishes to their banks or ouze repair'd,  
 And to the murmur of the waters sleep;  
 The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,  
 Except of some soft breeze among the trees,  
 Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon 'em.  
 'Tis now, that, guided by my love, I go  
 To take possession of Monimia's arms.  
 Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.  
 At midnight thus the us'rer steals untrack'd,  
 To make a visit to his hoarded gold,  
 And feasts his eyes upon the shining —  
 She hears me not; sure she will not hear.  
 Her wishes could not brook so long delay,  
 And her poor heart has beat itself to rest. [*Knocks again.*]  
 • Monimia! my angel—hah—not yet—  
 • How long's the shortest moment of delay,  
 • To a heart impatient of its pangs like mine.  
 • In sight of ease, and panting to the goal. [*Knocks again.*]  
 Once more——

*Maid.* [*At the window.*] Who's there?  
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

*Cast.* 'Tis I.

*Maid.* Who are you? What's your name?

*Cast.* Suppose the Lord Castalio.

*Maid.* I know you not.

The Lord Castalio has no business here.

*Cast.* Ha! have a care; what can this mean?  
 Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee, to Monimia fly;  
 Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

*Maid.* Whoe'er you are, ye may repent it  
 My Lady must not be disturb'd.

*Cast.* She must; tell her the sh—  
 And bring her tidings from the sh—  
 They're all in consultation met to—  
 How to reward my truth, and crow—

*Maid.* Sure the nun's mad?

*Cast.* Or this will make me so.

Obey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer

I'll scale the window, and come in by force,  
 Let the sad consequence be what it will;  
 This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!

*Maid.* My Lady's answer is, you may depart.  
 She says she knows you; you are Polydore,  
 Sent by Castilio, as you were to-day,  
 To affront and do her violence again.

*Cast.* I'll not believe't.

*Maid.* You may, Sir.

*Cast.* Curses blast thee!

*Maid.* Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning; and I hope  
 May cure the raging fever in your blood.

*Good-night.*

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Cast.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Monimia.* I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't, I'll not believe't!

*Ern.* Either  
 My sense has been deluded, or this way  
 I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,  
 And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.

*Cast.* Who's there?

*Ern.* A friend.

*Cast.* If thou art so, retire,

And leave this place; for I would be alone.

*Ern.* Castilio! My Lord, why in this posture,  
 Stretch'd on the ground? Your honest, true old servant,  
 Your poor Ernsto, cannot see you thus.  
 Rise, I beseech you.

*Cast.*

*Cass.* If thou art Ernesto,  
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,  
Once leave me to my folly.

*Ern.* I can't leave you,  
And not the reason know of your disorders.  
Remember how, when young, I in my arms  
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,  
And sought an early share in your affection:  
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

*Cass.* Thou canst not serve me.

*Ern.* Why?

*Cass.* Because my thoughts  
Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art past them.

*Ern.* I hate the sex.

*Cass.* Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto.  
I'd leave the world for him ~~and his~~ woman.  
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!  
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?  
Who wasn't betray'd the capitol? A woman.  
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.  
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,  
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!  
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!  
Woman, to man first as a blessing giv'n;  
When innocence and love were in their prime,  
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,  
But quickly woman long'd to go astray;  
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,  
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;  
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd  
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

*Ernesto*

END OF THE THIRD ACT

## ACT IV.

## SCENE, a Saloon.

ACASTO.

**B**LEST be the morning that has brought me health;  
 A happy rest has soften'd pain away,  
 And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well;  
 A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;  
 I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,  
 Sick fancy's children, have been over-busy,  
 And all the night play'd farces in my brain.  
 Methought I heard the midnight raven cry;  
 'Wak'! with an imagin'd noise, my curtain seem'd  
 To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd,  
 Like ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,  
 But could not; suddenly the forms were lost,  
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody cloud.  
 'Twas odd, and for the present, shook my thoughts;  
 But 'twas th' effect of my disemper'd blood;  
 And when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly:

*Enter Polydore.*

Good-morning, Polydore.

*Pol.* Heav'n keep your Lordship.*Acast.* Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?*Pol.* My Lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.*[Exit Polydore.]*

I cannot think all has gone well to-night;  
 For as I waking lay (and sure my sense  
 Was then my own) methought I heard my son  
 Castalio's voice; but it seem'd low, and mournful;  
 Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.  
 Inward fancy could not be deceiv'd  
 Of every thing; and I will search the truth out.

*Enter Menimia.*

Already up, Menimia! you rose

Thus early, to outshine the day:

Or was there any thing that cross'd your rest?

There were many thoughts that would not let you sleep.

*Men.* Whatever were my thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt

By

## THE ORPHAN.

By your example to correct their ills,  
And morn and evening give up the account.

*Acast.* Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;  
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.

• Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair to-day;  
• For beauty's heightened in your cheeks, and all  
• Your charms seem up, and ready in your eyes.

• *Mon.* The little share I have's so very mean,  
• That it may easily admit addition;  
• Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware  
• To give it too much praise, and make me proud.

• *Acast.* Proud of an old man's praises; no, Monimia!  
• But if my prayers can work thee any good,  
• Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em.

Heard you no noise to-night?

*Mon.* Noise! my good Lord!

*Acast.* About midnight.

*Mon.* Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

*Acast.* You must sure! went you early to your rest?

*Mon.* About the wonted hour. Why this inquiry?

[*Aside.*

*Acast.* And went your maid to bed too!

*Mon.* My Lord, I guess so;

I've seldom known her disobey my orders.

*Acast.* Sure, goblins then, or fairies haunt the dwelling;  
I'll have inquiry made through all the house,  
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.

Good-day to thee, Monimia—I'll to chapel. [*Exit. Acast.*

*Mon.* I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,

*Enter Florella.*

And wait upon your Lordship there.  
I fear the priest has play'd us false; if so,  
My poor Castalio loses all for me;  
I wonder though he made such h  
Was't not unkind, Florella? Sui  
He scarce afforded one kind partin  
But went away so cold; the kiss h  
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of sa  
Would I had never marry'd!

*Maid.* Why?

*Mon.* Methinks

The scene's quite alter'd ; I am not the same ;  
I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,  
And how the burden will be borne, none knows.  
A husband may be jealous, rigid, false !  
And should Castilio e'er prove so to me,  
So tender is my heart, so nice my love,  
'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.

*Maid.* Madam, he's coming.

*Mon.* Where, Florella ? where ?

Is he returning ? To my chamber lead ;  
I'll meet him there, the mysteries of our love  
Should be kept private as religious rites,  
From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.

*[Exit Mon. and Maid.]*

SCENE II.

And now upon the

And now upon the hills they feed their flocks,  
The happy swains their own homely huts,  
And wait to greet the new-born day.  
The fields are all well-fill'd with  
Of heavenly food, when hunger calls.  
With much content and appetite he eats,  
To follow in the fields his daily toil,  
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.  
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,  
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,  
And looking tow'rd the neighb'ring pastures, raise  
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morn !  
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,  
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes  
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

There's no condition sure so cur'd as mine,  
I'm marry'd ! 'Sdeath ! I'm sped. How like a dog  
I thus to a distaff chain'd !  
Dismal !  
- *Monim's and Maid.*

alio's arms,  
ay ev'ry morn begin

E

Like

Like this ; and with our days our loves renew.  
Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd——

[*Looking languishing on him.*]

*Cast.* I am  
Well satisfy'd, that thou art——Oh——

*Mon.* What? speak:  
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come, lean  
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

*Cast.* 'Tis here ; 'tis in my head ; 'tis in my heart ;  
'Tis every where : it rages like a madness ;  
And I most wonder how my reason holds.

' Nay, wonder not, Monimia : the slave  
' You thought you had secur'd within my breast,  
' Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,  
' And now he walks there like a lord at large.

' *Mon.* Am I not then your wife, your lov'd Monimia?  
' I once was so, or I've most strangely dream'd.  
' What ails my love?

' *Cast.* Whate'er thy dreams have been!  
' Thy waking thoughts ne'er meant Castalio well.  
No more, Monimia, of your-sex's arts,  
They're useless all. I'm not that pliant tool,  
That necessary utensil you'd make me ;  
I know my charter better——I am man,  
Obstinate man ; and will not be enslav'd.

*Mon.* You shall not fear't : indeed my nature's easy ;  
I'll ever live your most obedient wife !  
Nor ever any privilege pretend  
Beyond your will : for that shall be my law :  
Indeed I will not.

*Cast.* Nay, you shall not, Madam ;  
By yon bright heav'n, you shall not. All the day  
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake vice,  
Till by afflictions, and continu'd cares,  
I have worn thee to a homely household drudge.  
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made  
Subservient to my looser pleasures,  
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

*Mon.* No more ;  
Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence,  
I'll never quit you else ; but on these knees,  
Thus follow you all day, 'till they're worn bare,

And



And hang upon you like a drowning creature.

*Castalo.*——

*Cast.* Away! last night, last night——

*Mon.* It was our wedding night.

*Cast.* No more; forget it.

*Mon.* Why, do you then repent?

*Cast.* I do.

*Mon.* Oh, Heaven!

And will you leave me thus? Help, help, *Florella*!

*[He drags her to the door, breaks from her, and exits.]*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man.

Oh, my heart breaks—I'm dying. Oh!—Stand off!

I'll not indulge this woman's weakness; still

Chafe and fomented let my heart swell on,

And shake

And to the earth.

Has been the cause of this?

When he swore,

And stars grow dark,

And to me!

Fun, lose thy light,

And thou shalt know to the earth;

*For my Castalo falls.*

*Mail.* Unhappy day!

*Mon.* False as the wind, the waters, or the weather;

Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey:

I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,

And each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;

Must I be long in pain? *[Sits down.]* *[Exit Florella.]*

*Enter Chamont.*

*Cha.* In tears, Monimia!

*Mon.* 'Tis thou art,

I come to my belov'd despair.

Who thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer

Of thy wrongs, and then

'till thou hast justice.

thou think'st

thou brother.

*Cha.*

*E 2*

*Name*

## THE ORPHAN.

Name me that name again! my soul's on fire  
'Till I know all. There's meaning in that name,  
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me  
With all the following truth:—

*Mon.* Indeed, Chaimont,  
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature;  
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,  
I know not why.

*Cba.* You use me ill, Monimia;  
And I might think, with justice, most severely  
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

*Mon.* Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,  
And grieve for what as much may please another?  
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth  
For the first fault? You would not do so; would you?

*Cba.* Not, if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

*Mon.* Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?  
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before;  
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;  
For every probing pains me to the heart.

*Cba.* 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be probed.  
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs  
you?

What! only answer me with tears? Castalio!

Nay, now they stream;

Cruel, unkind Castalio! Is't not so?

*Mon.* I cannot speak; 'grief flows so fast upon me,  
'It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.'  
Oh!

*Cba.* My Monimia, to my soul thou'rt dear  
As honour to my name. Dear as the light  
'To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness.'  
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast  
The anguish that torments thee?

*Mon.* Oh! I dare not.

*Cba.* I have no friend but thee. We must confue  
In one another. Two unhappy orphans,  
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve  
Methinks, it is a part of me that suffers.

*Mon.* Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,

'Thou wouldst despise the object, lost Monimia,

'I am

I am wispy'd, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;  
 No one would praise this hated beauty: but  
 When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,  
 Thou wilt me lie; these unregarded locks  
 Shall like furies tressle; my poor limbs  
 Clasp'd to the ground, and, 'stead of the delights  
 Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,  
 A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish  
 Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,  
 Remember charity and pity for me:  
 Let not annoy this thought.

*Cha.* Why wilt thou rack

'My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly;

'Or thou wilt run me into madness first.'

*Mon.* What wouldst thou have I ease?

*Cha.* Ease from my rage.

*Mon.* But how can you ease me, if you keep your fury  
 Within the breast? I know you are some rash  
 And cruel creature; but I know not, Chamont,  
 Thou wouldst do this to me, who I've been us'd  
 To love as much as I myself. It has my soul  
 A prey, and my heart torn like a tyrant.

*Cha.* I will be calm; but how? Castalio wrong'd thee?

Has he already waited all night here?

What has he done? Quickly, for I'm all trembling

With expectation of a horrid tale.

*Mon.* Oh! could you think it!

*Cha.* What?

*Mon.* I fear he'll kill me.

*Cha.* Hah!

*Mon.* Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;  
 Which if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.

*Cha.* What has he done?

*Mon.* Most barbarously us'd me.

Nothing so kind as he when in my arms!

'In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,

'Not to be thought again, the night was wasted;'

At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.

But when we met, and I with open arms,

Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,

*Cha.* Go on!

*Mon.* He threw me from his breast,  
Like a detested sin.

*Cha.* How!

*Mon.* As I hung too  
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,  
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,  
And had no pity on my cries.

*Cha.* How! did he  
Dash thee disdainfully away; with scorn?

*Mon.* He did! and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,  
Though I still love him with unabated passion.

*Cha.* What, throw thee from him!

*Mon.* Yes, indeed he did.

*Cha.* So may this arm  
Throw him to th'earth, like a dead dog defil'd;  
I ameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,  
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,  
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee.

*Mon.* Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!  
Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?  
Keep my disgrace conceal'd? Why shouldst thou kill  
him?

By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.  
Alas! I love him still, and though I ne'er  
Clasp him again within these longing arms,  
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes.

*Enter Acasto.*

*Acast.* Sure some ill fate is towards me; in my house  
I only meet with oddness and disorder;  
Each vassal has a wild distracted face,  
And looks as full of business as a blockhead  
In times of danger. Just this very morning  
I met Castalio too——

*Cha.* Then you met a villain.

*Acast.* Hah!

*Cha.* Yes, a villain.

*Acast.* Have a care, young soldier,  
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's rage. [Exit  
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquan-  
tance  
Villain to thee.

*Cha.* Curse on thy scandalous age,

Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,  
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

*Acast.* Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend  
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him's in thee;  
What have I done in my unhappy age,  
To be thus us'd? I scorn t'upbraid thee, boy.  
But I could put thee in remembrance——

*Cha.* Do.

*Acast.* I scorn it——

*Cha.* No, I'll calmly hear the story,  
For I would fain know all, to see which scale  
Weighs most——Hah! is not that good old *Acasto*?  
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?

*Acast.* Why dost thou ask it?

*Cha.* I have been told, that knowing

Of my misfortune, you, my Lord, forgive me.

[*Kneels.*]

*Acast.* Rise, my son; I can revenge a wrong.

But I will not do so, for this thought of mine

Shall make me forget it.

*Cha.* I will, but here forth pr'ythee be more kind.

[*Raises him.*]

*Cha.* I have been to blame;

But I'll learn better: for you've been my father.

You've been her father too—— [*Takes Mon. by the hand.*]

*Acast.* Forbear the prologue——

And let me know the substance of thy tale.

*Cha.* You took her up, a little tender flower,

And set her on a bank, which the next frost

Had with a careful loving hand,

Planted her into your own fair garden,

Where she always shines. There long she flourish'd,

And gave sense, and lovely to the eye,

And a cruel spoiler came,

Who rose, and risted all its sweetness,

And left a loathsome weed away.

*Unkind.* Ask to me in parables, *Chamont*,

*Mon.* I am known that I'm no wordy man;

But you are the instruments of knaves,

Who use 'em when they want good sense;

But

But honesty  
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.

*Cha.* Your son——

*Acaf.* I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

*Cha.* I hope so too——but——

*Acaf.* Speak.

*Cha.* I must inform you,  
Once more, Castalio!

*Acaf.* Still Castalio!

*Cha.* Yes.

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia,

*Acaf.* Hah! wrong'd her?

*Cha.* Marry'd her.

*Acaf.* I'm sorry for't.

*Cha.* Why sorry?

By yon blest heav'n, there's not a lord  
But might be proud to take her to his hear.

*Acaf.* I'll not deny't.

*Cha.* You dare not, by the gods  
You dare not; all your family combin'd  
In one damn'd falsehood to outdo Castalio,  
Dare not deny't.

*Acaf.* How has Castalio wrong'd her?

*Cha.* Ask that of him. I say, my sister's wrong'd:  
Monimia, my sister, torn as he is  
And noble as Castalio——Do her justice,  
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood  
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.  
I'll do't. Hark you, my Lord, your son Castalio,  
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

*Acaf.* You shall have justice.

*Cha.* Nay, I will have justice.  
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?  
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat  
The cause of this: I beg you (to preserve  
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.

*Acaf.* I will.

*Cha.* 'Till then, farewell——

*Acaf.* Farewel, proud boy.  
Monimia!

*Mon.* My Lord.

*Acaf.* You are my daughter.

[Exit.]

*Men.* I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.  
 When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father.  
 [Exit.]

*Mon.* Now I'm undone for ever. Who on earth  
 Is thus so wretched as Monimia?  
 Betray'd by Cassio cruelly forsaken;  
 Betray'd to now: his parting frowns  
 Instruct me, rage is in his heart:  
 I am the next abandon'd to my fortune,  
 A naked wand'rer to the world,  
 And doomed for the mischievous Monimia!  
 What will become of me? My cruel brother  
 Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,  
 That may end in a bloodied and horrid murder.  
 The life of one man's death  
 Of the earth; nay, more,  
 Cassio,

*Mon.* I shall never lodge,  
 I shall never hal'd.  
 I shall never from thee,  
 I shall never thus beats thy heart?  
 I shall never be a cause  
 But it shall with me die.  
 Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,  
 These tears, and all these languishings, are paid!  
 I am no stranger to your dearest secret:  
 I know your heart was never meant for me,  
 That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

*Mon.* My Lord!

*Mon.* Wonder not; last night I heard  
 His oaths, your vows; and to my torment saw  
 Your wild embraces; heard the appointment made,  
 I did, Monimia, and I cur'd the sound.  
 Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er  
 Unkind again?

*Mon.* Banish such fruitless hopes!  
 Have you swore constancy to my undoing?  
 Will you be ne'er my friend again?  
 What means my love?

*Mon.*

*Mon.* Away; what meant my Lord  
Last night?

*Pol.* Is that a question now to be demanded?  
I hope Monimia was not much displeas'd.

*Mon.* Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?  
To assault my lodging at the dead of night,  
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance——  
You said you were Castalio——

*Pol.* By those eyes  
It was the same: I spent my time much better;  
I tell thee, ill-natured fair-one, I was poised  
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill  
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.

*Mon.* Hah—have a care——

*Pol.* Where is the danger near me?

*Mon.* I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,  
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;  
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.  
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

*Pol.* I'd trust thee with my life; on thine oft breaths  
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,  
Till I had nothing in it left but love.

*Mon.* Nay, I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,  
By th' honour of your name, that's most conceal'd,  
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,  
Where did you rest last night?

*Pol.* Within thy arms  
I triumph'd: rest had been my foe.

*Mon.* 'Tis done——

*Pol.* She faints! No help! who waits?  
Upon my vanity, that could not keep  
The secret of my happiness in silence.  
Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon,  
And consequently all must be betray'd.  
Monimia! She breathes—Monimia——

*Mon.* Well——  
Let mischiefs multiply! Let ev'ry hour  
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of life.  
Oh, let the sun to these unhappy eyes  
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.  
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy  
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite

forget



# THE ORPHAN.

39

Forget I ever had humanity,  
 And grow a surfer of the works of nature !  
 Polydore, if all  
 The world e'er you vow'd to good Castilio  
 Be your self good; if you ever lov'd  
 Yourself, you've undone yourself and me.  
 Polydore, how can ruin reach the man that's rich,  
 As I am, the possession of thy sweetness  
 Oh! I'm his wife.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.

Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.

Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.

Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.  
 Polydore, says Monimia! hah!  
 'Tis mine.

First

- ' First, if the fruit of our detested joy  
 ' A child be born, it shall be murder'd——  
*Mon.* No;  
 ' Sure that may live.  
 ' *Pol.* Why?  
 ' *Mon.* To become a thing  
 ' More wretched than its parents, to be branded  
 ' With all our infamy, and curse in birth.'  
*Pol.* ' That's well contriv'd.'

Then thus I'll go,  
 Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,  
 ' Like the first wretched pair expell'd their Paradise.'  
 I'll find some place where adders nest in winter,  
 Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang  
 Like gums against the walls: where witches meet  
 By night, and feed upon some pamp'ring  
 Fat with the blood of babes: There I'll inhabit,  
 And live up to the height of desperation;  
 Desire shall languish like a withering flow'r  
 ' And no distinction of the sex be thought of.  
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,  
 And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms,  
 ' But when I'm dying take me in thy arms.' [Exit.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE E, a Garden.

*Cassalia lying on the Ground. (Soft Music.)*

### ' S O N G.

' I.

- ' COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er blest  
 ' By cruel beauty's bride;  
 ' Bring each a garland on his head,  
 ' Let none his sorrows hide:  
 ' But hand in hand around me move,  
 ' Singing the saddest tales of love;  
 ' And see, when your complaints ye join,  
 ' If all your wrongs can equal mine.

' Th.

## ‘ II.

- ‘ The happiest mortal once was I ;
- ‘ My heart no sorrows knew,
- ‘ Pity the pain with which I die ;
- ‘ But ask not whence it grew.
- ‘ Yet if a tempting fair you find,
- ‘ That’s very lovely, very kind,
- ‘ Though bright as heav’n, whose stamp she bears,
- ‘ Think of my fate, and thum her tears.

See where the deer trot after one another,  
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,  
Brother and sister, mingled all together.

No discontent they know; but in delightful  
Wildness and freedom, rampant springs, fresh herbage,  
Fruit and flowers, they live in health and innocence,  
Till they see a man,  
How will they flock to gather all, and gaze  
Upon the stranger  
O’er his looks and his taste of love :  
Ours the best of men is its slave :  
And now I weep for ages all the year.

*Enter Acasto.*

*Cast.* O Castalio!

*Cast.* O ne Castalio ?

*Cast.* O my message will succeed !

‘ Though where sorrow’s nourish’d. [re-  
‘ In beauty’s cause ; you’ll guess the  
‘ If you love my peace of mind,

‘ Say, will you give to me ; but to think

‘ Of your own woe enough to taint my brains

‘ Till it comes to madness. Oh, my father !

‘ *Acast.* What ails my boy ?

‘ *Cast.* A woman is the thing

‘ I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.

‘ *Acast.* Forget Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Cast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

‘ *Acast.* She, to choose : Monimia !

*Cast.* No more Monimia.

*Acast.* Is she not your wife?

*Cast.* So much the worse; who loves to hear of wife?

• When you would give all worldly plagues a name,

• Worse than they have already, call 'em wife:

• But a new-marry'd wife's a teeming mischief,

• Full of herself! Why, what a deal of horror

• Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday!"

*Acast.* Castatio, you must go along with me,  
And see Monimia.

*Cast.* Sure my Lord but mocks me.

Go see Monimia! 'Pray, my Lord, excuse me,

• And leave the conduct of this part of life

• To my own choice.'

*Acast.* I say, no more dispute.

Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

*Cast.* Who has complain'd?

*Acast.* Her brother, to my face, proclaim'd her wrong'd,  
And in such terms they've warn'd me.

*Cast.* What terms? Her brother! Heaven!

Where learn'd she that?

What! does she send her hero with defiance?

He durst not sure affront you!

*Acast.* No, not much.

But——

*Cast.* Speak, what said he?

*Acast.* That thou wert a villain;  
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

*Cast.* Shame on th' ill-manner'd brute!

Your are secur'd him; he durst not else have said so.

*Acast.* By my sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely;

Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.

*Cast.* Justice! to give her justice would undo her.

Think you this solitude I now have chosen,

Left joys, just op'ning to my sense, sought here.

A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out

My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece

With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

*Enter Cleonora.*

*Clea.* Where is the hero, famous and renown'd  
For wronging innocence and breaking vows,

Whole

Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,  
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

*Arst.* I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castilio.

*Cba.* I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

*Arst.* The slave is here.

*Cba.* I thought e'er now to've found you  
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont;  
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.  
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this heart;  
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn  
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

*Cast.* Then you are Chamont?

*Cba.* Yes, and I have no stranger .

*To great Castilio.*

Thou art a man  
Thou art a man, who with my honour.

Thou art a man, who with my honour.

Thou art a man, who with my honour.

Thou art a man, who with my honour.

Thou art a man, who with my honour, who first presumes to violence,

Thou art a man, who with my honour, [Draws and interpose..

Thou art a man, who with my honour, [To Cast.

Thou art a man, who with my honour, who first presumes to violence;

Thou art a man, who with my honour, who first presumes to violence;—For you,

Thou art a man, who with my honour, [To Cba.

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me.

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me,

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thou art a man, who with my honour, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me, I pledge I would not forfeit:

Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;  
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

*Acst.* Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead  
With thy capricious follies. The remembrance  
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms—

*Cha.* Has not been wrong'd.

*Cast.* It shall not.

*Cha.* No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute  
Of friends and fortune, though th'unhappy sister  
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,  
B'oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious traitor.

*Cast.* Hah! set me free.

*Cha.* Come both.

*Enter Serina.*

*Ser.* Alas! Alas!

The cause of these disorders; my Chamont,  
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

*Cast.* Now, where art thou fled  
For shelter?

*Cha.* Come from thine, and see what safeguard  
Shall then betray my fears.

*Ser.* Cruel Castalio,  
Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright  
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast:  
If any of my friends have done thee injuries,  
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

*Cast.* Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take  
This opportunity to shew your vanity,  
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves  
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

*Cha.* Till then, I am Castalio's friend.

*Cast.* Serina,  
Farewel, I wish much happiness attend you.

*Ser.* Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth;  
Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.

*Cha.* Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee!  
• No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,  
• Though the fair child of nature newly born,  
• Can be so lovely.' Angry, unkind Castalio,  
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,

And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,  
Might I be heard?

*Cast.* Sir, 'twas my last request,  
You would, though I find you will not, be satisfy'd;  
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn;  
She basely sent you here to try my fears;  
That was your business;

' No artful prostitute, in falsehoods practis'd,  
' To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,  
' Could have done more.'——Disquiet vex her for't.

*Cha.* Farewel.

[*Exit Cha. and Ser.*]

*Cast.* Farewel—My father, you seem troubled.

*Acast.* Would I'd been absent when this boisterous  
brave

I'm griev'd I hinder'd  
But Monimia——

guess, the fault's but small,

done?

may Heaven and you for-

n.

her hither.

my sake,

he quiet of my age.

will you urge a thing my nature starts at?

thee forgive her.

things first shall blast me.

ere she prostitute at my feet,

's best dissembled sorrows,

wond'rous beauty of her own,

ght break, but it should never soften.

*Enter Florella.*

*Flo.* My Lord; where are you? 'Oh, Castalio?

' *Acast.* Hark.

' *Cast.* What's that?

*Flo.* Oh, shew me quickly, where's Castalio.

*Acast.* Why, what's the business?

*Flo.* Oh, the poor Monimia!—

*Cast.* Hah!

*Acast.* What's the matter?

*Flo.* Hurry'd by despair,

She flies with fury over all the house,

Through every room of each apartment, crying,

Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!

Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

*Cast.* Hah! will she? Does she—

And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly

To the poor lovely mourner. 'Oh, my Father!

*Acast.* Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose.

*Cast.* I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,

And be a man; my heart will not forget her;

'But do not tell the world you saw this of me.'

*Acast.* Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.

*Cast.* Oh! I will throw m'impatient arms about her,

In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,

Till through the panting breast she finds the way

To mould my heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh!

[*Exeunt Acast. and Cast.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Monimia.*

*Mon.* Stand off, and give me room,

I will not rest till I have found Castalio,

My wish's lord, comely as the rising day,

Amidst ten thousand eminently known!

Flowers spring up where e'er he treads, his eyes,

Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!

When will they mine on me?—Oh, stay my soul!

I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

*Castalio within.*

*Cast.* Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet;

That life's in love with it?

*Mon.* Hark! 'tis he that answers.



- So, in a camp, though at the dead of night,
- If but the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,
- All at the signal leap from downy rest,
- And every heart awakes, as mine does now.

Where art thou?

*Cast.* [Entering] Here, my love.

*Mon.* No nearer, lest I vanish.

*Cast.* Have I been in a dream, then, all this while?  
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?  
Why dost thou fly me thus?

*Mon.* Oh, were it possible that we could drown  
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,

We'd be happy.

*Cast.* Let's then be bold, Monimia, to forgive  
All that's past; and let my love, like mine, implore thee?  
For I must be grateful, though it prove my ruin.  
Which way wilt thou court thee?

Will'st thou be my slave, enough thy slave,  
And leave the love and pride that's in thee?  
I'll weep a flood before thee.

Thou shalt break not quite my heart;  
Thou shalt repentance is done,  
And thou shalt comfort me with love.

Thou shalt, Castalio, and want words  
To show this mighty tenderness;

Thou shalt on thee with horror,  
Thou shalt the man I have so wrong'd  
Thou shalt not wrong'd me.

Thou shalt, what dost thou talk'st

Thou shalt, what dost thou talk'st! Have not I wrong'd thee?

*Mon.* No.

*Mon.* Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;  
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.

*Cast.* What means my love?

*Mon.* Could'st thou but forgive me——

*Cast.* What?

*Mon.* For my fault last night: alas, thou can'st not!

*Cast.* I can, and do.

*Mon.* Thus crawling on the earth,  
Thou shalt pardon meet; the only thing  
Can make me view the face of Heav'n with hope.

*Cast.* Then, let's draw near.

• *Mon.*

*Mon.* Ah, me!

*Cass.* So, in the fields,

' When the destroyer has been out for prey,

' The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,

' Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,

' Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach ;

' 'Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,

' Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.

*Mon.* Yet, have a care ; be not too fond of peace,

' Lest, in pursuance of the goodly quarry,

' Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.'

*Cass.* My better angel, then do thou inform me,

What danger threatens me, and where it lies :

Why didst thou (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why)

When I stood waiting underneath

Quaking with fierce and violent desires ;

The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,

Darkness inclin'd, and the winds whistled round me :

Which, with my mournful sighs, made

As might have mov'd the hardest heart ;

Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pain

*Mon.* Did I not beg thee to forbear

Read'st thou not something in my face,

Wonderful change, and horror from within

*Cass.* Then there is something yet

known :

What dost thou mean by horror and

Of more inquiry ? 'Tell me, I beg thee, tell

And don't betray me to a second madness.

*Mon.* Must I ?

*Cass.* If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,

Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease ;

Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,

And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

*Mon.* My heart won't let me speak it ; but remember

Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,

We ne'er must meet again — — —

*Cass.* • What means my destiny ?

' For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee

Ne'er meet again !

*Mon.* No, never.

*Cass.* Where's the power

On earth, that dare not look like thee, and say so ?

Thou art my heart's inheritance ; I serv'd

A long and painful, faithful slav'ry for thee :

And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing ?

*Mon.* Time will clear all ; but now, let this content you.

Hear'n has decreed, and therefore I'm resolv'd

(With torment I must tell it thee, Castilio)

Ever to be a stranger to thy love ;

In some far distant country waste my life,

And from this day, to see thy face no more.

*Cast.* Where am I ? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,  
And never more shall find the way to rest ;

But Oh, Monimia ! art thou indeed resolv'd

To a perpetual, everlasting absence ?

Alas ! I'm alone already ;

Alone on a naked beach,

Striving vainly to the seas complaining,

When the vessel fails away,

When the treasure of my soul's embark'd,

—Oh ! could those eyes but speak,

Thine eyes whose love is pregnant in 'em ;

Thine eyes whose beams upon me still :

—If we must part for ever,

Let me have one word to think upon,

One word, whilst my heart's breaking.

*Castilio !* [Exit Monimia.

—O gods,

When thou wilt go eternally.

—Why all this stir to plague

If but your word can shake

Why so much ado

With me ? I think me but dead, and lay me so.

*Enter Polydore.*

*Pol.* To live, and live a torment to myself,

What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition ?

We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,

Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

*Cast.* Who's there ?——

*Pol.* Why, what art thou ?

*Cast.* My brother Polydore ?

*Pol.* My name is Polydore.

Canst thou inform me——

*Pol.*

*Pol.* Of what!

*Cass.* Of my Monimia?

*Pol.* No. Good-day.

*Cass.* In haste.

Merhinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

*Pol.* Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.

*Cass.* Do I?

*Pol.* Thou dost.

*Cass.* Alas, I've wond'rous reason!

I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

*Pol.* Why?

*Cass.* Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart  
To pain. Let me embrace thee but a little,  
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose  
Within thy friendly bosom all my grief,  
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

*Pol.* Be not too credulous; consider first;  
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?

*Cass.* Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear  
Like a false friendship, when with open arms  
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?  
Oh, 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!

*Pol.* I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

*Cass.* Dost thou not love me, then?

*Pol.* Oh, more than life:

I never had a thought of my Castalio,  
Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd  
Hast thou dealt so by me?

*Cass.* I hope I have.

*Pol.* Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?

*Cass.* Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;  
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts  
The story of my tongue.

*Pol.* I grieve, my friend  
Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me;  
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?

*Cass.* Oh, much too oft!

But let me here conjure thee,  
By all the kind affection of a brother,  
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy friend)  
Forgive me——

*Pol.* Well, go on.

*Cast.* Our destiny contriv'd  
 O plague us both with one unhappy love.  
 Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,  
 In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,  
 Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,  
 And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

*Pol.* How!

*Cast.* Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,  
 And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,  
 'Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

*Pol.* Ah, Castalin, was that well done?

*Cast.* No; to conceal't from thee was much a fault.

*Pol.* A fault! when thou hast heard  
 The tale I tell, what wilt thou call it then?

*Cast.* How dost thou throbs!

*Pol.* First, for thy friendship, traitor,  
 I cancel't thus; after this day, I'll ne'er  
 Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio:  
 This, witness Heaven.

*Cast.* What will my fate do with me?  
 I've lost all happiness, and know not why:  
 What means this, brother?

*Pol.* Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch,  
 Farewel.

*Cast.* I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me  
 Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

*Pol.* Never.

*Cast.* Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:  
 How, from our infancy, we, hand in hand,  
 Have trod the path of life in love together;  
 One bed has held us, and the same desires,  
 The same aversions still employ'd our thoughts:  
 When e'er had I a friend, that was not Polydore's?  
 Or Polydore a foe that was not mine!  
 Ev'n in the womb w'embrac'd, and wilt thou now,  
 For the first fault, abandon and forsake me,  
 Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,  
 Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

*Pol.* Go to Monimia, in her arms thou'lt find  
 Comfort, but the art of healing sorrows.

*Cast.* What arts?

*Pol.* Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!

Go

- Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there :
  - Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,
  - Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.
- Cast.* Hold there, I charge thee.

*Pol.* Is she not a———

*Cast.* Whore ?

*Pol.* Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.

*Cast.* Alas! I can forgive ev'n this, to thee!

But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd  
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,  
To wrong that virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

*Pol.* It seems I lie, then.

*Cast.* Should the bravest man  
That e'er shone conquering sword, but to suspect  
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars;  
My friend may be mistaken.

*Pol.* Damn th' evasion;

Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born villain  
That said I lied.

*Cast.* Do, draw thy sword, and thrust it in  
heart;

There is no joy in life, if thou art lost  
A base-born villain!

*Pol.* Yes; thou never cam'st

From old Acasto's loins; the midwife  
A cheat upon my mother, and instigator  
Of a true brother, in the cradle by her  
Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thence

*Cast.* Thou art my brother still.

*Pol.* Thou liest.

*Cast.* Nay then——

[He draws.

Yet I am calm.

*Pol.* A coward's always so.

*Cast.* Ah!—ah—that stings home——Coward!

*Pol.* Ay, base-born coward! villain!

*Cast.* 'Tis to thy heart, then, tho' my mother

[Fights; Polydore drops his sword, and runs on.

*Pol.* Now my Castalio is again my friend.

*Cast.* What have I done? My sword is in thy

*Pol.* So I would have it be, thou best of men,  
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.

# THE ORPHAN.

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*Cas.* Ye gods, we're taught that all your works are justice,

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:

Is so, then why these plagues upon my head?

*Pol.* Blame not the heav'ns; here lies thy fate, *Cas-*  
*elio*;

Th'are not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys

Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

*Cas.* By thee!

*Pol.* By me, last night, the horrid deed,

Was done when all things slept, but rage and incest.

*Cas.* How abuse'st *Monimia*? Oh!

*Monimia.*

*Pol.* How abuse'st me?

*Monimia.* How abuse'st me?

Swear that you never lov'd upon the mountains,

When *Polydore* was at feed before him.

But *Polydore* was there a blood.

But *Polydore* was there a blood.

And *Polydore* was there a blood.

And *Polydore* was there a blood.

And *Polydore* was there a blood.

And *Polydore* was there a blood.

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The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,  
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

*Cast.* And all this is the work of my own fortune;  
None but myself could e'er have been so curs'd!  
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,  
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,  
Or ever human eyes and hearts ador'd.  
I've murder'd too my brother.

Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me farther?  
And force the sin of parricide upon me?

*Pol.* 'Twas my own fault, and thou art innocent;  
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue;  
'Twas a hard violence: I could have died  
With love of thee, e'en when I us'd thee worst;  
Nay, ne each word that my distraction utter'd,  
My heart recoil'd, and 'twas half death to speak 'em.

*Mon.* Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,  
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,  
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

*Cast.* Oh, I'm th'unhappy wretch, whose curld fate  
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him.  
Why then, thus kind to me?

*Mon.* When I am laid low i'th'grave, and quite forgotten,  
Mayst thou be happy in a fairer bride;  
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.  
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,  
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)  
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill tongues  
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd;  
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory  
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.  
How my head swims! 'tis very dark. Good-night.

[Dies.]

*Cast.* If I survive thee—what a thought was that?  
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

*Enter Cleonora, disarmed and seized by Acasto and servants.*

*Clea.* Gape earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,  
If I forgive your house! if I not live  
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,

—And



And all thy race. Ye've o'erpower'd me now ;  
 But hear me, Heav'n!—Ah, here's a scene of death !  
 My sister, my Monimia breathless!—Now,  
 Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike,  
 Strike bolts thro' me, and through the curs'd Castalia.

*Acst.* My Polydore!

*Pol.* Who calls?

*Acst.* How cam'st thou wounded?

*Cast.* Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous, noisy  
 ruffian,

And leave me to my sorrows.

*Cha.* By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her ;

But here remain, 'till my heart burst with sobbing.

*Cast.* Denish, I charge thee, or— [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Cha.* Must not kill me ;

That would be against, and against thy nature.

*Acst.* What's that, my friend? Sure thou wilt not pull

Motion from my sister's head.

Tell me, my friend, what's the sad cause

Of this distress?

*Cast.* I'll tell thee, if thou wilt ask ;

But I shall find it hard to pains to tell ;

Yet I'll endeavour to tell the story written

On my poor heart, and on my innocent,

I'm to blame.

*Cha.* My friend, Chamont,

Heav'n curse him with thy hate,

And curse him that never wrong'd thee :

Now, if thou wilt, embrace a noble vengeance,

Come, join with me, and curse——

*Cha.* What?

*Cast.* First, thyself,

As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth :

Confusion and disorder seize the world,

To spoil all trust and converse amongst men,

'Tis next families engender endless feuds,

In countries needless fears, in cities factions,

In states rebellion, and in churches schism :

'Till all things move against the course of nature :

"Till form's dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,  
And the original of being lost.

*Acasto.* Have patience.

*Cast.* Patience! preach it to the winds,  
To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves  
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'em.  
Strip me of all the common needs of life,  
Scold me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,  
I'll bear it all; but curs'd to the degree  
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:  
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

*[Stabs himself.]*

*Pol.* Castalio! Oh!

*Cast.* 'I come.'

Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath;  
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs, .

*[Acasto faints into the arms of a servant.]*

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.

And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.

Now, all I beg, *Pol.* lay me in one grave

Thus with my love. Farewel. I now am—nothing.

*[Dies.]*

*Ch.* Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go  
To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.  
'Tis thus that Heav'n its empire does maintain  
It may afflict, but man must not complain.

*[Exit.]*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.



Act

TANCRED & SIGISMUNDA

Scene



MURRICK in the Character of TANCRED.

*Be not alarmed my Love!*

BELL'S EDITION.

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**TANCRED & SIGISMUNDA;**

**A TRAGEDY,**

**AS WRITTEN BY MR. THOMSON.**

**DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE  
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE  
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.**

 **Regulated from the Prompt-Book**

**BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,**

**BY MR. HOPKINS, PROMPTER.**



**L O N D O N :**

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in the STRAND.**

**1774**

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

F R E D E R I C K,

PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

THE honour your Royal Highness has done me in the protection you was pleased to give to this Tragedy, emboldens me to lay it now at your feet, and beg your permission to publish it under Royal Patronage. The favouring and protecting of letters has been, in all ages and countries, one distinguishing mark of a great prince; and that with good reason, not only as it shews a justness of taste, and elevation of mind, but as the influence of such a protection, by exciting good writers to labour with more emulation in the improvement of their several talents, not a little contributes to the embellishment and instruction of society. But of all the different species of writing, none has such an effect upon the lives and manners of men, as the dramatic; and therefore, that of all others most deserves the attention of princes; who, by a judicious approbation of such pieces as tend to promote all public and private virtue, may more than by any coercive methods, secure the purity of the stage, and in consequence thereof, greatly advance the morals and politeness of their people. How eminently your Royal Highness has always extended your favour and patronage to every art and science, and in a particular manner to dramatic performances, is too well known to the world for me to mention it here. Allow me

A 2

only

only to wish, that what I have now the honour to offer to your Royal Highness, may be judged not unworthy of your protection, at least in the sentiments which it inculcates. A warm and grateful sense of your goodness to me, makes me desirous to seize every occasion of declaring in public, with what profound respect and dutiful attachment, I am,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged,

Most obedient, and

Most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

## P R O L O G U E.

**BOLD** is the man! who, in this nicer age,

Presumes to tread the chaste corrected stage,  
 Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no more  
 Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore.  
 Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,  
 That us'd to waft you over sea and land.  
 Before your light the fairy people fade,  
 The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.  
 In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,  
 The mighty prompter-thundering out to arms,  
 The playhouse puffs clattering from afar,  
 The close-wedg'd battis, and the din of war.  
 Now, even the senate seldom we convene;  
 The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.  
 Your taste rejects the glitter:—false sublime,  
 To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.  
 High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:  
 Description, dreams—nay, futilities are gone.

What shall we then? to please you how devise,  
 Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?  
 Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakspeare's art,  
 To trace the deep recesses of the heart:

His simple, plain sublime, to which is given  
 To strike the soul with darc'd flame from heav'n:  
 Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,  
 The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.

We to your hearts apply: let them at end;  
 Before their silent, candid bar we bend.  
 If warm'd, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise:  
 If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.



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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

TANGRED, <i>Count of Lecce,</i>	MR. REDDISH.
MATTEO SIFFREDI, <i>Lord High</i>	MR. JEFFERSON.
<i>Chancellor of Sicily,</i>	
EARL OSMOND, <i>Lord High Con-</i>	MR. PALMER.
<i>stable of Sicily,</i>	
RODOLPHO, <i>Friend to Tancred, and</i>	MR. WHITFIELD.
<i>Captain of the Guards,</i>	

### WOMEN.

SIGISMUNDA, <i>Daughter of Siffredi,</i>	MISS YOUNGE.
LAURA, <i>Sister of Rodolpho, and</i>	MISS SHERRY.
<i>Friend to Sigismunda,</i>	

Barons, Officers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, the City of Palermo in Italy.

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TANCRED

## TANCRED &amp; SIGISMUNDA.

## ACT I.

SCENE, the Palace.

*Sigismunda and Laura.*

SIGISMUNDA.

AH, fatal day to Sicily ! The King  
Touches his last moments !

*Laura.* So you fear'd.

*Sig.* The death of those distinguish'd by their station,  
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind  
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe :  
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,  
Left to the toil of life—And yet the best  
Are, by the playful children of this world,  
At once forgot, as they had never been.  
*Laura,* 'tis said, the heart is sometimes charged  
With a prophetic sadness : such, methinks,  
Now hangs on mine. The King's approaching death  
Suggests a thousand fears. What troubles thence  
May throw the state once more into confusion,  
What sudden changes in my father's house  
May rise, and part me from my dearest Tancred,  
Alarms my thoughts.

*Laura.* The fears of love-sick fancy !  
Perversely busy to torment itself.  
But be assured, your father's steady friendship,  
Join'd to a certain genius, that commands,  
Not needs to fortune, will support and cherish,  
Here in the public eye of Sicily,  
This, I may call him, his adopted son,  
The noble Tancred, form'd to all his virtues.

*Sig.* Ah, form'd to charm his daughter !—This fair  
Morn

Has

## TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

Has tempted far the chase. Is he not yet  
Return'd?

*Laura.* No.—When your father to the King,  
Who now expiring lies, was call'd in haste,  
He sent each way his messengers to find him ;  
With such a look of ardour and impetuosity,  
As if this near event was to Count Tancred  
Of more importance than I comprehend.

*Sig.* There lies, my Laura, o'er my Tancred's birth  
A cloud I cannot pierce. With princely accost,  
Nay, with respect, which oft I have observ'd,  
Sneaking at times submissive o'er his features,  
In Belinot's woods my father rear'd this youth—  
Ah, woods! where first my artless bosom learn'd  
The flights of love.—He gives him out the son  
Of an old friend, a baron of Apulia,  
Who in the late crusade bravely fell.  
But then 'tis strange: is all his family  
As well as father dead? and all their friends?  
Except my sire, the generous good Sifred?  
Had he a mother, sister, brother left, ~~these~~  
The last reman of kindred: with what pride,  
What rapture, might they fly o'er earth and sea  
To claim this rising honour of their blood!  
This bright unknown ~~happy~~ all-accomplish'd youth!  
Who charms too much, the heart of Sigismunda!  
• Laura, perhaps your brother knows him better,  
• The friend and partner of his freest hours.  
What says Rodolph? Does he truly credit  
This story of his birth?

*Laura.* He has sometimes,  
Like you, his doubts: yes, when maturely weigh'd,  
Believes it true. As for Lord Tancred's self,  
He never entertain'd the slightest thought  
That wou'd to doubt; but oft laments his state,  
By cruel fortune so ill pair'd in yours.

*Sig.* 'Tis like his, the fortune of the mind,  
Begins all wealth—Then, to your brother, Laura,  
He talks of me?

*Laura.* Of nothing else. Howe'er  
The talk begins, it ends with Sigismunda.  
Their morning, noontide, and their evening walks;

# TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

9

ou, and all the woods of Belmont  
With your name——  
my friend;

You flatter——yet the dear delusion charms.

*Laura.* No, Sigismunda, 'tis the strictest truth,  
Nor half the truth, I tell you. Even with fondness  
My brother talks for ever of the passion  
That fires young Tancred's breast. So much it strikes  
him,

He praises love as if he were a lover.

' He blames the false pursuits of vagrant youth,  
' Calls them gay folly, a mistaken struggle  
' Against best judging nature.' Heaven, he says,  
In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;  
In love included all the finer seeds

Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss——

*Sg.* Virtuous Rodolph!

*Laura.* Then his pleasing theme

He varies to the praises of your lover——

*Sig.* And what, my Laura, says he on the subject?

*Laura.* He says that, though he was not nobly born,

Nature has form'd him noble, generous, brave,

' Truly magnanimous, and warmly scorning

' Whatever bears the smallest taint of baseness;

' That every easy virtue is his own;

' Not learnt by painful labour, but inspir'd,

' Implanted in his soul.'——Chiefly one charm

He in his graceful character observes:

That though his passions burn with high impatience,

And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,

Are ready to fly off; yet the least check

Of ruling reason brings them back to temper,

And gentle softness.

*Sig.* True! Oh, true, Rodolpho!

Bless be thy kindred worth for loving him!

He is all warmth, all amiable fire,

All quick heroic ardour! temper'd soft

With gentleness of heart, and manly reason!

If virtue were to wear a human form,

To light it with her dignity and flame,

Then softening mix her smiles and tender grace;

Oh, she would chide the person of my Tancred!

Go

Go on my friend, go on, and ever praise him;  
 The subject knows no bounds, nor can I tire,  
 While my breast trembles to that sweetest music!  
 The heart of woman tastes no truer joy.  
 Is never flatter'd with such dear enchantment——  
 'Tis more than selfish vanity'—as when  
 She hears the praises of the man she loves——

*Laura.* Madam, your father comes.

*Enter Siffredi.*

*Sif.* [*To an attendant as he enters.*] Lord Tancred  
 Is found?

*At.* My Lord, he quickly will be here.

'I scarce could keep before him, though he hid me

'Speed on, to say he would attend your orders.'

*Sif.* 'Tis well——retire——You too, my daughter,  
 leave me.

*Sig.* I go, my father——But how fares the King?

*Sif.* He is no more. Gone to that awful state,  
 Where kings the crown wear only of their virtues.

*Sig.* How bright must then be his!—This stroke is  
 sudden;

He was this morning well, when to the chase  
 Lord Tancred went.

*Sif.* 'Tis true. But at his years

Death gives short notice——Drooping nature then,  
 Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.

His death, my daughter, was that happy period  
 Which few attain. The duties of his day

Were all discharg'd, 'and gratefully enjoy'd

'It's noblest blessings;' calm as evening skies,

Was his pure mind, and lighted up with hopes

That open heaven; when, for his last long sleep

Timely prepar'd, a lassitude of life,

A pleasing weariness of mortal joy,

Fell on his soul, and down he sunk to rest.

Oh, may my death be such!——He but one wish

Left unfulfill'd, which was to see Count Tancred——

*Sig.* 'To see Count Tancred!'—Pardon me, my Lord——

*Sif.* For what my daughter?—But, with such emotion,  
 Why did you start at mention of Count Tancred?

*Sig.* Nothing—I only hop'd the dying King

—Might

Might mean to make some generous just provision  
For this your worthy charge, this noble orphan.

*Sif.* And he has done it largely—Leave me now—  
I want some private conference with Lord Tancred.

[*Exeunt Sigismunda and Laura.*]

My doubts are but too true—If these old eyes  
Can trace the marks of love, a mutual passion  
Has seiz'd, I fear, my daughter and this Prince,  
My sovereign now—Should it be so? Ah, there,  
There lurks a brooding tempest, that may shake  
My long concerted scheme, to settle firm  
The public peace and welfare, which the King  
Has made the prudent basis of his will—

Away, unworthy views! you shall not tempt me!  
Nor interest, nor ambition shall seduce  
My fix'd resolve—Perish the selfish thought,  
Which our own good prefers to that of millions!  
He comes, my King, unconscious of his fortune.

[*Enter Tancred.*]

*Tan.* My lord Siffredi, in your looks I read,  
Confirm'd, the mournful news that fly abroad  
From tongue to tongue—We then, at last, have lost  
The good old King?

*Sif.* Yes, we have lost a father!  
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,  
'And seldom found amidst these wilds of time.'  
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,  
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,  
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.  
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.  
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;  
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad.  
'He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn reject'd  
'Their sycophant advice that only means themselves,  
'Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness;  
'Nor did he, less disdain the secret breath,  
'The whisper'd tale, that blights a virtuous name.'  
He fought alone the good of those for whom  
He was entrusted with the sovereign power:  
Well knowing that a people in their rights  
And industry protected; living free  
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,

'Encourag'd

‘ Encourag’d in their genius, arts, and labours,  
 ‘ And happy each as he himself deserves,  
 Are ne’er ungrateful. With unsparing hand  
 They will for him provide: their filial love  
 And confidence are his unfailing treasure,  
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

*Tan.* A general face of grief o’erprints the city.  
 I mark’d the people, as I hither came,  
 In crowds assembled, struck with silent sorrow,  
 And pouring forth the noblest prize of tears.  
 ‘ Those, whom remembrance of their former woes,  
 ‘ And long experience of the vain illusions  
 ‘ Of youthful hope, had into wise consent  
 ‘ And fear of change corrected, wrung their hands,  
 ‘ And often casting up their eyes to heav’n,  
 ‘ Gave sign of sad conjecture. Others shew’d,  
 ‘ Aghast their grief, or real or affected,  
 ‘ A gleam of expectation, from what chance  
 ‘ And change might bring.’ A mingled murmur ran  
 Along the streets; and, from the lonely court  
 Of him who can no more assist their fortunes,  
 I saw the courtier-fry, with eager haste,  
 All hurrying to Constantia.

*Sig.* Noble youth!

I joy to hear from thee these just reflections,  
 Worthy of riper years—But if they see  
 Constantia, trust me, they mistake their course.

*Tan.* How! Is she not, my Lord, the late king’s sister,  
 Heir to the crown of Sicily? the last  
 Of our fam’d Norman line, and now our queen?

*Sig.* Tancred, ’tis true; she is the late king’s sister,  
 The sole surviving offspring of that tyrant  
 William the Bad—to for his vices still’d;  
 ‘ Who spilt much noble blood, and sore oppress’d  
 ‘ Th’ exhausted land: whence grievous wars arose,  
 ‘ And many a dire convulsion shook the state.  
 ‘ When he, whose death Sicilia mourns to-day,  
 ‘ William, who has and well deserv’d the name  
 ‘ Of Good, succeeding to his father’s throne,  
 ‘ Reliev’d his country’s woes—But to return;  
 ‘ She is the late king’s sister, born some month  
 After the tyrant’s death, but not next heir.

*Tan.*

*Tan.* You much surprise me—May I then presume  
To ask who is?

*Sif.* Come nearer, noble Tancred,  
Son of my care. I must, on this occasion,  
Consult thy generous heart; which, when conducted  
By rectitude of mind and honest virtues,  
Gives better counsel than the hoary head—  
Then know, there lives a prince, here in Palermo,  
The lineal offspring of our famous hero,  
Roger the First.

*Tan.* Great Heaven!—How far remov'd  
From that our mighty founder?

*Sif.* His great grandson:  
Sprung from his eldest son, who died untimely,  
Before his father.

*Tan.* Ha! the prince you mean,  
Is he not Manfred's son? The generous, brave,  
Unhappy Manfred? whom the tyrant William,  
You just now mention'd, not content to spoil  
Of his paternal crown, threw into fetters,  
And infamously murder'd?

*Sif.* Yes, the same.

*Tan.* By heavens, I joy to find our Norman reign,  
'The world's sole light amidst these barbarous ages,  
'Yet rears its head; and shall not, from the lance,  
'Pole to the fi'ld's distaff.'—But this prince,  
Where has he been conceal'd?

*Sif.* The late good King,  
By noble pity mov'd, contriv'd to save him  
From his dire father's unrelenting rage,  
And had him rear'd in private, as became  
His birth and hopes, with high and princely nurture,  
Till now, too young to rule a troubled state,  
By civil broils most miserably torn,  
He in his safe retreat has late conceal'd,  
His birth and fortune to himself unknown;  
But when the dying King to me intrusted,  
As to the chancellor of the realm, his will,  
His successor he nam'd him.

*Tan.* Happy youth!  
He then will triumph o'er his father's foes,  
O'er haughty Osmond, and the tyrant's daughter.



*Sis.* Ay, that is what I dread—that heat of youth;  
 There lurks, I fear, perdition to the state,  
 I dread the horrors of rekindled war:  
 Though dead, the tyrant still is to be fear'd;  
 His daughter's party still is strong and numerous:  
 Her friend, Earl Osmond, Constable of Sicily,  
 Experienc'd, brave, high-born, of mighty interest.  
 Better the prince and princess should by marriage  
 Unite their friends, their interest, and their claims;  
 Then will the peace and welfare of the land  
 On a firm basis rise.

*Tan.* My Lord Siffredi,  
 If by myself I of this prince may judge,  
 That scheme will scarce succeed—Your prudent age  
 In vain will counsel, if the heart forbid it—  
 But wherefore fear? The right is clearly his;  
 'And, under your direction, with each man  
 'Of worth, and stedfast loyalty, to back  
 'At once the King's appointment and his birthright,  
 'There is no ground for fear. They have great odds,  
 'Against th' astonish'd sons of violence,  
 'Who fight with awful justice on their side.'  
 All Sicily will rouse, all faithful hearts  
 Will range themselves around Prince Manfred's son.  
 For me, I here devote me to the service  
 Of this young prince; I every drop of blood  
 Will lose with joy, with transport in his cause—  
 'Pardon my warmth—but that, my Lord, will never  
 'To this decision come'—Then, find the prince;  
 Lose not a moment to awaken in him  
 The royal soul. Perhaps, he now desponding,  
 Pines in a corner, and laments his fortune;  
 That in the narrower bounds of private life  
 He must confine his aims, those swelling virtues,  
 Which from his noble father he inherits.

*Sis.* Perhaps, regardless, in the common bane  
 Of youth he melts, in vanity and love.  
 But if the seeds of virtue glow within him,  
 I will awake a higher sense, a love  
 That grasps the loves and happiness of millions.

*Tan.* Why that surmise? Or should he love, Siffredi,  
 I doubt not, it is nobly, which will raise

And

And animate his virtues—Oh! permit me  
 To plead the cause of youth—Their virtue oft,  
 In pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd a while,  
 Forgets itself; it sleeps and gayly dreams,  
 Till great occasion rouse it; then, all flame,  
 It walks abroad, with heighten'd soul and vigour,  
 And by the change astonishes the world.  
 ' Even with a kind of sympathy, I feel  
 ' The joy that waits this prince: when all the powers,  
 ' Th' expanding heart can with, of doom good;  
 ' Whatever swells ambition, or exalts  
 ' The human soul into divine emotions,  
 ' All crowd at once upon him.

*Sig.* Ah, my Tancred,  
 ' Nothing so easy as in speculation,  
 ' And at a distance seen, the course of honour,  
 ' A fair delightful champain strow'd with flowers.  
 ' But when the practice comes; when our fond passions,  
 ' Pleasure, and pride, and self-indulgence, throw  
 ' Their magic dust around, the prospect scurrows;  
 ' Then dreadful passes, craggy mountains rise,  
 ' Cliffs to be scal'd, and torrents to be stem'd;  
 ' Then toil ensues, and perseverance stern;  
 ' And endless combats with our grosser sense,  
 ' Oft lost, and oft renew'd; and generous pain  
 ' For others felt; and, harder lesson still!  
 ' Our honest blis for others sacrific'd;  
 ' And all the rugged task of virtue quells  
 ' The stoutest heart of common resolution.  
 ' Few get above this turbid scene of strife.  
 ' Few gain the summit, breathe that purest air,  
 ' That heavenly ether, which untroubled fees  
 ' The storm of vice and passion rage below.

*Tag.* Most true, my Lord. But why thus augur ill?  
 ' You seem to doubt this prince. I know him not.  
 ' Yet, Oh, methinks, my heart could answer for him!  
 ' The juncture is so high, so strong the gale  
 ' That blows from Heaven, as through the dearest soul  
 ' Might breathe the godlike energy of virtue.'

*Sig.* Hear him, immortal shades of his great fathers!—  
 Forgive me, Sir, this trial of your heart.  
 Thou! thou, art he!

*Tan.* Siffredi!

*Sif.* Tancred, thou!

Thou art the man, of all the many thousands  
That toil upon the bosom of this isle,  
By Heaven elected to command the rest,  
To rule, protect them, and to make them happy!

*Tan.* Manfred my father! I the last support  
Of the fam'd Norman line, that awes the world!  
I, who this morning wander'd forth an orphan,  
Outcast of all but thee, my second father!  
Thus call'd to glory! to the first great lot  
Of human kind!—Oh, wonder-working hand,  
That, in majestic silence, sways at will  
The mighty movements of unbounded nature;  
Oh, grant me, Heaven, the virtues to sustain  
This awful burden of so many heroes!  
Let me not be exalted in so shame,  
Set up the worthless pageant of vain grandeur.  
Mean-time I thank the justice of the King,  
Who has my right bequeath'd me. Thee Siffredi,  
I thank thee—Oh, I ne'er enough can thank thee!  
Yes, thou hast been—thou art—shalt be my father!  
Thou shalt direct my unexperienc'd years,  
Shalt be the ruling head, and I the hand.

*Sif.* It is enough for me—to see my sovereign  
Assert his virtues, and maintain his honour.

*Tan.* I think, my Lord, you said the King committed  
To you his will. I hope it is not clogg'd  
With any base conditions, any clause,  
To tyrannize my heart, and to Constantia  
Enslave my hand devoted to another.  
The hint you just now gave of that alliance,  
You must imagine, wakes my fear. But know,  
In this alone I will not bear dispute,  
Not even from thee, Siffredi!—Let the council  
Be strait assembled, and the will there open'd:  
Thence issue speedy orders to convene,  
This day ere noon, the senate: where those barons,  
Who now are in Palermo, will attend,  
To pay their ready homage to the king,  
Their rightful king, who claims his native crown,  
And will not be a king by deeds and parchments.

*Sis.* I go, my Liege. But once again permit me  
To tell you——Now, now is the trying crisis,  
That must determine of your future reign.  
Oh, with heroic rigour watch your heart!  
And to the sovereign duties of the king,  
Th' unequal'd pleasures of a god on earth,  
Submit the common joys, the common passions,  
Nay, even the virtues of the private man.

*Tan.* Of that no more. They not oppose, but aid,  
Invigorate, cherish, and reward each other.

'The kind all-ruling wickdoin is no tyrant.' [*Exit Sigismunda.*]

*Tan.* Now generous Sigismunda, comes my turn

To shew my love was not of thee unworthy,  
When fortune . . . to thee.

But what is t . . . ?

A miserable b . . .

'Tis scanty . . .

'The wealth . . . and want!'

Quick, let me . . . est joy,

Th' exalted he . . . inix d effusion

Of gratitude a . . . old, she comes!

*Enter Sigismunda.*

*Tan.* My fluttering soul was all on wing to find thee,  
My love, my Sigismunda!

*Sis.* Oh, my Tancred!

Tell me, what means this mystery and gloom  
That lowers around? Just now, involv'd in thought,  
My father shot athwart me—You, my Lord,  
Seem strangely mov'd—I fear some dark event,  
From the King's death to trouble our repose,  
That tender calm we in the woods of Belmont  
So happily enjoy'd——Explain this hurry,  
What means it? Say.

*Tan.* It means that we are happy!

Beyond our most romantic wishes happy!

'Say! You but perplex me more.

*Tan.* It means, my sister,

That thou art queen of Sicily; and I  
The happiest of mankind! 'than monarch more!'

Because with thee I can adorn my throne:

Manfred, who fell by tyrant William's rage,

*Fare'd*

Fam'd Roger's lineal issue, was my father. [Pausing.  
 You droop, my love; dejected on a sudden;  
 You seem to mourn my fortune—The soft tear  
 Springs in thy eye—Oh, let me kiss it off—  
 Why this, my Sigismunda?

*Sig.* Royal Tancred,  
 None at your glorious fortune can like me  
 Rejoice;—yet me alone, of all Sicilians,  
 It makes unhappy.

*Tan.* I should hate it then!  
 Should throw, with scorn, the splendid ruin from me!—  
 No, Sigismunda, 'tis my hope with thee  
 To share it, whence it draws its richest value.

*Sig.* You are my sovereign—I at humble distance—

*Tan.* Thou art my queen! the sovereign of my soul!

- You never reign'd with such triumphant lustre,
- Such winning charms as now; yet, thou art still
- The dear, the tender, generous Sigismunda!
- Who, with a heart exalted far above
- Those selfish views that charm the common breast,
- Stoop'd from the height of life and courted beauty,
- Then, then, to love me, when I seem'd of fortune
- The hopeless outcast, when I had no friend,
- None to protect and own me, but thy father.
- And wouldst thou clasp all goodness to thyself?
- Canst thou thy Tancred deem so dully form'd,
- Of such gross clay, just as I reach'd the point—
- A point my wildest hopes could ne'er imagine—
- In that great moment, full of every virtue,
- That I should then so mean a traitor prove
- To the best bliss and honour of mankind,
- So much disgrace the human heart, as then,
- For the dead form of flattery and pomp,
- The faithless joys of courts, to quit kind truth,
- The cordial sweets of friendship and of love,
- The life of life! my all, my Sigismunda!
- I could upbraid thy fears, call them unkind,
- Cruel, unjust, an outrage to my heart,
- Did they not spring from love,
- *Sig.* Think not, my Lord,
- That to such vulgar doubts I can descend.

Your

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

Your heart, I know, disdains the little thought  
Of changing with the vain, external change  
Of circumstance and fortune. 'Rather thence  
'It would, with rising ardour, greatly feel  
'A noble pride, to shew itself the same.'  
But, ah! the hearts of kings are not their own.  
'There is a haughty duty that subverts them  
'To chains of state, to wed the public welfare,  
'And not indulge the tender, private virtues.'  
Some high-descended prince, who will bring  
New power and interest to your throne, demands  
Your royal hand—perhaps Constant—

**Love She!**

ACC.

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daughter.

So cool a traitor to my father's blood,  
 As from the prudent cowardice of thine  
 E'er to submit to such a little proposal?  
 Detested thought! Oh, doubly, doubly hateful!  
 From the two strongest passions; from aversion  
 To this Constantia—and from love to thee.  
 Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,  
 O'er servile man extends a blind dominion:  
 The pride of kings enslaves them; their ambition,  
 Or interest, lords it o'er the better passions.  
 But from their talk, mix'd under specious words  
 Of station, duty, and of public good.  
 They whom just Heaven has to a throne exalted,  
 To guard the rights and liberties of others,  
 What duty binds them to betray their own!  
 For me, my free-born heart shall bear no dictates,  
 But those of truth and honour; wear no chains,  
 But the dear chains of love, and Sigismunda!

Or

Or if indeed, my choice must be directed  
 By views of public good, whom shall I chuse  
 So fit to grace, to dignify a crown,  
 And beam sweet mercy on a happy people,  
 As thee, my love? Whom place upon my throne  
 But thee, descended from the good Siffredi?  
 'Tis fit that heart be thine, which drew from him  
 • Whate'er can make it worthy thy acceptance.

*Sig.* Cease, cease to raise my hopes above my duty.  
 Charm me no more, my Tancred!—Oh, that we  
 In those blest woods, where first you won my soul,  
 Had pass'd our gentle days; far from the toil  
 And pomp of courts! Such is the wish of love;  
 • Of love, that with delightful weakness, knows  
 • No bliss, and no ambition but itself.  
 • But in the world's full light, those charming dreams,  
 • Those fond illusions vanish. Awful dyest!  
 • The tyranny of men, even your own heart,  
 • Where lurks a sense your passion stifles now,  
 • And proud imperious honour call you from me.  
 'Tis all in vain—you cannot hush a voice  
 That murmurs here—I must not be persuaded!

*Tan.* [*Kneeling.*] Hear me, thou soul of all my hopes  
 and wishes!

And witness Heaven, prime source of love and joy!  
 Not a whole warring world combin'd against me;  
 • Its pride, its splendour, its imposing forms,  
 • Nor interest, nor ambition, nor the face  
 • Of solemn state, not even thy father's wisdom,  
 Shall ever shake my faith to Sigismunda!

[*Trumpets and acclamations heard.*]

But, hark! the public voice to duties calls me,  
 Which with unwearied zeal I will discharge;  
 And thou, yes, thou, shalt be my bright reward—  
 Yet—ere I go—to hush thy lovely fears, [*blank.*]  
 Thy delicate objections—[*he rises*] Thy  
 Sign'd with my name, and give it to thy father:  
 Tell him, 'tis my command, it be fill'd up  
 With a most strict and solemn marriage-contrast.  
 How dear each tie! how charming to my soul!  
 That more unites me to my Sigismunda.

For

For thee, and for my people's good to live,  
Is all the bliss which sovereign power can give.

*(Exit.)*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE, a grand Saloon.

*Enter Sigfridi.*

SIGFRIDI.

SO far 'tis well——The late King's will proceeds  
Upon the plan I counsel'd; that Prince Tancred  
Shall make Constanza partner of his throne.  
Oh, great, Oh, with'd event! 'whence the dire seeds'  
' Of dark intestine broils, of civil war,  
' And all its dreadful miseries and crimes,  
' Shall be for ever rooted from the land.  
' May these dim eyes, long blasted by the rage  
' Of cruel faction and my country's woes,  
' Tir'd with the toils and vanities of life,  
' Behold this period, then be clos'd in peace!'  
But how this mighty obstacle surmount,  
Which love has thrown betwixt? 'Love, that disturbs  
' The schemes of wisdom still; that, wing'd with passion,  
' Blind and impetuous in its fond pursuits,  
' Leaves the grey-headed reason far behind.  
' Alas, how frail the state of human bliss!  
' When even our honest passions oft destroy it.  
' I was to blame, in solitude and shades,  
' Infectious scenes! to trust their youthful hearts.  
' Would I had mark'd the rising flame, that now  
' Burns out with dangerous force!'—My daughter owns  
Her passion for the King; she trembling own'd it,  
With prayers, and tears, and tender supplications,  
That almost shook my firmness—And this blank,  
Which his rash fondness gave her, shews how much,  
To what a wild extravagance he loves—  
I see no means—it fails my deepest thought—  
How to controul this madness of the King,  
That wears the face of virtue, and will thence

*Didon*



Disclaim restraint, ' will, from his generous heart,  
 ' Borrow new rage, even speciously oppose  
 ' To reason reason'——But it must be done.  
 ' My own advice, of which I more and more  
 ' Approve, the strict conditions of the will,  
 ' Highly demand his marriage with Constantia;  
 ' Or else her party has a fair pretence——  
 ' And all at once is horror and confusion——  
 ' How issue from this maze?'——The crowding barons  
 Here summon'd to the palace, meet already,  
 To pay their homage, and confirm the will.  
 On a few moments hangs the public fate,  
 On a few hasty moments——Ha! there shines  
 A gleam of hope——Yes, with this very paper  
 I yet will save him——' Necessary means,  
 ' For good and noble ends, can ne'er be wrong,  
 ' In that resultless that peculiar case,  
 ' Deceit is truth and virtue——But how bold  
 ' This lion in the soil?——Oh, I will form it  
 ' Of such a fatal thread, 'twist it so strong  
 ' With all the ties of honour and of duty,  
 ' That his most desperate fury shall not break  
 ' The honest snare.——Here is the royal hand——  
 I will beneath it write a perfect, full,  
 And absolute agreement to the will;  
 Which read before the nobles of the realm  
 Assembled, in the sacred face of Sicily,  
 Constantia present, every heart and eye  
 Fix'd on their monarch, every tongue applauding,  
 He must submit, his dream of love must vanish——  
 It shall be done——'To me, I know, 'tis ruin;  
 But safety to the public, to the King.  
 I will not reason more, ' I will not listen  
 ' Even to the voice of honour.'——No——'tis fix'd!  
 I here devote me for my Prince and country;  
 Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!  
 Behold, Earl Osmond comes, without whose aid  
 My schemes are all in vain.

*Enter Osmond.*

*Os.* My Lord Siffredi,  
 I from the council hither'd to Constantia,  
 And have accomplish'd what we there propos'd.

The

The Princess to the will submits her claims.  
 She with her presence means to grace the senate,  
 And of your royal charge, young Tancred's hand,  
 Accept.' 'At first, indeed, it shock'd her hopes  
 'Of reigning sole, this new, surprizing scene  
 'Of Manfred's son, appointed by the King,  
 'With her joint heir——But I so fully thew'd  
 'The justice of the case, the public good,  
 'And sure establish'd peace which thence would rise,  
 'Join'd to the strong necessity that urg'd her,  
 'If on Sicilia's throne she meant to sit,  
 'As to the wise disposal of the will  
 'Her high ambition tam'd.' Methought, besides,  
 I could discern, that not from prudence merely  
 She to this choice submitted.

*Sis.* Noble Osmond,

You have in this done to the public great  
 And signal service. Yes, I must avow it;  
 This frank and ready instance of your zeal,  
 In such a trying crisis of the state,  
 'When interest and ambition might have warp'd  
 'Your views, I own this truly generous virtue'  
 Upbraids the rashness of my former judgment.

*Qum.* Siffredi, no. To you belongs the praise;  
 'The glorious work is yours. Had I not seiz'd,  
 'Improv'd the wish'd occasion to root out  
 'Division from the land, and save my country,  
 'I had been base, been infamous for ever.'  
 'Tis you, my Lord, to whom the many thousands,  
 That by the barbarous sword of civil war  
 Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives; 'to you  
 'The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers  
 'Down to the swain who tills her golden plains,  
 'Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours,  
 'And through late time posterity shall bless you,  
 'You who advis'd this will.'—I blush to think  
 I have to long oppos'd the best good man  
 In Sicily——' With what impartial care  
 'Ought we to watch o'er prejudice and passion,  
 'Nor trust too much the undie'd eye of party!  
 'Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,  
 'Its hot determinations, that confine

' All merit and all virtue to itself.'  
 To yours I join my hand; with you will own  
 No interest and no party but my country.  
 Nor is your friendship only my ambition:  
 There is a dearer name, the name of father,  
 By which I should rejoice to call Siffredi.  
 Your daughter's hand would to the public weal  
 Unite my private happiness.

*Sif.* My Lord,  
 You have my glad consent. To be allied  
 To your distinguish'd family and merit,  
 I shall esteem an honour. From my soul  
 I here embrace Earl Osmond as my friend  
 And son.

*Os.* You make him happy. This assent,  
 ' So frank and warm, to what I long have wish'd,  
 ' Engages all my gratitude; at once,  
 ' In the first blossom, it matures our friendship.'  
 I from this moment vow myself the friend  
 And zealous servant of Siffredi's house.

*Enter an Officer belonging to the court.*

*Off.* [*to Siffredi.*] The King, my Lord, demands your  
 speedy presence.

*Sif.* I will attend him straight—Farewel, my Lord;  
 The senate meets: there, a few moments hence,  
 I will rejoin you.

*Os.* There, my noble Lord,  
 We will complete this salutary work;  
 Will there begin a new auspicious era.

*[Exit Siffredi and Officer.]*

Siffredi gives his daughter to my wishes—  
 But does she give herself? Gay, young, and flatter'd,  
 Perhaps engag'd, will she her youthful heart  
 Yield to my harsher, uncompiling years?  
 I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,  
 By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade  
 Of love, to feed a fair-one's vanity;  
 To charn at once and spoil her. These soft arts  
 Nor suit my years nor temper; these be left  
 To boys, and doting age. A prudent father,  
 By nature charg'd to guide and rule her choice,  
 Relinquish his daughter to a husband's power,

Who

Who with superior dignity, with reason,  
And manly tenderness, will ever love her;  
Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant.

*Enter Barons.*

' My Lords, I greet you well. This wondrous day  
' Unites us all in amity and friendship;  
' We meet to-day with open hearts and looks,  
' Not gloom'd by party, scolding on each other,  
' But all the children of one happy isle,  
' The social sons of liberty. No pride,  
' No passion now, no thwarting views divide us:  
' Prince Manfred's line, at last, to William's join'd,  
' Combines us in one family of brothers.  
' This to the late good King's well-order'd will,  
' And wise Siffredi's generous care we owe.  
' I truly give you joy. First of you all,  
' I here renounce those errors and divisions  
' That have so long disturb'd our peace, and seem'd,  
' Fermenting still, to threaten new commotions——  
' By time instructed, let us not disdain  
' To quit mistakes. We all, my Lords, have err'd.  
' Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.  
' *1st Baron.* Who follows not, my Lord, the fair example  
' You set us all, whate'er be his pretence,  
' Loves not with single and unbias'd heart,  
' His country as he ought.

*2d Baron.* Oh, beauteous peace!

' Sweet union of a state! what else, but thou,  
' Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?  
' I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow  
' Of many years; yet in my breast revives  
' A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again  
' Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,  
' Ere by this wasteful fury of division,  
' Worse than our Atina's most destructive fires,  
' It desolated sunk. I see our plains  
' Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;  
' Our seas with commerce throng'd; our busy ports  
' With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;  
' Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla flow.  
' Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,  
' Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed——

C

' The

- ' The tongue of age is fond—Come, come, my sons ;
- ' I long to see this Prince, of whom the world
- ' Speaks largely well—His father was my friend,
- ' The brave, unhappy Manfred—Come, my Lords ;
- ' We tarry here too long.

*' Enter two Officers keeping off the Crowd.*

- ' *One of the Crowd.* Shew us our King,
- ' The valiant Manfred's son, who lov'd the people—
- ' We must, we will behold him—Give us way.
- ' *1st Off.* Pray, Gentlemen, give back—it must not be—
- ' Give back, I pray—on such a glad occasion,
- ' I would not ill entreat the lowest of you.

*' 2d Man of the Crowd.* Nay, give us but a glimpse of our young King.

- ' We more than any Baron of them all,
- ' Will pay him due allegiance.

- ' *1st Off.* Friends—indeed
- ' You cannot pass this way—We have strict orders,
- ' To keep for him himself, and for the Barons,
- ' All these apartments clear—Go to the gate
- ' That fronts the sea, you there will find admission.

*' All.* Long live King Tancred ! Manfred's son—huzzz !  
*' [Crowd goes off.]*

*Enter 1st Officer.*

*1st Off.* My Lord, the King is rob'd, the senate fir,  
And waits your presence. *[Exit Osmond and Barons.*  
*[Shouts within.*

*Enter 2d Officer.*

*2d Off.* I have not seen  
So wild a tumult ; the town is mad with transports ;  
Shew us our King, they cry, our Norman King,  
The valiant Manfred's son, who lov'd the people.  
In vain I told 'em, that we had strict orders  
To keep for him himself, and for the Barons,  
All these apartments clear. None could  
Appraise their form of zeal ; 'till at  
The northern gate, that fronts the sea,  
I promis'd them admittance.

*1st Off.* I do not marvel at their rage of joy :  
He is a brave and amiable Prince.  
When in my Lord Sigisdi's house I liv'd,  
Ere by his favour I obtain'd this office,

I there

I there remember well the young Count Tancred.  
 'To see him and to love him were the same;  
 He was so noble in his ways, yet still  
 So affable and mild——Well, well, old Sicily,  
 Yet happy days await thee!

*1st Off.* Grant it, Heaven!

'We have seen sad and troublesome times enough.'  
 He is they say, to wed the late King's sister,  
 Constantia.

*1st Off.* Friend, of that I greatly doubt.  
 Or I mistake, or Lord Sistrach's daughter,  
 The gentle Sigismunda, has his heart.  
 If one may judge by kindly cordial looks,  
 And fond assiduous care to please each other,  
 Most certainly they love——Oh, be they blest,  
 As they deserve! It were great pity aught  
 Should part a matchless pair; the glory be,  
 And she the blooming grace of Sicily!

*2d Off.* My Lord Rodolpho comes.

*Enter Rodolpho from the senate.*

*Rod.* My honest friends,  
 You may retire. [*Officers go out.*] A storm is in the wind.  
 This will perplexes all. No, Tancred never  
 Can stoop to these conditions, which at once  
 Attack his rights, his honour, and his love.  
 'Those wise old men, those plodding, grave, state pedants,  
 'Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,  
 'To baseness verging still, forgets to take  
 'Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,  
 'That through the cob-web system bursting, lays  
 'Their labours waste——So will this business prove,  
 'Or I mistake the King——back from the pomp  
 'He seem'd at first to shrink, and round his brow  
 'I mark'd a gath'ring cloud, when, by his side,  
 'As if design'd to share the public homage,  
 'He saw the tyrant's daughter. But confess'd,  
 'At least to me the doubling tempest frown'd,  
 'And shook his swelling bosom,' when he heard  
 Th' unjust, the base conditions of the will.  
 Uncertain, tost in cruel agitation,  
 He oft, methought, address'd himself to speak,  
 And interrupt Sistrach; who appear'd,

With conscious haste, to dread that interruption,  
 And hurry'd on——Bur hark! I hear a noise,  
 As if th' assembly rose——' Ha! Sigismunda,  
 ' Oppress'd with grief, and wrapp'd in pensive sorrow.  
 ' Passes along.

' [*Sigismunda and Attendants pass through the back scene.*]

*Enter Laura.*

*Laura.* Your high-prais'd friend, the King,  
 Is false, most vilely false. 'The meanest slave  
 Had shewn a nobler heart; 'nor grossly thus,  
 ' By the first bait ambition spread, been gull'd.'  
 He Manfred's son! away! it cannot be!  
 'The son of that brave prince could ne'er 'betray  
 ' Those rights so long usurp'd from his great father,  
 ' Which he, this day, by such amazing fortune,  
 ' Had just regain'd; he ne'er could' sacrifice  
 All faith, all honour, gratitude and love,  
 ' Even just resentment of his father's fate,  
 ' And pride itself; whate'er exalts a man  
 ' Above the groveling sons of peasant mud,'  
 All in a moment——And for what? why, truly,  
 For kind permission, gracious leave, to sit  
 On his own throne, with tyrant William's daughter!

*Rod.* I stand amaz'd——You surely wrong him, *Laura*.  
 There must be some mistake.

*Laura.* There can be none!  
 Sifredi rend his full and free consent  
 Before th' applauding senate. True indeed,  
 A small remain of shame, a timorous weakness,  
 Even dastardly in falsehood, made him bl sh  
 To act this scene in Sigismunda's eye,  
 Who sunk beneath his perfidy and baseness.  
 Hence, till to-morrow he adjourn'd the senate!  
 To-morrow, fix'd with infamy to crown him!  
 Then, leading off his gay, triumphant Princess,  
 He left the poor, unhappy Sigismunda  
 To bend her trembling steps to that sad home  
 His faithless vows will render hateful to her——  
 He comes——Farewel——I cannot bear his presence!

[*Exit Laura.*]

*Enter Tancred and Sifredi, meeting.*

*Tan.* Avoid me, heary traitor!——Go, Rodolpho,

*Gire*

Give orders that all passages this way  
 Be shut—Defend me from a hateful world,  
 'The bane of peace and honour—then return— [*Ex. Rod.*  
 'What! dost thou haunt me still? Oh, monstrous insult!  
 Unparallel'd indignity! Just Heaven!  
 Was ever King, was ever man so treated;  
 So trampled into baseness?

*Sis.* Here, my Liege,  
 Here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for mercy.  
 'Tan. Distraction!—Oh, my soul!—Hoh! reason, hold  
 'Thy giddy sense—Oh, this inhuman outrage  
 'Unhinges thought!

*Sis.* Exterminate thy dream!  
 Tan. All, all but this I could have borne—but this!  
 This daring insolence beyond example!  
 This murderous stroke, that stabs my peace for ever!  
 That wounds me there—there where the human heart  
 Most exquisitely feels—

*Sis.* Oh, bear it not,  
 My royal Lord; appease on me your vengeance!  
 Tan. Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel!  
 The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,  
 Rabb'd of each comfort Heaven bestows on mortals,  
 On the bare ground has still his virtue left,  
 The sacred treasure of an honest heart,  
 Which thou hast dar'd, with rash, audacious hand,  
 And insidious fraud, in me to violate—

*Sis.* Behold, my Lord, that rash, audacious hand,  
 Which not repents its crime—Oh, glorious, happy!  
 If by my ruin I can save your honour.

Tan. Such honour I renounce; with sovereign scorn  
 Greatly derest it, and its mean adviser!  
 Hast thou not dar'd beneath my name to shelter,  
 'My name, for other purposes deliv'd,  
 'Given from the fondness of a faithful heart,  
 'With the best love o'erflowing!—Hast thou not  
 Beneath thy sovereign's name, basely presum'd  
 To shield a lie—a lie, in public utter'd,  
 To all deluded Sicily? But know,  
 This poor contrivance is as weak as base.  
 'In such a wretched toil none can be held  
 'But fools and cowards—Soon thy flimsy arts,



' Touch'd by my just, my burning indignation,  
 ' Shall burst like threads in flame—Thy doating prudence  
 ' But more secures the purpose it would shake.  
 ' Had my resolves been wavering and doubtful,  
 ' This would confirm them, make them fix'd as fate;  
 ' This adds the only motive that was wanting  
 ' To urge them on through war and desolation.'  
 What! marry her! Constatial her! the daughter  
 Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father!  
 The very thought is madness! Ere thou seest  
 The torch of Hymen light these hated nuptials,  
 Thou shalt behold Sicilia wrapt in flames,  
 Her cities raz'd, her vallies drench'd with slaughter—  
 Love set aside, my pride assumes the quarrel;  
 My honour now is up; in spite of thee,  
 A world combin'd against me, I will give  
 This scatter'd will in fragments to the winds,  
 Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,  
 Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,  
 And heap perdition on thee!

*Sis.* Sir, 'tis just.

Exhaust on me thy rage; I claim it all.  
 But for these public threats thy passion utters,  
 'Tis what thou canst not do.

*Tan.* I cannot! ha!

' Driven to the dreadful brink of such dishonour,  
 ' Enough to make the tamest coward brave,  
 ' And into fierceness rouse the mildest nature,'  
 What shall arrest my vengeance? Who?

*Sis.* Thyself.

*Tan.* Away! Dare not to justify thy crime!  
 That, that alone can aggravate its horror,  
 Add insolence to insolence—perhaps  
 May make my rage forget—

*Sis.* Oh, let it burst

On this grey head, devoted to thy service!  
 But when the storm has vented all its fury,  
 Thou then must hear—nay more, I know thou wilt—  
 Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger voice of reason.  
 ' Thou must reflect that a whole people's safety,  
 ' The weal of trampled millions, should bear down,  
 ' Thyself the judge, the fondest partial pleasure.'

Thou

## TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

26

Thou must reflect that there are other duties,  
 ' A nobler pride, a more exalted honour,  
 ' Superior pleasures far, that will oblige,  
 ' Compel thee, to abide by this my deed,  
 ' Unwarranted perhaps in common justice,  
 ' But which necessity, ev'n a virtue's tyrant,  
 ' With awful voice commanded'——Yes, thou must,  
 In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,  
 These common passions of the vulgar breast,  
 This boiling heat of youth, and be a king,  
 The lover of thy people!

*Tan.* ' Truths, ill employ'd,  
 ' Abus'd to colour guilt!——A king! a king!  
 Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave;  
 In this will be a king; in this my people  
 Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,  
 When they behold me vindicate my own.  
 But have I, say, been treated like a king!——  
 Heavens! could I stoop to such outrageous usage,  
 I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy  
 ' To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves,  
 A soil abhor'd of virtue; should belie  
 My father's blood, belie those very maxims,  
 At other times, you taught my youth——*Suffredi!*

*(In a softened tone of voice)*

*Sif.* Behold, my Prince, thy poor old servant,  
 Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been  
 To nurse thee up to virtue; ' who, for thee,  
 ' Thy glory and thy weal, renounces all,  
 ' All interest or ambition can pour forth;  
 ' What many a selfish father would pursue  
 ' Through treachery and crimes:' behold him here,  
 Bent on his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,  
 With tears to beg thee to controul thy passion,  
 And save thyself, thy honour, and thy people!  
 Kneeling with me, behold the many thousands  
 To thy protection trusted; fathers, mothers,  
 The sacred front of venerable age,  
 The tender virgin, and the helpless infant;  
 ' The ministers of heav'n, those who maintain,  
 ' Around thy throne, the majesty of rule;  
 ' And those whole labour, woech'd by winds and sun,

• Feels

## TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

' Feeds the rejoicing public; ' see them all,  
 Here at thy feet, conjuring thee to save them  
 From misery and war, from crimes and rapine!  
 ' Can there be aught, kind Heaven, in self-indulgence  
 ' To weigh down these, this aggregate of love,  
 ' With which compar'd, the dearest private passion  
 ' Is but the wasted dust upon the balance?'  
 Turn not away——Oh, is there not some part  
 In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness,  
 And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel  
 The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice  
 Of heaven and earth?

*Tan.* There is, and thou hast touch'd it.  
 Rise, rise, Sigisfredi——Oh, thou hast undone me!  
 Unkind old man!——Oh, ill-entreated Tancred!  
 Which way so'er I turn, dishonour rears  
 Her hideous front—and misery and ruin.  
 ' Was it for this you took such care to form me?  
 ' For this imbu'd me with the quickest sense  
 ' Of shame; these finer feelings, that ne'er vex  
 ' The common mass of mortals, dully happy  
 ' In blest insensibility? Oh, rather  
 ' You should have fear'd my heart, taught me that power  
 ' And splendid interest lord it still o'er virtue?  
 ' That, glided by prosperity and pride,  
 ' There is no shame, no meanness; temper'd thus,  
 ' I had been fit to rule a venal world.  
 ' Alas! what meant thy wantonness of prudence?  
 Why have you rais'd this miserable conflict  
 Betwixt the duties of the king and man?  
 Set virtue against virtue?——Ah, Sigisfredi!  
 ' 'Tis thy superfluous, thy unfeeling wisdom,  
 ' That has involv'd me in a maze of error  
 ' Almost beyond retreat——But hold, my soul;  
 Thy steady purpose——Tost by various passions,  
 To this eternal anchor keep——There is,  
 Can be no public without private virtue——  
 Then, mark me well, observe what I command;  
 ' It is the sole expedient now remaining——  
 To-morrow, when the senate meets again,  
 Unfold the whole, unravel the deceit;  
 ' Nor that alone; try to repair its mischief;

' There

' There all thy power, thy eloquence and interest  
 ' Exert to reinstate me in my rights,  
 ' And from thy own dark snare to disembarrass me.'—  
 Start not, my Lord—This must and shall be done!  
 Or here our friendship ends—How'er disguis'd,  
 Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

*Sif.* I should indeed deserve the name of traitor,  
 And even a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,  
 From principles so weak, done what I did,  
 As e'er to disavow it——

*Tan.* Ha!

*Sif.* My Liege,  
 Expect not this——Though practis'd long in courts,  
 I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,  
 'To veer obedient with each gust of passion.  
 I honour thee, I venerate thy orders,  
 But honour more my duty. No light on earth  
 Shall ever shake me from that solid rock,  
 Nor smiles, nor frowns.——

*Tan.* You will not then?

*Sif.* I cannot.

*Tan.* Away! begone!——Oh, my Rodolpho, come,  
 And save me from this traitor!—Hence, I say.

' Avoid my violence strait! and know, old man,  
 ' Thou, my friend, beneath the mask of friendship,  
 ' Who, not content to trample in the dust  
 ' My dearest rights, dost with cool insolence  
 ' Persist, and call it duty; hadst thou not  
 ' A daughter that protects thee, thou shouldst feel  
 ' The vengeance thou deservest.'——No reply!

Away!

[*Exit Siffredi.*]

*Enter Rodolpho.*

*Rod.* What can incense my Prince so highly  
 Against his friend Siffredi!

*Tan.* Friend! Rodolpho?

When I have told thee what this friend has done,  
 How play'd me like a boy, a base-born wretch,  
 Who had nor heart nor spirit, thou wilt stand  
 Amaz'd, and wonder at my stupid patience.

*Rod.* I heard, with mix'd astonishment and grief,  
 'The King's unjust, dishonourable will,  
 ' Void in itself—I saw you stung with rage,

' And

- ' And writhing in the snare; just as I went,  
 ' At your command, to wait you here—but that  
 ' Was the King's deed, not his.  
 ' *Tan.* Oh, he advis'd it!  
 ' These many years he has in secret hatch'd  
 ' This black contrivance, glories in the scheme,  
 ' And proudly plumes him with his traitorous virtue.  
 ' But that was nought, Rodolpho, nothing, nothing!  
 ' Oh, that was gentle, blameless to what follow'd!  
 ' I had, my friend, to Sigismunda given,  
 ' To hush her fears, in the full guile of fondness,  
 ' A blank, sign'd with my hand—and he, Oh, heavens!  
 ' Was ever such a wild attempt!—he wrote  
 ' Beneath my name an absolute compliance  
 ' To this detested will; nay, dar'd to read it  
 ' Before myself, on my insulted throne  
 ' His idle pageant plac'd—Oh words are weak  
 ' To paint the pangs, the rage, the indignation,  
 ' That whil'd from thought to thought my soul in tempest,  
 ' Now on the point to burst, and now by shame  
 ' Repress'd—But in the face of Sicily,  
 ' All mad with acclamation, what, Rodolpho,  
 ' What could I do? The sole relief that rose  
 ' To my distracted mind, was to adjourn  
 ' Th' assembly till to-morrow—But to-morrow  
 ' What can be done?—Oh, it avails not what!  
 ' I care not what is done—My only care  
 ' Is how to clear my faith to Sigismunda.  
 ' She thinks me false! She cast a look that kill'd me!  
 ' Oh! I am base in Sigismunda's eye!  
 ' The lowest of mankind, the most perfidious!  
 ' *Rod.* This was a strain of insolence indeed,  
 ' A daring outrage of so strange a nature  
 ' As stuns me quite——  
 ' *Tan.* Curs'd be my timid prudence,  
 ' That dash'd not back, that moment in his face,  
 ' The bold presumptuous lie!—and curs'd this hand,  
 ' That from a start of poor dissimulation,  
 ' Led off my Sigismunda's hated rival,  
 ' Ah, then! what, poison'd by the false appearance,  
 ' What Sigismunda, were thy thoughts of me?  
 ' How, in the silent bitterness of soul,

• How

' How didst thou scorn me! hate mankind, thyself,  
 ' For trusting to the vows of faithless Tancred?  
 ' For such I seem'd—I was—the thought distracts me!  
 ' I should have cast a flattering world aside,  
 ' Rush'd from my throne, before thou all avow'd her,  
 ' The choice, the glory of my free-born heart,  
 ' And spurn'd the shameful fetters thrown upon it—  
 ' Instead of that—confusion!—what I did  
 ' Has clinch'd the chain, confirm'd Sistrach's crime,  
 ' And fix'd me down to infamy!

*Red. My Lord,*

' Blame not the conduct which your situation  
 ' Tore from your tortur'd heart—What could you do?  
 ' Had you, so circumstanc'd, in open senate,  
 ' Before th' astonish'd public, with no friends  
 ' Prepar'd, no party form'd, affronted thus,  
 ' The haughty Princess and her powerful faction,  
 ' Supported by this will, the sudden stroke,  
 ' Abrupt and premature, might have recoill'd  
 ' Upon yourself, even your own friends revolted,  
 ' And turn'd at once the public voice against you.  
 ' Besides, consider, had you then detected  
 ' In its fresh guilt the action of Sistrach,  
 ' You must—tho' your vengeance have chastis'd  
 ' The treasonable deed—Nothing so mean  
 ' As weak insulted power that dares not punish.  
 ' And how would that have suited with your love:  
 ' His daughter present too? Trust me, your conduct,  
 ' Howe'er abhorrent to a heart like yours,  
 ' Was fortunate and wise—Not that I mean  
 ' E'er to advise submission——

*Tan. Heavens! submission——*

' Could I descend to bear it, even in thought,  
 ' Despise me, you, the world, and Sigismunda!  
 ' Submission!—No!—To-morrow's glorious light  
 ' Shall smite discovery on the scene of baseness.  
 ' Whatever be the risk, by heavens, to-morrow,  
 ' I will o'erturn the dirty lie-built schemes  
 ' Of these old men, and show my faithful senate,  
 ' That Manfred's son knows to assert and wear,  
 ' With undiminish'd dignity, that crown  
 ' This unexpected day has plac'd upon him.'

*But*

But this, my friend, 'these stormy gusts of pride  
 'Are foreign to my love——Till Sigismunda  
 'Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all,  
 'And can obey no settled course of reason.  
 'I see her still, I feel her powerful image,  
 'That look, where with reproach complaint was mix'd,  
 'Big with soft woe, and gentle indignation,  
 'Which seem'd at once to pity and to scorn me——  
 'Oh, let me find her! I too long have left  
 'My Sigismunda to converse with tears,  
 'A prey to thoughts that picture me a villain.  
 'But ~~oh~~ how, clogg'd with this accursed state,  
 'A tedious world, shall I now find access  
 'Her father too——Ten thousand horrors crowd  
 'Into the wild, fantastic eye of love——  
 'Who knows what he may do? Come then, my friend,  
 'And by thy sister's hand, Oh, let me steal  
 'A letter to her bosom—I no longer  
 'Can bear her absence, by the just contempt  
 'She now must brand me with, inflam'd to madness.  
 'Fly, my Rodolpho, fly! engage thy sister  
 'To aid my letter.' *This black, unbrand-of outrage,*  
*I cannot now impart——'Till Sigismunda*  
*Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all.*  
*Come, then, my friend, and by the hand——* *Laura,*  
*Oh, let me steal a letter to her bosom!*  
 And this 'very' evening  
 Secure an interview—I would not bear  
 This rack another day, not for my kingdom.  
 'Till then, deep plung'd in solitude and shades,  
 'I will not see the hated face of man.  
 'Thought drives on thought, on passions passions roll;  
 Her smiles alone can calm my raging soul.

, [Exit.]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## ACT III.

## SCENE, a Chamber.

*Sigismunda alone, sitting in a desolate posture.*

AH, tyrant Prince! an more than faithless Tancred!  
 Ungenerous and inhuman in thy falshood!  
 Hadst thou this morning, when my hopeless heart,  
 Submissive to my fortune and my duty,  
 Had so much spirit left, as to be willing  
 To give thee back thy vows, ah! hadst thou then  
 Confess'd the sad necessity thy state  
 Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle friendship,  
 Since we must part at last, our parting soften'd;  
 I should indeed—I should have been unhappy,  
 But not to this extreme—' Amidst my grief,  
 ' I had with pensive pleasure, cherish'd still  
 ' The sweet remembrance of thy former love,  
 ' Thy image still had dwelt upon my soul,  
 ' And made our guileless woes not undelightful.  
 ' But coolly thus—How couldst thou be so cruel?—  
 ' Thus to revive my hopes, to sooth my love  
 ' And call me to his arms, then sink me  
 ' In black despair—That unrelenting pride  
 ' Possess'd thy breast, that thou couldst bear unmov'd  
 ' To see me bent beneath a weight of shame?  
 ' Pang's thou canst never feel! How couldst thou drag me,  
 ' In barbarous triumph at a rival's car?  
 ' How make me witness to a sight of horror?  
 ' That hand, which, but a few short hours ago,  
 ' So wantonly abus'd my simple faith,  
 ' Before th' attesting world given to another,  
 ' Irrevocably given!—There was a time,  
 ' When the least cloud that hung upon my brow,  
 ' Perhaps imagin'd only, touch'd thy pity.  
 ' Then, brighten'd often by the ready tear,  
 ' Thy looks were softness all; then the quick heart,  
 ' In every nerve alive, forgot itself,  
 ' And for each other then we felt alone.  
 ' But now, alas! those tender days are fled;  
 ' Now thou canst see me wretched, pierc'd with anguish,



' With studied anguish of thy own creating,  
 ' Nor wet thy harden'd eye—Hold, let me think—  
 ' I wrong thee sure; thou canst not be so base,  
 ' As meanly in my misery to triumph—  
 ' What is it then!—'Tis sickliness of nature,  
 ' 'Tis sickly love extinguish'd by ambition—  
 Is there, kind Heaven, no constancy in man?  
 No steadfast truth, no generous ardour,  
 That can bear up against a selfish world?  
 No, there is none—Even Tancred is inconstant! [*Rising*]  
 Hence! let me fly this scene!—Whate'er I see,  
 These roofs, these walls, each object that surrounds me,  
 Are tainted with his vows—But whither fly?  
 The groves are worse, the soft retreat of Belmont,  
 Its deepening glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,  
 Will wound my busy memory to torture,  
 And all its shades will whisper—faithless Tancred!—  
 My father comes—How, sunk in this disorder,  
 Shall I sustain his presence?

*Enter Siffredi.*

*Sif.* Sigismunda,  
 My dearest child! I grieve to find thee thus  
 A prey to tears. ' I know the passions that  
 ' From which they flow, and therefore I excuse them,  
 ' But not their wilful obstinate resistance.  
 ' Come, rouse thee then, call up thy drooping spirit,  
 Awake to reason from this dream of love,  
 And shew the world thou art Siffredi's daughter.

*Sig.* Alas! I am unworthy of that name.

*Sif.* Thou art indeed to blame; thou hast too rashly  
 Engag'd thy heart, without a father's sanction.  
 But this I can forgive. ' The King has virtues,  
 ' That plead thy full excuse; nor was I void  
 ' Of blame, to trust thee to those dangerous virtues.  
 ' Then dread not my reproaches. Though he blames,  
 ' Thy tender father pities more than blames thee.  
 ' Thou art my daughter still; and, if thy heart  
 Will now resume its pride, assert itself,  
 And greatly rise superior to this trial,  
 I to my warmest confidence again  
 Will take thee, and esteem thee more my daughter.

*Sig.* Oh, you are gentler far than I deserve!  
 It is, it ever was, my darling pride,

To bend my soul to your supreme commands,  
Your wisest will: and though by love betray'd—  
Alas! and punish'd too—I have transgress'd  
The nicest bounds of duty, yet I feel  
A sentiment of tenderness, a source  
Of filial nature springing in my breast,  
That should it kill me, shall controul this passion,  
And make me all submission and obedience  
To you my honour'd Lord, the best of fathers.

Sig. Come to my arms, thou comfort of my age!  
Thou only joy and hope of these grey hairs!  
Come, let me take thee to a parent's heart;  
There, with the kindly aid of my advice,  
Even with the drop of these paternal tears,  
Revive and nourish this becoming spirit—  
Then thou dost promise me, my Sigismunda—  
Thy father stoops to make it his request—  
Thou wilt resign thy fond presumptuous hopes,  
And henceforth never more indulge one thought  
That in the light of love regards the King?

Sig. Hopes I have none!—Those by this fatal day  
Are blasted all—But from my soul to banish,  
While weeping memory there retains her seat,  
Though I would bid the purest bosom might have cherish'd,  
Once my delight, now even in anguish charming,  
Is more, alas! my Lord, than I can promise.

Alas! Absence, and time, the softener of our passions,  
Will conquer this. Mean-time, I hope from thee  
A generous great effort; that thou wilt now  
Exert thy utmost force, nor languish thus  
Beneath the vain extravagance of love.  
Let not thy father blush to hear it said,  
His daughter was so weak, e'er to admit  
A thought so void of reason, that a king  
Should to his rank, his honour and his glory,  
The high important duties of a throne,  
Even to his throne itself, madly prefer  
A wild romantic passion, the fond child  
Of youthful dreaming thought and vacant hours;  
That he should quit his Heaven-appointed station,  
Desert his awful charge, the care of all  
The toiling millions which this isle contains;

' Nay more, should plunge them into war and ruin  
 ' And all to sooth a sick imagination,  
 ' A miserable weakness'—*What* must for thee,  
 ' To make thee blest, Sicilia be unhappy?  
 ' The King himself, lost to the nobler sense  
 ' Of manly praise, become the piteous hero  
 ' Of some lost tale, and rush on sure destruction?  
 ' Canst thou, my daughter, let the monstrous thought  
 ' Possess one moment thy perverted fancy?  
 Rouse thee, for shame! and if a spark of virtue  
 Lies slumb'ring in thy soul, bid it blaze forth;  
 Nor sink unequal to the glorious lesson,  
 ' This day thy lover gave thee from his throne.

*Sig.* Ah, that was not from virtue!—Had, my father,  
 That been his aim, I yield to what you say;  
 'Tis powerful truth, unanswerable reason.  
 ' Then, then, with sad but dutious resignation,  
 ' I had submitted as became your daughter;  
 ' But in that moment, when my humbled hopes  
 ' Were to my duty reconcil'd, to raise them  
 ' To yet a fonder height than o'er they knew,  
 ' Then rudely dash them down—*There is the King!*  
 ' The blating view is ever present to  
 Why did you drag me to a sight so cruel?

*Sis.* It was a scene to fire thy emulation.

*Sig.* It was a scene of perfidy!—But know,  
 I will do more than imitate the King—  
 For he is false!—I, though sincerely pierc'd  
 With the best, truest passion, ever touch'd  
 A virgin's breast, here vow to Heaven and you,  
 'Tis from my heart I cannot, from my hopes  
 'To cast this Prince—What would you more, my father?

*Sis.* Yes, one thing more—thy father then is happy—  
 ' Though by the voice of innocence and virtue—  
 ' Absolv'd, we live not to ourselves alone:  
 ' A rigorous world with preemprory sway,  
 ' Subjects us all, and even the noblest mould,  
 ' This world from thee, my honour and thy own,  
 Demands one step; a step, by which, convinc'd,  
 ' The King may see thy heart disdains to wear  
 A chain which his has greatly thrown aside,  
 ' 'Tis fitting too, thy sex's pride commands thee,

' To shew th' approving world thou canst resign,  
 ' As well as he, nor with inferior spirit,  
 ' A passion fatal to the public weal.  
 But above all, thou must root out for ever  
 From the King's breast the least remain of hope,  
 And henceforth make his mentioned love dishonour.  
 These things, my daughter, that must needs be done,  
 Can but this way be done—by the safe refuge,  
 The sacred shelter of a husband's arms.  
 And there is one——

*Sig.* Good heavens! what means my Lord?

*Sis.* One of illustrious family, high rank,  
 Yet still of higher dignity and merit,  
 Who can and will protect thee; one to awe  
 The King himself—Nay, hear me, Sigismunda—  
 The noble Osmond courts thee for his bride,  
 And has my pledged word—This day——

*Sig.* [*Retiring.*] My father!

Let me with trembling arms embrace thy knees!

Oh, if you ever wish to see me happy;  
 If e'er in infant years I gave you joy,  
 When, as I prattling twirl'd around your neck,  
 You snatch'd me to your bosom, kiss'd my eyes,  
 And smiling did you saw my mother there;  
 Oh, save me from this world's severity  
 Of fate! Oh, ~~outrage~~ not my breaking heart  
 To that degree!—I cannot!—'tis impossible!——  
 So soon withdraw it, give it to another——

' Hear me, my dearest father; hear the voice  
 ' Of nature and humanity, that plead  
 ' As well as justice for me!——Not to chuse  
 ' Without your wise direction may be duty;  
 ' But still my choice is free—that is a right,  
 ' Which even the lowest slave can never lose.  
 ' And would you thus degrade me?—make me base?  
 ' For such it were to give my worthless person  
 ' Without my heart, an injury to Osmond,  
 ' The highest can be done'—Let me, my Lord—  
 Or I shall die, shall, by the sudden change,  
 Be to distraction shock'd—Let me wear out  
 My hapless days in solitude and silence,  
 Far from the malice of a prying world;

At least—you cannot sure refuse me this—  
 Give me a little time—I will do all,  
 All I can do, to please you!—‘Oh, your eye  
 ‘Sheds a kind beam——’

*Sig.* My daughter! you abuse  
 The softness of my nature—

*Sig.* Here, my father,  
 Till you relent, here will I grow for ever!

*Sig.* Rite, Sigismunda—Though you touch my heart,  
 Nothing can shake th’ inexorable dictates  
 Of honour, duty, and determin’d reason.  
 Then by the holy ties of filial love,  
 Resolve, I charge thee, to receive Earl Osmond,  
 As suits the man who is thy father’s choice,  
 And worthy of thy hand—I go to bring him—

*Sig.* Spare me, my dearest father!

*Sig.* [*Aside.*] I must rush  
 From her soft grasp, or nature will betray me!  
 ‘Oh, grant us, Heaven! that fortitude of mind,  
 ‘Which listens to our duty, not our passions’—  
 Quit me, my child!

*Sig.* You cannot, Oh, my father!  
 You cannot leave me thus!

*Sig.* Come hither, Laura,  
 Come to thy friend. Now shew thyself a friend.  
 Combat her weakness; dissipate her tears;  
 Cherish, and reconcile her to her duty. [*Exit Sigfredi.*]

*Enter Laura.*

*Sig.* Oh, woe on woe! distress’d by love and duty!  
 Oh, every way unhappy Sigismunda!

*Laura.* Forgive me, Madam, if I blame your grief.  
 How can you waste your tears on one so false?  
 Unworthy of your tenderness; to whom  
 Nought but contempt is due and indignation?

*Sig.* You know not half the horrors of my fate!  
 I might perhaps have learn’d to scorn his falshood;  
 Nay, when the first sad burst of tears was past,  
 I might have rous’d my pride and scorn’d himself—  
 But ’tis too much, this greatest last misfortune—  
 Oh, whither shall I fly? Where hide me, Laura,  
 From the dire scene my father now prepares?

*Laura.* What thus alarms you, Madam?

*Sig.*

*Sig.* Can it be?

Can I——ah, no!——at once give to another  
My violated heart? in one wild moment?  
He brings Earl Osmond to receive my vows.  
Oh, dreadful change! for Tancred, haughty Osmond.

*Laura.* Now, on my soul, 'tis what an outrag'd heart  
Like yours, should wish!——I should, by heavens,  
esteem it

Most exquisite revenge!

*Sig.* Revenge! on whom?

On my own heart, already but too wretched!

*Laura.* On him! this Tancred! who has basely sold,  
For the dull form of despicable grandeur,  
His faith, his love!——At once a slave and tyrant!

*Sig.* Oh, rail at me, at my believing folly,  
My vain ill-founded hopes, but spare him, *Laura*.

*Laura.* Who rais'd these hopes? who triumphs o'er  
that weakness?

Pardon the word——You greatly merit him;  
Better than him, with all his giddy pomp;  
You rais'd him by your smiles when he was nothing.  
Where is your woman's pride, that guardian spirit  
Given us to dash the perfidy of man?

You cannot bear the thought with patience——

' Yet recent from the most unsparing vows

' The tongue of love e'er lavish'd; from your hopes

' So vainly, idly, cruelly deluded;

Before the public thus, before your father,

By an irrevocable solemn deed,

With such inhuman scorn, to throw you from him;

To give his faithless hand yet warm from thine,

With complicated meanness, to Constantia.

And, to complete his crime, when thy weak limbs

Could scarce support thee, then, of thee regardless,

To lead her on.

*Sig.* That was indeed a fight

To poison love; to turn it into rage

And keen contempt——What means this stupid weakness

That hangs upon me? Hence, unworthy tears

Disgrace my cheek no more! No more, my heart,

For one so cholly false or meanly sickle——

' Oh, it imports not which'——dure to su, get

The

The least excuse!— Yes, traitor, I will wring  
 Thy pride, will turn thy triumph to confusion!  
 'I will not pine away my days for thee,  
 'Sighing to brooks and groves; while, with vain pity,  
 'You in a rival's arms lament my fate——  
 'No, let me perish! ere I tamely be  
 'That soft, that patient, gentle Sigismunda,  
 'Who can console her with the wretched boast,  
 'She was for thee unhappy!——If I am,  
 'I will be nobly so!——Sicilia's daughters  
 Shall wondering see in me a great example  
 Of one who punish'd an ill-judging heart,  
 Who made it bow to what it most abhorr'd!  
 Crush'd it to misery! for having thus  
 So lightly listen'd to a worthless lover!

*Laura.* At last it mounts, the kindling pride of virtue;  
 Trust me, thy marriage will embitter his——

*Sig.* Oh, may the furies light his nuptial torch!  
 Be it accurs'd as mine! for the fair peace,  
 The tender joys of hymeneal love,  
 May jealousy awak'd, and fell remorse,  
 Pour all their fiercest venom through his breast!——  
 Where the fates lead, and blind revenge, I follow.——  
 Let me not think—By injur'd love! I vow,  
 Thou shalt, base Prince! perfidious and inhuman!  
 Thou shalt behold me in another's arms;  
 In his thou hatest! Osmond's!

*Laura.* 'That will grind  
 'His heart with secret rage;' Ay, that will sting  
 His soul to madness; 'set him up a terror,  
 'A spectacle of woe to faithless lovers!'——  
 Your cooler thought, besides, will of the change  
 Approve, and think it happy. Noble Osmond  
 'From the same stock with him derives his birth,  
 'First of Sicilian barons, prudent, brave,  
 'Of strictest honour, and by all rever'd——'

*Sig.* Talk not of Osmond, but perfidious Tancrod!  
 Rail at him, rail! invent new names of scorn!  
 Assist me, Laura; lend my rage fresh fuel;  
 Support my staggering purpose, which already  
 Begins to fail me—Ah, my wounds how vain!  
 How have I ly'd to my own heart!—Alas,

My

My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me!  
 'Ten thousand crowding images distract  
 ' My tortur'd thought—And is it come to this?  
 ' Our hopes, our vows, our oft repeated wishes,  
 ' Breath'd from the fervent soul, and full of heaven,  
 ' To make each other happy—come to this!

*Lara.* If thy own peace and honour cannot keep  
 Thy resolution fix'd, yet, Sigismunda,  
 Oh, think, how deeply, how beyond retreat,  
 Thy father is engag'd.

*Sig.* Ah, wretched weakness!  
 That thus entrails my soul, ' that chafes thence  
 ' Each nobler thought, the sense of every duty!  
 And have I then, no tears for thee, my father?  
 Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,  
 Thy tenderness for me? ' an eye still beam'd  
 ' With love; a brow that never knew a frown;  
 ' Nor a harsh word thy tongue?' Shall I for these  
 Reply thy slooping venerable age  
 With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?  
 It must not be!—Thou art of angels! come,  
 Sweet filial piety, and firm my breast!  
 Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,  
 Be nobly wretched—but her father happy!—  
*Lara!*—they come!—Oh, heavens, I cannot stand  
 The horrid trial!—Open, open earth!  
 And hide me from their view.

*Lara.* Madam.

*Rector Siffredi and Osmund.*

*Sif.* My daughter,  
 Behold my noble friend who courts thy hand,  
 And whom to call my son I shall be proud;  
 ' Nor shall I let be pleas'd in his alliance,  
 ' To see thee happy.'

*Osm.* Think not, I presume,  
 Madam, on this your father's kind consent,  
 To make me blest. I love you from a heart,  
 That seeks your good superior to my own;  
 And will by every art of tender friendship,  
 Consult your dearest welfare. May I hope,  
 Yours does not disavow your father's choice?



*Sig.* I am a daughter, Sir—and have no power  
O'er my own heart—I die—Support me, Laura. [*Faints.*]

*Sis.* Help—Bear her off—She breathes—my daughter!

*Sig.* Oh,

Forgive my weakness—soft—my Laura, lead me—  
To my apartment. [*Exeunt Sigismunda and Laura.*]

*Sis.* Pardon me, my Lord,  
If by this sudden accident alarm'd,  
I leave you for a moment,

[*Exit Siffredi.*]

*Osma.* Let me think—

What can this mean?—Is it to me aversion?

Or is it, as I fear'd, she loves another?

Ha!—yes—perhaps the King, the young Count Tancréd;

They were bred up together—Surely this,

That cannot be—Has he not given his hand,

In the most solemn manner, to Constantia?

Does not his crown depend upon the deed?

'No—If they lov'd, and this old statesman knew it,

'He could not to a king prefer a subject.

'His virtues I esteem—nay more, I trust them—

'So far as virtue goes—but could he place

'His daughter on the throne of Sicily—

'Oh, 'tis a glorious bribe, too much for man!

What is it then?—I care not what it be.

'My honour now, my dignity demands,

'That my propos'd alliance, by her father,

'And even herself accepted, be not scorn'd.

'I love her too—I never knew till now

'To what a pitch I love her. Oh, she shou

'Ten thousand charms into my inmost soul!

'She look'd so mild, so amiably gentle,

'She bow'd her head, she glow'd with such confusion,

'Such loveliness of modesty! She is,

'In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,

'The perfect model of all female beauty!

She must be mine—She is!—If yet her heart

Consents not to my happiness, her duty,

Join'd to my tender care, will gain so much

Upon her generous nature—That will follow.

The man of sense, who acts a prudent part,

Not flatter'g steals, but forms himself the heart. [*Exit.*]

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

## ACT IV.

SCENE, the Garden belonging to Sigisfred's House.

*Enter Sigismunda and Laura.*

SIGISMUNDA, with a letter in her hand.

'TIS done!—I am a slave!—The fatal vow  
Has pass'd my lips!—Methought in those sad  
moments,

The tombs around, the saints, the darken'd altar,  
And all the trembling shrines with horror dumb.  
But here is still new matter of distress.

Oh, Tancred, cease to persecute me more!

Oh, grudge me not some calmer state of woe;

Some quiet gloom to shade my hopeless days,

Where I may never hear of love and thee!—

Hus Laura too, conspir'd against my peace?

Why did you take this letter?—Bear it back!—

I will not court new pain.

*[Giving her the letter.*

*Laura.* Madam, Rodolpho

Urg'd me so much, nay, even with tears conjur'd me,

But this once more to serve th' unhappy King—

For such he sad he was—that though eury'd,

Equal with thee, at his unmanly faithhood,

I could not to my brother's fervent prayers

Refuse this office—Read it—His excuses

Will only more expose his falsehood.

*Sig.* No:

It suits not Osmond's wife to read one line

From that contagious hand—the knows too well!

*Laura.* He paints him out distress'd beyond expression

Even on the point of madness. Wild as winds,

And fighting fear, he shows His passions war,

With senseless rage, all in each giddy moment.

He dies to see you, and to clear his faith.

*Sig.* Save me from that!—That would be worse than all!

*Laura.* I but report my brother's words; who then

Began to talk of some dark impulsion,

That had deceiv'd us all; when interrupted,

We heard your father and Earl Osmond near,

As summon'd to Constantia's court they went.

*Sig.*

*Sig.* Ha! imposition?—Well, if I am doom'd  
 To be, o'er all my sex, the wretch of love.  
 In vain I would resist—Give me the letter—  
 'To know the worst is some relief—Alas,  
 It was not thus, with such dire palpitations,  
 That, Tancred, once I us'd to read thy letters.

[*Attempting to read the letter, but gives it to Laura.*  
*Ah, fond remembrance blinds me!—Read it, Laura.*

*Laura.* [*Reads.*] “Deliver me, Sigismunda, from that  
 most exquisite misery which a faithful heart can suffer—  
 To be thought base by her, from whose esteem even virtue  
 borrows new charms. When I submitted to my cruel si-  
 tuation, it was not falsehood you beheld, but an excess of  
 love. Rather than endanger that, I for a while gave up  
 my honour. Every moment till I see you stabs me with  
 severer pangs than real guilt itself can feel. Let me then  
 conjure you to meet me in the garden, towards the close  
 of the day, when I will explain this mystery. We have  
 been most inhumanly abused; and that by the means of the  
 very paper which I gave you, from the warmest sincerity  
 of love, to assure to you the heart and hand of

TANCRED.”

*Sig.* There, Laura, there, the dreadful secret sprung!  
 That paper! ah, that paper! it suggests  
 A thousand horrid thoughts—I to my father  
 Gave it; and he perhaps—I dare not cast  
 A look that way—If yet indeed you love me,  
 Oh, blast me not, kind Tancred, with the truth!  
 Oh, pitying keep me ignorant for ever.  
 What strange peculiar misery is mine?  
 Reduc'd to wish the man I love were false!  
 • Why was I hurry'd to a step so rash?  
 • Repairless woe!—I might have waited, sure,  
 • A few short hours—No duty that forbade—  
 • I lov'd thy love that justice; till this day  
 • Thy love an image of all-perfect goodness!  
 • A beam from heav'n that glow'd with every virtue.  
 • And have I thrown this prize of life away?  
 • The pitious wreck of one distracted moment?  
 • Ah, the cold prudence of remorseless age!  
 • Ah, parents, traitors to your children's bliss!

• Ah,

• Ah, curs'd, ah, blind revenge!—On every hand  
 • I was betray'd—You, Laura, too, betray'd me!  
 • *Laura.* Who, who but he, whate'er he writes, be-  
 tray'd you?

• Or false or pusillanimous. For once,  
 • I will with you suppose, that his agreement  
 • To the King's will was forg'd—Though forg'd by whom?  
 • Your father scorns the crime—Yet what avails it?  
 • This, it it clears his truth, condemns his spirit.  
 • A youthful king, by love and honour fir'd,  
 • Patient to sit on his insulted throne,  
 • And let an outrage, of so high a nature,  
 • Unpunish'd pass, unchecked, uncontradicted—  
 • Oh, 'tis a meanness equal even to falsehood.

• *Sig.* Laura, no more—We have already judg'd  
 • Too largely without knowledge. O! what seems  
 • A trifle, a trifle nothing, by itself,  
 • In some nice situations turns the scale  
 • Of fate, and rules the most important actions.  
 • Yes, I begin to feel a sad premonition!  
 • I am undone, from that eternal source  
 • Of human woes—the judgment of the passions.  
 • But what have I to do with these excuses?  
 • Oh, cease, my treacherous heart, to give them room!  
 • It suits not thee to plead a lover's cause;  
 • Even to lament my fate is now dishonour.  
 • Nought now remains, but with relentless purpose,  
 • To shun all interviews, all clearing up  
 • Of this dark scene; to wrap myself in gloom,  
 • In solitude and shades; there to devour  
 • The silent sorrows ever swelling here;  
 • And since I must be wretched—for I must—  
 • To claim the mighty misery myself,  
 • Engross it all, and spare a hapless father.  
 • Hence, let me fly!—The hour approaches—

*Laura.* Alas!

• He will be home—the King—

• He will be home!—How escape?

• He will still stay—This one last meeting—Leave me.

(Exit Laura.)

*Enter Tancred.*

*Tan.* And are these long, long hours of torture past?  
My life! my Sigismunda!

*[Throwing himself at her feet.*

*Sig.* Rise, my Lord.

To see my sovereign thus no more becomes me.

*Tan.* Oh, let me kiss the ground on which you tread!

Let me exhale my soul in some transport!

Since I again behold my Sigismunda!

*[Rising.*

Unkind! how couldst thou ever deem me false?

How thus dishonour love?—‘Oh, I could much

‘Embitter my complaint!—how low were then

‘Thy thoughts of me? How didst thou then affront

‘The human heart itself?’ After the vows,

The fervent truth, the tender protestations,

Which mine has often pour’d, to let thy breast,

Whate’er th’ appearance was, admit suspicion?

*Sig.* How! when I heard myself your full consent

To the late King’s so just and prudent will?

Heard it before you read, in solemn senate?

When I beheld you give your royal hand,

To her, whose birth and dignity of right

Demands that high alliance? Yes, my Lord,

You have done well. The man whom Heaven appoints

To govern others, should himself first learn

To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

In all, you have done well; but when you bid

My humbled hopes look up to you again,

And sooth’d with wanton cruelty my weakness—

That too was well—My vanity deserv’d

The sharp rebuke, ‘whose fault I stray

‘Could ever dream to balance your

‘Your glory, and the welfare of a people.

*Tan.* Chide on, chide on. Thy reproach

Instead of wounding, only sooths my soul.

No, no, thou charming consort of my soul,

I never lov’d thee with such faithful ardour,

As in that cruel miserable moment

You thought me false; ‘when even my heart

‘To wear for thee a baffled face of baleness.’

It was thy barbarous father, Sigismunda,

Who caught me in the toll. He turn’d that paper,

*Meant*

Meant for th' assuring bond of nuptial love,  
To ruin it for ever; he, he wrote  
That forg'd consent, you heard, beneath my name.  
'Nay, dar'd before my outrag'd throne to read it!"  
Had he not been thy father——Ha! my love!  
You tremble, you grow pale!

*Sig.* Oh, leave me Tancred!

*Tan.* No!—Leave thee?—Never! never till you set  
My heart at peace, till these dear lips again  
Pronounce thee mine! Without thee, I renounce  
Myself, my friends, the world!—Here on this hand——

*Sig.* My Lord, forget that hand, which never now  
Can be to thine united——

*Tan.* Sigismunda!

What dost thou mean?—Thy words, thy look, thy manner,  
Seem to conceal some horrid secret—Heavens!——  
No—that was wild—Distracted fires the thought!——

*Sig.* Inquire no more——I never can be thine.

*Tan.* What, who shall interpose? Who dares attempt  
To brave the fury of an injur'd king,  
Who, ere he sees thee rav'g'd from his hopes,  
Will wrap all blazing Sicily in flames?——

*Sig.* In vain your power, my Lord——'Tis fatal error,  
Join'd to my father's unrelenting will,  
Has plac'd an everlasting bar betwixt us——  
I am——Earl Osmond's——wife.

*Tan.* Earl Osmond's wife!——

[After a long pause, during which they look at one another  
with the highest agitation, and most tender distress.

Heavens! did I hear thee right? What! marry'd? marry'd!

I T——? lost for ever!

From me to such matchless woe,

Thou'st bearing me?—Distracted!——

What hast thou done? Ah, Sigismunda!

Julia has done a deed,

No happiest lovers that e'er felt

Power, has made two finish'd wretches!

—Sure, thou know'st it cannot be!

—Mine! a thousand thousand vows——

*Enter Osmond.*

[Catching her hand from the King.] Madam, this  
hand, by the most solemn rites,

E

A little

## TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

A little hour ago, was given to me,  
And did not sovereign honour now command me,  
Never but with my life to quit my claim,  
I would renounce it——thus!

*Tan.* Ha, who art thou?  
Presumptuous man!

*Sig.* [*Aloud.*] Where is my father? Heavens! [*Goes out.*]

*Os.* One thou shouldst better know—Yes—view me, one  
Who can and will maintain his rights and honour,  
A small a faithless Prince, an upstart King,  
Whose first base deed is what a harden'd tyrant  
Would blush to act.

*Tan.* Insolent Osmond! know,  
This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,  
And all who shall invade his sacred rights,  
Prior to thine—thine, founded on compulsion,  
On infamous deceit, ' while his proceed  
' From mutual love, and free long-plighted faith.  
' She is, and shall be mine!'—I will annul,  
By the high power with which the laws invest me,  
' Those guilty forms in which you have entrap'd,  
' Basely entrap'd, to thy detested nuptials,'  
My queen betroth'd, who has my heart, my hand,  
And shall partake my throne—If, haughty Lord,  
If this thou didst not know, then know it now;  
And know, besides, as I have told thee this,  
Shouldst thou but think to urge thy treason further——  
' Than treason more! treason against my love!'—  
Thy life shall answer for it.

*Os.* Ha! my life!——

It moves my scorn to hear thy empty threats.  
When was it that a Norman baron's life  
Became so vile, as on the frown of kings  
To hang?—Of that, my Lord, the law must judge  
Or if the law be weak, my guardian sword——

*Tan.* Dare not to touch it, traitor, least my  
Break loose, and do a deed that misbecomes me.

*Enter Sigfred.*

*Sig.* My gracious Lord, what is it I behold  
My sovereign in contention with his subject?  
Surely this house deserves from royal Tancred  
A little more regard, than to be made

A scene

A scene of trouble, and unseemly jara.  
 ' It grieves my soul, it baffles every hope,  
 ' It makes me sick of life, to see thy glory  
 ' Thus blasted in the bud.'—Heavens! can your Highness  
 From your exalted character descend,  
 ' The dignity of virtue; and, instead  
 ' Of being the protector of our rights,  
 ' The holy guardian of domestic bliss,  
 Unkindly thus disturb the sweet repose,  
 The secret peace of families, for which  
 Alone the free-born race of man to laws  
 And government submitted?

*Tan.* My Lord Siffredi,  
 Spare thy rebuke. The duties of my station  
 Are not to me unknown. But thou, old man,  
 Dost thou not blush to talk of rights invaded;  
 And of our best our dearest bliss, disturb'd?  
 Thou, who with more than barbarous perfidy  
 Hast trampled all allegiance, justice, truth,  
 Humanity itself beneath thy feet?  
 Thou know'st thou hast—could, to thy confusion,  
 Return thy hard reproaches; but I spare thee  
 Before this Lord, for whose ill-sorted friendship  
 Thou hast most basely sacrificed thy daughter.  
 Farewell, my Lord.—For thee, Lord Countable,  
 Who dost presume to lift thy surly eye  
 To my soft love, my gentle Sigismunda,  
 I once again command thee on thy life—  
 Yes—chew thy rage—but mark me—on thy life,  
 No further urge thy arrogant pretensions! [*Ex. Tan.*]

*Osor.* Ha! Arrogant pretensions! Heaven and earth!  
 ' Arrogant pretensions to my wife?  
 ' Added wife! Where are we? in a land  
 ' Of laws, of liberty and laws?—  
 ' Shall we, my life, pursue them?—Giddy Prince!  
 ' He claims thy god. It is the gift  
 ' Of heaven, who gave me too an arm,  
 ' Shall defend it against tyrants.  
 ' In my own race, the sons of mighty Rollo,  
 ' Is rushing in a tempest from the north,  
 ' A host of generous freemen, bravely won  
 ' With their own swords their seats, and will possess them



' By the same noble tenure, are not us'd  
 ' To hear such language——If I now desist,  
 ' Then brand me for a coward! deem me villain!  
 ' A traitor to the public! By this conduct.  
 ' Deceiv'd, betray'd, insulted, tyranniz'd.  
 Mine is a common cause. My arm shall guard,  
 Mix'd with my own, the rights of each Sicilian,  
 ' Or social life, and of mankind in general.  
 Ere to thy tyrant rage they fall a prey,  
 I shall find means to shake thy tottering throne,  
 ' Which this illegal this perfidious usage  
 ' Forfeits at once,' and crush thee in the ruins!——  
 Constantia is my Queen!

*Sis.* Lord Constable,

Let us be steadfast in the right; but let us  
 Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,  
 As well as manly firmness. ' True, I own,  
 ' Th' indignities you suffer are so high,  
 ' As might even justify what now you threaten.  
 ' But if, my Lord, we can prevent the woes,  
 ' The cruel horrors of intestine war,  
 ' Yet hold untouch'd our liberties and laws;  
 ' Oh, let us, rais'd above the turbid sphere  
 ' Of little selfish passions, nobly do it!  
 ' Nor to our hot, intemperate pride, pour out  
 ' A dire libation of Sicilian blood.  
 ' 'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,  
 ' When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,  
 ' And execute her will from a strong sense  
 ' Of what is right, without the vulgar aid  
 ' Of heat and passion, which, though  
 ' Often too far.' Remember that my  
 Protests my daughter still; and ere I  
 Thus ravish'd from us, by the arm of  
 This hand should act the Roman fate  
 Fear not; be temperate; all will yet  
 I know the King. ' At first his pass  
 ' Quick as the lightning's flash; but  
 ' Honour and justice dwell'——True  
 He will return.

*Ofm.* He will——By heavens, he shall!——  
 You know the King—I wish, my Lord Siffredi,

That

That you had deign'd to tell me all you knew——  
 And would you have me wait, with dutious patience,  
 Till he return to reason? Ye just powers!  
 When he has planted on our necks his foot,  
 And trod us into slaves: when his vain pride  
 Is cloy'd with our submission; 'if, at last,  
 'He find his arm too weak to shake the frame  
 'Of wide-establish'd order out of joint,  
 'And overturn all justice; then, perchance,  
 'He, in a fit of sickly kind repentance,  
 'May make a merit to return to reason.'  
 No, no, my Lord! there is a nobler way,  
 To teach the blind oppressive Fury reason:  
 Oft has the lustre of avenging steel  
 Unseal'd her stupid eyes—The sword is reason!

*Enter Rodolpho with Guards.*

*Red.* My Lord High Constable of Sicily,  
 In the King's name, and by his special order,  
 I here arrest you prisoner of state.

*Osui.* What King? I know no King of Sicily,  
 Unless he be the husband of Constantia.

*Red.* Then know him now——behold his royal orders  
 To bear you to the castle of Palermo.

*Sig.* Let the big torrent foam its madness off.  
 Submit, my Lord—No castle long can hold  
 Our wrongs—This, more than friendship or alliance,  
 Confirms me thine; this binds me to thy fortunes,  
 By the strong tie of common injury,  
 Which nothing can dissolve—I grieve, Rodolpho,  
 To see the reign in such unhappy sort

*12*

the reign! the usurpation call it!  
 or King may blaze a while, but soon  
 his life terror—Sir, lead on—  
 my Lord—more than my life and fortune,  
 well, is in your hands—my honour!  
 honour is the same. My son, farewell—  
 not long be parted. On these eyes  
 not shed his balm, till I behold thee  
 d to freedom, or partake thy bonds.  
 noble courage is not void of blame,  
 Till nobler patience sanctifies its flame.

*[Exeunt.]*

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

## ACT V.

SCENE, a Chamber.

SIGFREDI *alone.*

THE prospect lowers around, I found the King,  
 Though calm'd a little, with subsiding tempest,  
 As suits his generous nature, yet in love  
 Abated nought, most ardent in his purpose;  
 Inexorably fix'd, whate'er the risk,  
 To claim my daughter, and dissolve this marriage——  
 I have embark'd, upon a perilous sea,  
 A mighty treasure. Here the rapid youth,  
 Th' impetuous passions of a lover-king,  
 Check my bold purpose, and there, the jealous pride,  
 Th' impatient honour of a haughty Lord,  
 Of the first rank, in interest and dependance  
 Near equal to the King, forbid retreat.  
 My honour too, the same unchang'd conviction,  
 That these my measures were, and still remain,  
 Of absolute necessity to save  
 The land from civil fury, urge me on.  
 But how proceed?——I only faster rush,  
 Upon the desperate evils I would shun.  
 Whate'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,  
 And harsh unnatural force are not the means  
 Of public welfare, or of private bliss——  
 Bear witness, Heaven! thou mind-inspecting eye!  
 My breast is pure. I have prefer'd my duty,  
 The good and safety of my fellow-subjects,  
 To all those views that fire the selfish race  
 Of mortal men, and mix them in eternal troth.

*Enter an Officer belonging to Sigfred.*

*Off.* My Lord, a man of noble port, his face  
 Wrapp'd in disguise, is earnest for admission.

*Sig.* Go, bid him enter——

Ha! wrapp'd in disguise!

And at this late unreasonable hour!

When o'er the world tremendous midnight reigns  
 By the dire gloom of raging tempest doubt'd——

*What can it be?*

*Enter*

*Enter Ofmond, discovers himself.*

Sig. 'What! ha! Earl Ofmond, you?—Welcome, once more,

To this glad roof!—But why in this disguise?  
Would I could hope the King exceeds his promise!  
I have his faith, soon as to-morrow's sun  
Shall gild Sicilia's cliffs, you shall be free.—  
Has some good angel turn'd his heart to justice?

Ofm. It is not by the favour of Count Tancred  
That I am here. As much I scorn his favour,  
As I defy his tyranny and threats—  
Our friend Godfredo, who commands the castle,  
On my parole, ere dawn to render back  
My person, has permitted me this freedom.  
Know then; the faithless outrage of to-day,  
By him committed whom you call the King,  
Has rous'd Constantia's court. Our friends, the friends  
Of virtue, justice, and of public faith,  
Ripe for revolt, are in high ferment all.

'This, this, they say, exceeds whate'er deform'd

'The miserable days we sit beneath

'William the Bad. This saps the solid base,

'At once, of government and private life:

'This shameless imposition on the faith,

'The majesty of senates, this lewd insult,

'This violation of the rights of men,

'Added to these, his ignominious treatment

'Of her, th' illustrious offspring of our kings,

'Sicilia's hope, and now our royal mistress.

'You know, my Lord, how grossly these infringe

'The King's will, which orders, if Count Tancred

'Constantia partner of his throne,

'Quite excluded the succession,

'Henry given, kin of the Romans,

'emperor Barbarossa's son,

'with earnest instance her alliance.'

'You, as guardian of the laws,

'if this will, to you intrusted,

'fore, demand your instant aid,

'in vigorous execution.

'You cannot doubt, my Lord, of my concurrence.

Who, more than I, have labour'd this great point?

'Tis

'Tis my own plan ; and if I drop it now,  
 I should be justly branded with the shame  
 Of rash advice, or despicable weakness.  
 But let us not precipitate the matter.  
 Constantia's friends are numerous and strong ;  
 Yet Tancred's, trust me, are of equal force :  
 E'er since the secret of his birth was known,  
 The people all are in a tumult hurl'd,  
 Of boundless joy, ' to hear there lives a prince  
 ' Of mighty Guiscard's line. Numbers, besides,  
 ' Of powerful barons, who at heart had pin'd,  
 ' To see the reign of their renown'd forefathers,  
 ' Won by immortal deeds of matchless valour,  
 ' Pass from the gallant Normans to the Suevi,  
 ' Will with a kind of rage espouse his cause——  
 ' 'Tis so, my Lord——be not by passion blinded——  
 ' 'Tis surely so'——Oh, if our prating virtue  
 Dwells not in words alone——Oh, let us join,  
 My generous Osmond, to avert these woes,  
 And yet sustain our tottering Norman kingdom!

*Os.* But how, Siffredi, how——If by soft means  
 We can maintain our rights, and save our country,  
 May his unnatural blood first stain the sword,  
 Who with unpying fury first shall draw it!

*Sf.* I have a thought——The glorious work be thine.  
 ' But it requires an awful sight of virtue,  
 ' Above the passions of the vulgar breast,  
 ' And thence from thee I hope it, noble Osmond'——  
 Suppose my daughter, to her God devoted,  
 Wore plac'd within some convent's sacred verge,  
 Beneath the dread protection of the altar——

*Os.* Ere then, by heavens! I would 'dare  
 ' My holy scalp,' turn whining monk myself,  
 And pray incessant for the tyrant's safety:——  
 What! How! because an insolent invader,  
 A sacrilegious tyrant, ' in contempt  
 ' Of all those noblest rights, which to maintain  
 ' Is man's peculiar pride,' demands my wife;  
 ' That I shall thus betray the common cause  
 ' Of human kind.'

*It is! Shall I tamely yield her up.*

Even in the manner you propose——Oh, then

I were,

I were supremely vile! degraded! sham'd!  
The scorn of manhood! and abhor'd of honour!

*Sis.* There is, my Lord, an honour, the calm child  
Of reason, of humanity and mercy,  
Superior far to this punctilious demon,  
That singly minds itself, and o'er embroils  
With proud barbarian needles the world.

*Os.* My Lord, my Lord, I cannot brook your prudence;  
It holds a pulse unequal to my blood—  
Unblemish'd honour is the flower of virtue!  
The vivifying soul! and he who slights it,  
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

*Sis.* No more—You are too warm.

*Os.* You are too cool.

*Sis.* Too cool, my Lord? I were indeed too cool,  
Not to resent thy language, and to tell thee—  
I wish Earl Osmond were as cool as I  
To his own selfish bliss—ay, and as warm  
To that of others—But of this no more—  
My daughter is thy wife—I gave her to thee,  
And will, against all force, maintain her thine.  
But think not I will catch thy headlong passions,  
Whirl'd in a blaze of madness o'er the land;  
Or, till the last extremity compel me,  
Risk the dire means of war—The King, to-morrow,  
Will set you free; and, if by gentle means  
He does not yield my daughter to your arms,  
And wed Constantine, as the will requires,  
Why then expect me on the side of justice—  
Let that suffice.

*Os.* It does—Forgive my heat.

by injuries inflam'd,  
to take, and give offence.  
Your wrongs, I own, may well transport  
—But henceforth, noble Osmond,  
e, honour more my truth,  
an eye of equal suspicion—  
—You may repose your soul  
and unremitting friendship.  
re given exalted proof,  
we see shall prove it farther.

Return, my son, and from your friend Godredo

Release

Release your word. There try, lay soft repose,  
To calm your breast.

Oh, bid the vexed ocean sleep,  
Swept in the janions of the raging north—  
But your frail age, by care and toil exhausted,  
Demands the balm of all repairing rest.

1. Soon as to-morrow's dawn shall streak the skies,  
I, with my friends in solemn state assembled,  
Will to the palace, and demand your freedom,  
Then by calm reason, or by higher means,  
The King shall quit his claim, and in the face  
Of Sicily, my daughter shall be yours.  
Farewell.

-*Osir.* My Lord, good night, . . . [*Exit Siffredi.*  
[*After a long pause.*] I like him not—

Yes—I have mighty matter of suspicion.  
 'Tis plain. I see it lurking in his breast,  
 ' He has a foolish fondness for this King—  
 My honour is not safe, while here my wife  
 Remains—Who knows but he this very night  
 May bear her to some convent, as he mentioned—  
 The King too—though I smother'd up my rage,  
 I mark'd it well—will set me free to-morrow.  
 Why not to-night? He has some dark design—  
 By heavens, he has!—I am abus'd most grossly;  
 Made the vile tool of this old statesman's schemes;  
 ' Marry'd to one—ay, and he knew it—one  
 ' Who loves young Tancred! Hence her swooning, tears,  
 ' And all her soft distress, when she disgrac'd me,  
 ' By basely giving her perfidious hand  
 ' Without her heart—Hell and perdition! this,  
 ' This is the perfidy!—this is the sell,  
 ' The keen envenom'd, exquisite disgrace,  
 ' Which, to a man of honour, even exceeds  
 ' The falsehood of the person—But I now  
 ' Will rouse me from the poor time lethargy  
 ' By my believing fondness cast upon me.  
 I will not wait his crawling third motions,  
 ' Perhaps to blind me meant, which he to-morrow  
 ' Has promis'd to pursue. No! ere his eyes  
 ' Shall open on to-morrow's orient beam,  
 I will convince him that Earl Osmond's

Was form'd to be his dupe—' I know full well  
 ' Th' important weight and danger of the deed ;  
 ' But to a man, whom greater dangers press,  
 ' Driven to the brink of insanity and horror,  
 ' Rashness itself, and utter desperation,  
 ' Are the best prudence.—I will bear her off  
 ' This night, and lodge her in a place of safety :  
 ' I have a trusty hand that waits not far.  
 Hence! let me lose no time—One rapid moment  
 Should ardent form, at once, and execute  
 A bold design—'Tis fix'd—'Tis done!—yes, then,  
 ' When I have seiz'd the prize of love and honour,  
 ' And with a friend secur'd her ; to the castle  
 ' I will repair, and claim Gottredo's promise  
 ' To rise with all his garrison—My friends  
 ' With brave impatience wait.' The mine is laid.  
 And only wants my kindling touch to spring. [ *Ex. C/ta.*

## SCENE, Sigismunda's Apartment.

[ *Thunder.**Enter Sigismunda and Laura.**Laura.* Heavens! 'tis a fearful night!*Sig.* Ah! the black rage

Of midnight tempest, or th' assuring smiles

Of radiant morn, are equal all to me.

Nought now has charms or terrors to my breast,

The fear of stup'd woe!—Leave me, my *Laura*.

Kind rest, perhaps, may hush my woes a little—

Oh, for that quiet sleep that knows no morning!

*Laura.* Alas, indeed I know not how to go.

Indulge my fondness—Let me watch a while

By your sad bed, till these dread hours shall pass.

*Sig.* Alas! what is the toil of elements, [ *Thunder.*

The perturbation of the sky,

within?—Oh, that the fires

Heav'n would point their fury here

On my dear! *Laura*.

I know not

What means—But 'tis with pain,

I persuade myself to leave you—

And night, my dearest *Sigismunda*. [ *Exit.*

I then alone!—The most undone.

F

Most



Most wretched being now beneath the cope  
 Of this affrighting gloom that wraps the world——  
 I find I did not fear—Ah, me! I feel  
 A shivering horror run through all my powers!  
 Oh, I am nought but tumult, fears and weakness!  
 And yet how idle fear when hope is gone,  
 Gone, gone for ever!—Oh, thou gentle scene

*[Looking towards her bed.]*

Of sweet repose, where, by th' oblivious draught  
 Of each sad toilsome day, to peace restor'd,  
 Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile.  
 'Thou hast no peace for me!—What shall I do?  
 How pass this dreadful night, so big with terror?——  
 Hear, with the midnight shades, here will I sit, *[Sitting down.]*  
 A prey to dire despair, and ceaseless weep  
 'The hours away—Bless me—I heard a noise——

*[Starting up.]*

No—I mistook—nothing but silence reigns  
 And awful midnight round—Again!—Oh, heavens!  
 My Lord the King!

*Enter Tancred.*

*Tan.* Be not alarm'd, my love?

*Sig.* My royal Lord, why at this midnight hour,  
 How came you hither?

*Tan.* By that secret way  
 My love contriv'd, when we, in happier days,  
 Us'd to devote these hours, so much in vain,  
 To vows of love and everlasting friendship.

*Sig.* Why will you thus persist to add new flags  
 To her distress, who never can be thine?

Oh, fly me! fly! you know——

*Tan.* I know too much.

Oh, how I could reproach thee, Sigismunda!  
 Pour out my injur'd soul in just complaints!  
 But now the time permits not, these swift moments  
 I told thee how thy father's artifice  
 Forc'd me to seem perfidious in thy eyes.

• Ah, fatal blindness! not to have observ'd  
 • The mingled pangs of rage and love that shon,  
 • When by my cruel public situation  
 • Compell'd, I only feign'd consent, to gain  
 • A little time, and more secure thee mine!

*Etc.*

E'er since—a dreadful interval of care!  
 My thoughts have been employ'd, not without hope,  
 How to defeat Siffredi's barbarous purpose.  
 But thy credulity has ruin'd all,  
 'Thy rash, thy wild—I know not what to name it——  
 Oh, it has prov'd the giddy hopes of man  
 To be delusion all, and tick'ning folly!

*Sig.* Ah, generous Tancred! ah, thy truth destroys me!  
 Yes, yes, 'tis I, 'tis I alone am false!  
 My hasty rage, join'd to my tame submission,  
 More than the most exalted filial duty  
 Could e'er demand, has dash'd our cup of fate  
 With bitterness unequal'd—But, alas!  
 What are thy woes to mine?—to mine! jilt-Heaven!  
 Now is thy turn of vengeance—hate, renounce me!  
 Oh, leave me to the fate I well deserve,  
 To sink in hopeless misery!—At least,  
 Try to forget the worthless Sigismunda!

*Tan.* Forget thee! No! Thou art my soul itself!  
 I have no thought, no hope, no wish but thee!  
 ' Even this repented injury, the tears,  
 ' That rouse me all to madness, at the thought  
 ' Of hating thee, the whole collected pains  
 ' Of my full heart, serve but to make thee dearer.'  
 Ah, how, forget thee!—Much must be forgot,  
 Ere Tancred can forget his Sigismunda!

*Sig.* But you, my Lord, must make that great effort

*Tan.* Can Sigismunda make it?

*Sig.* Ah, I know not

With what success—But all that feeble woman  
 And love-entangled reason can perform,  
 I, to the utmost, will exert to do it.

*Tan.* Fear not—'Tis done!—If thou canst form the

—I am forgot already.

*Tan.* Tancred!—But, my Lord, respect me more.  
 I am—What can you now propose?

I claim the plighted vows which Heaven has  
 Given, the rights of holy love  
 And honour bound, to which compar'd  
 My forms, which have ensnar'd thy hand,

- ' Are impious guile, abuse, and profanation—  
 ' Nay, as a king, whose high prerogative  
 ' By this unlicens'd marriage is affronted,  
 ' To bid the laws themselves pronounce it void.  
 ' *Sig.* Honour, my Lord, is much too proud to catch  
 ' At every slender twig of nice distinctions.  
 ' These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well;  
 ' But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule  
 ' Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,  
 ' Stand at another bar than that of laws.  
 ' Then cease to urge me—Since I am not born  
 ' To that exalted fate to be your queen—  
 ' Or, yet a dearer name—to be your wife! ———  
 ' I am the wife of an illustrious Lord .  
 ' Of your own princely blood; and what I am,  
 ' I will with proper dignity remain.  
 ' Retire, my royal Lord,—There is no means  
 ' To cure the wounds this fatal day has given.  
 ' We meet no more!'

*Tan.* Oh, barbarous Sigismunda!  
 And canst thou talk thus steadily! thus treat me  
 With such unpitying, unrelenting rigour?  
 Poor is the love, that rather than give up  
 A little pride, a little formal pride,  
 The breath of vanity, can bear to see  
 The man, whose heart was once so dear to thine,  
 By many a tender vow so mix'd together,  
 A prey to anguish, fury and distraction!  
 Thou canst not surely make me such a wretch,  
 Thou canst not, Sigismunda!—Yet relent,  
 Oh, save us yet!—Rodolpho, with my guards,  
 Waits in the garden—Let us seize the moments  
 We ne'er may have again—With more than prayer  
 I will assert thee mine, with fairest honour.  
 The world shall even approve; each honest bosom  
 Swell'd with a kindred joy to see us happy.

*Sig.* The world approve! what is the world to me?  
 The conscious mind is its own awful world.—  
*And mine is full'd—Distrust me then no more;*  
*Not all the heart can plead, (and it, alas,*  
*Pleads but too much.)*

' And yet, perhaps, if thou wert not a king,

' I know

' I know not, Tancred, what I might have done,  
 ' Then, then, my conduct, sanctify'd by love,  
 ' Could not be deem'd, by the severest judge,  
 ' The mean effect of interest or ambition.  
 ' But now not all my partial heart can plead,  
 Shall ever shake th' unshakable dictates  
 That tyrannize my breast

*Ysa.* 'Tis well—No more—

I yield me to my fate—Yes, yes inhuman!  
 Since thy barbarian heart is steel'd by pride,  
 Shut up to love and pity, here behold me  
 Cast on the ground, a vile and abject wretch!  
 Lost to all cares, all dignities, all duties!  
 Here will I grow, breathe out my faithful soul,  
 Here at thy feet—Death, death alone shall part us!

*Sig.* Have you then vow'd to drive me to perdition!  
 What can I more?—Yes, Tancred! once again  
 I will forget the dignity my station  
 Commands me to sustain—for the last time  
 Will tell thee, that, I fear, no ties, no duty,  
 Can ever root thee from my hapless bosom.  
 Oh, leave me! fly me! were it but in pity!—  
 To see what once we tenderly have lov'd,  
 Cut off from every hope—cut off for ever!  
 Is pain thy generosity should spare me.  
 Then rise, my Lord; and if you truly love me,  
 If you respect my honour, nay, my peace,  
 Retire! for though th' emotions of my heart  
 Can ne'er alarm my virtue; yet, alas!  
 They ~~are~~ so, they pierce it with such anguish—  
 Oh, 'tis too much!—I cannot bear the conflict!

*Enter Osmund.*

*Osm.* Turn, tyrant, turn! and answer to my honour,  
 This insufferable outrage!

*Tancred.* A traitor! think not to escape

Anger! [*They fight. Osmund falls.*]

• here! Help!—Oh, heavens!

[*Throwing herself down by him.*]

And, what meant your headlong rage?

Which I thus do, upon the altar,

Red, is unblemish'd, pure

As vestal truth; was resolutely yours,  
Beyond the power of ought on earth to shake it.

*Osir.* Perfidious woman! die!—[*Shortening his sword,  
He plunges it into her breast.*] and to the grave  
Attend—hail! yet but half aveng'd!

*Tan.* Oh, horror! horror! execrable villain!

*Osir.* And, tyrant! thou!—thou shalt not o'er my tomb  
Exult—"Tis well—"Tis great!—I die content!—[*Dies.*

*Enter Rodolpho, and Laura.*

*Tan.* [*Throwing himself down by Sigismunda.*] Quick!  
here! bring aid!—'All in Palermo bring  
'Whose skill can save her!'—Ah, that gentle bosom  
Pours fast the streams of life.

*Sig.* All aid is vain,  
I feel the powerful hand of death upon me—  
But, Oh! it sheds a sweetness through my fate,  
That I am thine again; and without blame  
May in my Tancred's arms resign my soul!

*Tan.* Oh, death is in that voice! so gently mild,  
So sadly sweet, as mixes even with mine  
'The tears of hovering angels!'—Mine again!—  
And is it thus the cruel fates have join'd us?  
Are these the horrid nuptials they prepare  
For love like ours?—'Is virtue thus rewarded?  
'Let not my impious rage accuse just Heav'n!  
'Thou, Tancred, thou, hast murdered Sigismunda!  
'That furious man was but the tool of fate,  
'I, I the cause!—But I will do thee justice  
'On this deaf heart! that to thy tender wisdom  
'Refus'd an ear!—Yes, death shall soon unite.

*Sig.* Live, live, my Tancred!—Let my death suffice  
To expiate all that may have been amiss.  
May it appease the fates, avert their fury  
From thy propitious reign!—'Moo... of me

'And of thy glory mindful, live, I charge thee,  
'To guard our friends, and make thy people happy

*Enter Sigfred fixed in a chair between and*  
My father!—Oh, how shall I lift my eyes  
To thee, my sinking father!

*Sig.* Awful Heaven!  
I am chas'd—My dearest child!—

Where am I?

A fearful darkness closes all around—

My friends! We need must part—I must obey

Th' imperious call—Farewell, my Lord! 'cherish

My poor afflicted father's age—Rodolpho,

'Now is the time to watch th' unhappy King,

'With all the care and tenderness of friendship.'—

Oh, my dear father, bow'd beneath the weight

Of age and grief—the victim even of virtue,

Receive my last adieu!—Where art thou, Tancred?

Give me thy hand—But, ah,—it cannot save me

From the dire king of terrors, whose cold power

Creeps o'er my heart—Oh!

*Tan.* How thy pangs distract me!

Oh, lift thy gracious eyes:—Thou leav'st me then!

Thou leav'st me, Sigismunda!

*Sig.* Yet a moment—

'I had, my Tancred, something more to say—

'Yes—but thy love and tenderness for me,

'Sure makes it needless—Harbour no resentment

'Against my father; venge his zeal,

'That acted from a principle of goodness,

'From faithful love to thee—Live, and maintain

'My innocence embalm'd, with holiest care

'Preserve my spotless memory!' Oh,—I die—

Eternal Mercy take my trembling soul!

Oh, 'tis the only sting of death to part

From those we love—from thee—farewell, my Tancred!

[Dies.

*Tan.* Fare thee!

[Flying to his father, is held by Rodolpho.

*Red.* Hold, hold, my Lord!—Have you forgot

Your Sigismunda's last request already?

'Free! Think not to bind me down,

'To sleep, to the rack of life!

'But one thousand thousand gates

'All open to the woes of mortals?—

'Can—No power in earth or heaven

'To enshrine the hateful light,

'Of all that lent it joy and sweetness!

'All or my distracted soul.

Will

Will burnt indignation from this ail of nature,  
 To where she beckons yonder—No, mild seraph,  
 Point not to life—I cannot linger here,  
 Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,  
 The scorn of human kind!—A trampled king!  
 'Who let his man poor-hearted love, one moment,  
 'To coward prudence stoop! who made it not  
 'The first undoubting action of his reign,  
 'To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield thee,  
 'Thy helpless bosom, from a Russian's fury!'—  
 Oh, shame! Oh, agony! Oh, the fell stings  
 Of late, of vain repentance!—Ha, my brain  
 Is all on fire! a wild abyss of thought!  
 Th' internal world discloses! See! Behold him!  
 Lo! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,  
 And mocks my feeble tears.—Hence, quickly, hence!  
 Spurn his vile carcass! give it to the dogs!  
 Expose it to the winds and screaming ravens!  
 'Or hurl it down that fiery steep to hell,  
 'There with his soul to toss in flames for ever.'  
 Ah, impotence of rage!

Rod. *Profero him, Heaven!*

Tan. What am I? Where?

Sad, silent, all!—The forms of dumb despair,  
 Around some mournful tomb.—What do I see?  
 This soil abode of innocence and love  
 Turn'd to the house of death! a place of horror!—  
 Ah, that poor corse! pale! pale! deform'd with murder!  
 Is that my Sigismunda? [*She sinks down by her.*]

Sis. [*After a pathetic pause, looking at the figure for him.*]  
 Have I liv'd

To these mangled years, by Heaven reserv'd

To be a dreadful monument of justice?—

Rodolpho, raise the King, and bear him hence  
 From this distracting scene of blood and death.

'Alas, I dare not give him my assistance.

'My care would only more inflame his rage.

'Behold the fatal work of my dark blood,

'That by rude force the passions would command,

'That ruthless fought to root them from the breast;

'They may be rul'd, but will not be oppress.'

Tantr

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

69

Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,  
And the great ties of social life betray;  
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part:  
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.  
Ye vainly wish, who o'er mankind prevail,  
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride;  
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,  
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

THE END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

E P F



## E P I L O G U E.

*CRAMPD to the throat with wholesome moral stuff,*

*Alas, poor audience! you have had enough,*

*Was ever hapless heroine of a play*

*In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?*

*Was ever woman so by love betray'd?*

*Maid'd with two husbands, and—~~—~~—die a maid.*

*But hush me!—~~—~~—what sound: are these I hear—*

*I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.*

The back-scene opens, and discovers a romantic Sylvan  
landscape; from which the Tragic Muse advances slowly  
to music, and speaks the following lines:

*Hence with your suppliant epilogue, that cries*

*To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;*

*That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,*

*With strains—at best, unsuiting, light and vain.*

*Hence from the pure unsully'd beams that play*

*In your fair eyes where virtue shines—away!*

*Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,*

*Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy lovers;*

*Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,*

*And court my aid to rise again to fame;*

*To you I come, to freedom's noblest seat,*

*And in Britannia fix my last retreat.*

*In Greece and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;*

*The purple tyrant trembled at my steel:*

*Not did I less o'er private sorrows reign,*

*And mend the melting heart with softer pain.*

*On France and I've then rose in brightening strain,*

*With social ray—The arts are ne'er at war.*

*Oh, as your fire and genius strongly blaze,*

*As yours are generous freedom's bolder lays,*

*Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind;*

*In decent manners and in life refin'd;*

*Banish the mean, mod., to tag low verse,*

*The laughing ballad to the mournful verse.*

*When through five acts your hearts have learn'd*

*You'd with the sacred force of honest woe;*

*Oh, keep the dear impression on your breast,*

*Not idly lose it for a wratched jest.*



MR. WROUGHTON in the Character of BARNWELL.

Barnwell *When can I hate one, whose shall I fly to as  
the swift messenger of Justice?*

BELL'S EDITION.

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THE  
LONDON MERCHANT;  
OR, THE HISTORY OF  
GEORGE BARNWELL.

A TRAGEDY,  
*Written by Mr. LYLLO.*

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE  
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,  
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,  
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Learn to be wise by others harm,  
And you shall do full well.*      Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. BELL, at the British Library, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

T O

## SIR JOHN EYLES, BART.

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of  
the City of LONDON, and Sub-Governor of  
the SOUTH-SEA Company.

S I R,

**I**F tragic poetry be, as Mr. Dryden has somewhere said, the most excellent and most useful kind of writing; the more extensively useful the moral of any tragedy is, the more excellent that piece must be of its kind.

I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate, that this, to which I have presumed to prefix your name, is such; that depends on its fitness to answer the end of tragedy, the exciting of the passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their nature, or through their excess. Whether the following scenes do this in any tolerable degree, is, with the deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candour and impartial judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evident truth; Tragedy is so far from losing its dignity by being associated to the circumstances of the generality of men, that it is more truly august, in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the numbers that are protected by it: as it is more truly great to be the agent of good to many who stand in need of our assistance, than to a very small part of that number.

Princes, &c. were alone liable to misfortunes arising from pride or weakness in themselves or others, there would

would be good reason for confining the characters in tragedy to those of superior rank ; but since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the remedy to the disease.

I am far from denying, that tragedies founded on any instructive and extraordinary events in history, or well-invented fables, where the persons introduced are of the highest rank, are without their use, even to the bulk of the audience. The strong contrast between a Tamerlane and a Bajazet may have its weight with an unsteady people, and contribute to the fixing of them in the interest of a prince of the character of the former ; when, thro' their own levity or the arts of designing men, they are rendered factious and uneasy, though they have the highest reason to be satisfied. The sentiments and example of a Cato may inspire his spectators with a just sense of the value of liberty, when they see that honest patriot prefer death to an obligation from a tyrant, who would sacrifice the constitution of his country, and the liberties of mankind, to his ambition or revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the province of the graver kind of poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler hand. Plays founded on moral tales in private life may be of admirable use, by carrying conviction to the mind with such irresistible force as to engage all the faculties and powers of the soul in the cause of virtue, by stifling vice in its first principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to tragedy, must be strangers to the energy of that noble species of poetry. Shakespeare, who has given such amazing proofs of his genius, in that as well as in comedy, in his Hamlet has the following lines :

*Had he the motive and the cause for passion  
That I have, he would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech ;  
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculty of eyes and ears.*

And farther in the same speech :

*I've heard that guilty creatures at a play  
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been so struck to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.*

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable time with my remarks: only give me leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly persuaded of the power of a well-written piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that, than a messenger from the other world, tho' it assumed, as he expresses it, his noble Father's form, and assured him, that it was his Spirit. I'll have, says Hamlet, grounds more relative:

——— *the play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.*

Such plays are the best answers to those who deny the lawfulness of the stage.

Considering the novelty of this attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to say something in its excuse: and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of saying something of the usefulness of tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther improvement of this excellent kind of poetry.

S I R,

I hope you will not think I have said too much of an art, a mean specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your favour and protection. A mind, conscious of superior worth, as much despises flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in myself an inclination to so contemptible a vice, I should not have chosen Sir JOHN YELLS for my patron. And indeed the best written panegyrick, tho' strictly true, must place you in a light much inferior to that in which you have long been fixed by the love and esteem of your fellow citizens, whose choice of you for one of their representatives in parliament has sufficiently declared their sense of your merit. Nor hath the knowledge of your worth been confined to the City; the proprietors in the South-Sea-Company, in

which are included numbers of persons as considerable for their rank, fortune, and understanding, as any in the kingdom, gave the greatest proof of their confidence in your capacity and probity, by choosing you sub-governor of their company, at a time when their affairs were in the utmost confusion, and their properties in the greatest danger. Neither is the Court insensible of your importance. I shall not, therefore, attempt a character so well known, nor pretend to add any thing to a reputation so well established.

Whatever others may think of a dedication, wherein there is so much said of other things, and so little of the person to whom it is addressed, I have reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it upon that very account.

I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

GEORGE LILLO.

## P R O L O G U E.

*T*H E tragic muse, sublime, delights to show  
 Princes distress'd, and scenes of royal woe ;  
 In awful pomp, majestic, to relate  
 The fall of nations, or some hero's fate ;  
 That scepter'd chiefs may, by example, know  
 The strange vicissitude of things below ;  
 What dangers on security attend ;  
 How pride and cruelty in ruin end :  
 Hence Providence supreme, to know, and own  
 Humanity adds glory to a throne.  
 In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,  
 With native grandeur thus the goddess sung.  
 Upon our stage, indeed, with wis'd success,  
 You've sometimes seen her in an humbler dress ;  
 Great only in distress, when she complains  
 In Southern's, Row's, or Orway's moving strains,  
 The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,  
 The absent pomp, with brighter gems supply.  
 Forgive us, then, if we attempt to show,  
 In artless strains, a tale of private woe.  
 A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,  
 Drawn from the fam'd old song that bears his name.  
 We hope your taste is not so high to scorn  
 A moral tale esteem'd ere you were born ;  
 Which, for a century of rolling years,  
 Has fill'd a thousand thousand eyes with tears.  
 If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age  
 From vice destructive, well become the stage ;  
 If this example innocence injure,  
 Prevent our guilt, or by reflection cure,  
 If Milwood's dreadful crimes, and sad despair,  
 Commend the virtue of the good and fair ;  
 Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail,  
 Indulge th' attempt, in justice to the tale.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

<i>Therewood,</i>	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
<i>Barnwell, uncle to</i>	Mr. Hurst.	Mr. Hull
<i>George.</i>	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Fearon.
<i>George Barnwell,</i>	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Trueman,</i>	Mr. Davies.	Mr. Young.
<i>Blunt,</i>	Mr. Whitefield.	Mr. Thompson.

## W O M E N.

<i>Maria,</i>	Miss Hopkins.	Mrs. Bulkley.
<i>Millicent,</i>	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Matlocks.
<i>Lucy,</i>	Mrs. Davis.	Mrs. Green.

Officers with their attendants, keeper, and footmen.

SCENE, London, and an adjacent village.

GEORGE

## GEORGE BARNWELL.

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\* \* The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in *Italics* are the additions of the Theatre.

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## A C T. I.

SCENE, a room in Thorowgood's house.

*Enter Thorowgood and Trueman.*

## TRUEMAN.

SIR, the packet from Genoa is arriv'd. [*Gives letters.*]  
*Thor.* Heav'n be prais'd ! The storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws; is for a time diverted. The haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his propos'd invasion of our happy island. By this means, time is gain'd to make such preparations on our part, as may, heav'n concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

*Tr.* He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means ? — If I am too bold —

*Thor.* Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times, to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice  
 or

or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may, with honest scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

*Tr.* Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

*Ther.* You compliment, young man. [*Trueman bows respectfully*] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity.—But to answer your question: The bank of Genoa had agreed, at an excessive interest, and on good security, to advance the king of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast Armada; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well inform'd, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done, the state and bank of Genoa having maturely weigh'd, and rightly judg'd of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London to that of the monarch who proudly styles himself king of both Indies.

*Tr.* Happy success of prudent counsels! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved! 'Excellent queen; O, how unlike those princes, who make the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects by taxes great, and grievous to be borne!

*Ther.* Not so our gracious queen! whose richest exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

*Tr.* On those terms to defend us, is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance.' Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

*Ther.* Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmens bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge 'em. We must not let artificers lose  
their

their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance. *[Exit Trueman.]*

*Enter Maria.*

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

*Ma.* Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-tim'd parsimony.

*Ther.* Nay, 'twas a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

*Ma.* Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

*Ther.* Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

*Ma.* Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

*Ther.* You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

*Ma.* He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

*Ther.* Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

*Ma.* Your's, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

*Thor.* Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee: the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that, by observation, I should learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be essential to happiness in the marriage state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

*Ma.* What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon even in the best of parents? But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the croud of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

*Thor.* From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

*Ma.* Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

*Thor.* I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

*Ma.* I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

*Thor.* I'll see you to your chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a room in Millwood's house.

*Enter Millwood and Lucy.*

*Mil.* How do I look to-day, Lucy?

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Oh, killingly, Madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible! ——— But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

*Mil.* A conquest would be new indeed;

*Lucy.* Not to you, who make 'em every day ——— but to me ——— Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect ——— unfortunate as I am ——— But your wit and beauty ———

*Mil.* First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us, we are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

*Lucy.* You are certainly, Madam, on the wrong side in this argument. Is not the expence all theirs? And I am sure, it is our own fault if we han't our share of the pleasure.

*Mil.* We are but slaves to men.

*Lucy.* Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly, for we lay them under contribution.

*Mil.* Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

*Lucy.* You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, Madam.

*Mil.* I would have my conquest complete, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

*Lucy.* Well I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

*Mil.* It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion? Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex,

who having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

*Lucy.* Ay, they must be young indeed !

*Mil.* Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money ; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

*Lucy.* Is he handsome ?

*Mil.* Ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

*Lucy.* About——

*Mil.* Eighteen.

*Lucy.* Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen ! You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

*Mil.* If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, asked his name. He blush'd, and bowing very low, answer'd, George Barnwell. I begg'd his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wish'd to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate at a proper time and place. He nam'd a tavern ; I talk'd of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallow'd the bait, promis'd to come, and this is the time I expect him. [*Knocking at the door.*] Somebody knocks——D'ye hear ? I am at home to nobody to-day but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Let's affairs must give way to these of more consequence ; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now after what manner shall I receive him ? Let me consider——What manner of person am I to receive ? He is young, innocent, and bashful ; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous ; and with a little assuance will soon get the better of his modesty. I'll e'en trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, is order to be the better lik'd for what one really is ; if to speak

one

• one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman, I know nothing of nature.’

*Enter Barnwell, bowing very low, Lucy at a distance.*

*Mil.* Sir, the surprise and joy ———

*Barn.* Madam!

*Mil.* This is such a favour! ——— [*Advancing.*

*Barn.* Pardon me, Madam!

*Mil.* So unhop’d for! [*Still advances.*

[*Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.*

To see you here ——— Examine the confusion ———

*Barn.* I fear I am too bold ———

*Mil.* Alas, Sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Plead, Sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprized at your goodness in conferring it.

*Barn.* I thought you had expected me: I promised to come.

*Mil.* That is the more surprising; few men are such religious observers of their word.

*Barn.* All who are honest, are.

*Mil.* To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her hand on his, as by accident.*

*Barn.* Her disorder is so great, she don’t perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heav’ns! how she trembles! What can this mean? [*Aside.*

*Mil.* The interest I have in all that relates to you, (*the reason of which you shall know hereafter*) excites my curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

*Barn.* Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject. I have none that I would conceal.

• *Mil.* You’ll think me bold.

*Barn.* No, indeed.

*Mil.* What then are your thoughts of love?

*Barn.* If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I don’t know that



person in the world, whose happiness I don't wish, and woudn't promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle, and my master; but above all, my friend.

*Mil.* You have a friend, then, whom you love?

*Barn.* As he does me, sincerely.

*Mil.* He is, no doubt, often bless'd with your company and conversation.

*Barn.* We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

*Mil.* Happy, happy youth! Whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, ' and to mult' all who see and know this youth.' What have I lost, by being form'd a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it is: but as it is——Oh!——

*Barn.* I never observ'd a woman before; or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her sex. [*Afide.*] You seem disorder'd, Madam—May I know the cause?

*Mil.* Do not ask me——I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

*Barn.* How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are! And the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Afide.*] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

*Mil.* You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

*Barn.* Indeed I must.

*Mil.* You cannot be so cruel! I have prepar'd a poor supper, at which I promis'd myself your company.

*Barn.* I am sorry I must refuse the honour you design'd me: but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

*Mil.* Am I refused by the first man, the second favour I ever stoop'd to ask? Go then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

*Barn.*

*Barn.* What shall I do! How shall I go, or stay!

*Mil.* Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

*Barn.* Oh, Heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

*Lacy.* So: she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself.

*Mil.* Now are you kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

*Lacy.* Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. [Aside.]

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* Madam, supper's on the table.

*Mil.* Come, Sir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment. [Exit Barnwell and Millwood.]

*Blunt.* What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

*Lacy.* So it seems.

*Blunt.* How! is our mistress turned fool at last? She's in love with him, I suppose.

*Lacy.* I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

*Blunt.* What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be suppos'd to have much money.

*Lacy.* But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

*Blunt.* I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow, while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

B 3

*Lacy.*

*Lucy.* Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

*Blunt.* Yes, so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

*Lucy.* Why, birds are their prey, and men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case of our mistress.

*Blunt.* I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

*Lucy.* There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

*Blunt.* Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

*Lucy.* The most promising that can be. 'Tis true the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon't! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Barnwell and Millwood at supper. An entertainment of music and singing. After which they come forward.*

*Barn.* What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

*Mil.* We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

*Barn.* To ease our present anguish by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

*Mil.* I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great; if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

*Barn.* The law of heav'n will not be revers'd, and that requires us to govern our passions.

*Mil.* To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us?

*Barn.* To hear you talk, though in the cause of vice; to gaze upon your beauty, press your hand, and see your  
 ' know

' snow white bosom heave and fall,' inflames my wishes:  
my pulse beats high, ' my senses all are in a hurry,'  
and I on the rack of wild desire.—Yet, for a mo-  
ment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my  
peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

*Mil.* Chimeras all!

*Barn.* I would not——yet must on——

' Reluctant thus the merchant quits his ease,  
' And trusts to rocks and sands, and stormy seas;  
' In hopes some unknown golden coast to find  
' Commits himself, though doubtful, to the wind,  
' Longs much for joys to come——yet mourns those  
' left behind.'

*All.* Along with me and prove

No joys like woman-kind, no heav'n like love.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE, a room in Thorowgood's house.

*Enter Barnwell.*

BARNWELL.

HOW strange are all things round me! Like some  
thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would  
tink unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-  
known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little,  
already have I added breach of trust——A thief!  
——Can I know myself that wretched thing, and  
look my honest friend and injured master in the face?  
Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at  
length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must  
ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever  
to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add  
to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal 'em.  
Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when  
first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate, he wan-  
dered; and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell  
about him.

*Enter*

*Enter Trueman.*

*Tr.* Barnwell, Oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often inquired after you.

*Barn.* Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. *[Aside.]*

*Tr.* Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are believ'd. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away; why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered since you saw me last? or rather, what have you done; and why are you thus chang'd? for I am still the same.

*Barn.* What have I done, indeed! *[Aside.]*

*Tr.* Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

*Barn.* By my face he will discover what I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. *[Aside.]*

*Tr.* I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; tho' this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

*Barn.* I am not well *[Turning to him.]* Sleep has been a stranger to their eyes since you beheld them last.

*Tr.* Heavy they look indeed, and swollen with tears!—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

*Barn.* Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone: you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

*Tr.* You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pass'd five in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return; e'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

*Barn.* 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and

and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

*Tr.* Sure I but dream! Without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice. [*Going*] Yet stay, perhaps, I am too rash, and angry when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him too great to bear.

*Barn.* What part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

*Tr.* I am to blame; pry'these forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compoſe your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

*Barn.* All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

*Tr.* Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; Oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

*Barn.* Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known they would exceed all bounds.

*Tr.* So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

*Barn.* Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*]

*Tr.* Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

*Barn.* If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

*Tr.* 'Tis strange—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

*Barn.* Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

*Tr.* Shall our friendship still continue?

*Barn.* 'Tis a blessing I was never worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

*Tr.* What are they?

*Barn.* Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my

my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

*Tr.* 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

*Barn.* Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [Embracing.]

*Tr.* Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace!

*Barn.* Will yesterday return? We have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant roll'd, once stop 'd his rapid course and once went back. The dead have risen, and parched rocks pour'd forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst. The sea divided, and form'd walls of water, while a whole nation pass'd in safety through its sandy bosom. Hungry lions have refus'd their prey; and men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming flames; but never yet did time, once past, return.

*Tr.* Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till lost in eternity, it ends where it first began; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair. But business requires our attendance; business the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

*Barn.* I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [Exit Trueman] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master: but what of Millwood? Must I expose her too? Ungenerous and base! Then heaven requires it not. But heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never to see her more? Does heaven require that? I hope I may see her, and heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope! Dearly already have I proved my frailty. Should I once more tempt heaven, I may be left to fall, never to rise again. Yet, shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause! She who loves me with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide

in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

*Enter Thorowgood.*

*Thor.* Without a cause assign'd, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended heaven, it requires no more? and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

*Barn.* This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.*] Oh, Sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

*Thor.* Enough, enough, whate'er it be; this concern shews you're convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to inquire into. When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason, weak at the best, opposed to inclination, scarce formed, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored, and the more so, because they see it not; being then to danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their defence. [*Aside.*]

*Barn.* It will be known, and you'll recall your pardon and abhor me.

*Thor.* I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay though dangerous season of your life; when the sense of pleasure and passions high, the voluptuous appetites, and fierce, demand the strongest curb; take heed, or relapse; when vice becomes habitual, the very thought of leaving it is lost.

*Barn.* On my knees, confess—

*Thor.* Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were

exit



not mercy but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

*Barn.* This generosity amazes and distracts me.

*Ther.* This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. —Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. *[Exit Thorowgood.]*

*Barn.* Villain! Villain! Villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly! —Detested thought! —But what of Millwood then? —Why, I renounce her; —I give her up —The struggle's over and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has sav'd me from destruction. *[Going.]*

*Enter a footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

*Barn.* Who should they be. *[Aside.]* Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. Methinks I dread to see 'em. —Now every thing alarms me. —Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me!

SCENE, another room in Thorowgood's house.

*Enter Millwood, Lucy, and a footman.*

*Foot.* Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

*Mil.* 'Tis very well. —I thank you. *[Exit Foot.]*

*Enter Barnwell.*

*Barn.* Confusion! Millwood!

*Mil.* That angry look tells me, that here I am an unwelcome guest; I feared as much; the unhappy are so every where.

*Barn.* Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

*Mil.* Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

*Barn.* How did you gain admission?

*Mil.* Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

*Barn.* Why did you come at all?

*Mil.* I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take

take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate : I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left : one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

*Barn.* Then we are met to part for ever ?

*Mil.* It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

*Barn.* Condemn you ! No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it ; 'tis just——'tis necessary——I have well weighed and found it so.

*Lucy.* I am afraid the young man has more sense than the thought she had. [Aside.

*Barn.* Before you came, I had determined never to see you more.

*Mil.* Confusion ! [Aside.

*Lucy.* Ay, we are all out ; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part ; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [Aside.

*Mil.* 'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still ; but to find, ' tho' fortune had been ' indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, ' you had resolv'd to cast me off——'This, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

*Barn.* I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

*Mil.* I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

*Barn.* Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met ?

*Mil.* Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deform'd or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment ? Nay, look again ; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex ; whose hand, trembling with ecstasy, you press'd and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gaz'd with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed ?

*Barn.* No more ; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

*Mil.* Why ?

*Barn.* Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

*Mil.* Where is the danger, since we are to part ?

*Barn.* The thought of that already is too painful.

*Mil.* If it be painful to part, then I may hope, at least, you do not hate me?

*Barn.* No——no——I never said I did——Oh, my heart!

*Mil.* Perhaps you pity me?

*Barn.* I do——I do——Indeed I do.

*Mil.* You'll think upon me?

*Barn.* Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

*Mil.* You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour——though it would be the last. [*He draws back.* A look shall then suffice——Farewell——for ever.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

*Barn.* If to resolve to suffer be to conquer—I have conquer'd——Painful victory!

[*Re-enter Millwood and Lucy.*]

*Mil.* One thing I had forgot;——I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that, perhaps, was needless.

*Barn.* I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

*Mil.* My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now, I am gone for ever.

[*Going.*]

*Barn.* One thing more——Sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise——

*Mil.* Alas!

[*Weeping.*]

*Lucy.* We are right, I find; that's my cue. [*Alas.* Ah, dear Sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

*Barn.* Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

*Lucy.* Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

*Mil.* No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me; where'er I wander, thro' wild and deserts be my home and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

*Barn.*

*Barn.* For my sake!—Oh, tell me how, which way am I so curs'd to bring such ruin on thee?

*Mil.* No matter; I am contented with my lot.

*Barn.* Leave me not in this uncertainty.

*Mil.* I have said too much.

*Barn.* How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

*Mil.* To know it will be to encrease your troubles.

*Barn.* My troubles can't be greater than they are.

*Lucy.* Well, well, Sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

*Barn.* I am bound to you beyond expression.

*Mil.* Remember, Sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

*Barn.* Begin and ease my racking expectation.

*Lucy.* Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

*Mil.* Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compar'd to love?

*Lucy.* For a while he perform'd the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hir'd her servants.—But you have seen in what manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

*Mil.* How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

*Lucy.* All things went on as one could wish; till some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have marry'd her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man; but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him—

*Mil.* A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripp'd of all before.

*Lucy.* Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded: but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertain'd at her house, and staid with her all night.

he came this morning raving and storming like a mad-man, talks no more of marriage (so there's no hope of making up matters that way) but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

*Barn.* Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

*Mil.* He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that's happily spent with you—And now I go—

*Barn.* To be expos'd to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhoused, to wander, friendless, thro' the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge! Wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it?

*Lucy.* 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

*Barn.* Oh, where are all my resolutions now? 'Like early vapours, or the morning dew, chas'd by the sun's warm beams, they're vanish'd and lost, as tho' they had never been.'

*Lucy.* Now I advised her, Sir, to comply with the gentleman; 'that would not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once.'

*Barn.* Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him. I will, myself, prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately.

[Exit Barnwell.]

*Lucy.* 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

*Mil.* That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know, a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept without expence.

*Lucy.* That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

*Mil.* Leave that to me.

*Re-enter Barnwell, with a bag of money.*

*Barn.* What am I about to do?—Now you, who boast your ransom all-sufficient, suppose yourself in my con-

condition, and determine for me; whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

*Lucy.* These young sinners think every thing in the ways of wickedness so strange!—But I could tell him, that this is nothing but what's very common; for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son. But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough.

*[Aside.]*

*Barn.* Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

*Mil.* So, I may hope to see you there again?

*Barn.* Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

*Mil.* Say but you'll come.

*Barn.* You are my fate, my heaven or my hell! only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please.

*[Exit Millwood and Lucy.]*

What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? Why then has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and if my heart deceives me not, compulsion and generosity were my motives. Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names; or do they depend on accidents beyond our power to produce, or to prevent; wherein we have no part, and yet must be determined by the event?—But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,  
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

*[Exit.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.*Thorowgood and Trueman discovered (*with account books*) sitting at a table.

• THOROWGOOD.

• **M**ETHINKS I would not have you only learn  
 • the method of merchandize, and practise it  
 • hereafter merely as a means of getting wealth; it will  
 • be well worth your pains to study it as a science, to  
 • see how it is founded in reason, and the nature of  
 • things; how it promotes humanity, as it has open'd,  
 • and yet keeps up an intercourse between nations, far  
 • remote from one another in situation, customs, and  
 • religion; promoting arts, industry, peace, industry;  
 • by mutual benefits diffusing mutual love from pole to  
 • pole.

• Tr. Something of this I have considered, and hope,  
 • by your assistance, to extend my thoughts much farther.  
 • I have observed those countries, where trade is  
 • promoted and encourag'd, do not make discoveries to  
 • destroy, but to improve mankind by love and friendship;  
 • to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage;  
 • to teach them the advantage of honest traffick, by  
 • taking from them, with their own consent, their useless  
 • superfluities, and giving them, in return, what,  
 • from their ignorance in manual arts, their situation,  
 • or some other accident, they stand in need of.

• Tr. 'Tis justly observ'd: the populous east, luxuriant,  
 • abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls,  
 • aromatic spices, and health-restoring drugs: the late-  
 • found western world's rich earth glows with unnum-  
 • ber'd veins of gold and silver ore. On every climate,  
 • and on every country, Heaven has bestow'd some good  
 • peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's bu-  
 • siness to collect the various blessings of each soil and  
 • climate; and, with the product of the whole, to en-  
 • rich his native country. — Well, I have examin'd your  
 • accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found  
 • them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd. I commend  
 • your diligence. Method in business is the sure guide:  
 • he who neglects it, frequently stumbles,

Trueman says

'I am perplex'd, uncertain, and in danger.' Are my accounts ready for my inspection? He does not seem to be the last on these occasions.

On soon receiving your orders he retir'd, I thought in great confusion. If you please I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

I am now going to the Exchange; let him know that my return I expect to find him ready. [Exit.]

Enter Maria with a book. Sits and reads.

How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspir'd with love of chat, fix'd and collected in itself, with a single glance beholds the united force of earth and hell. Such souls are rais'd above the sense of pain, they seem'd that they regard it not. The martyr's sufferings are his Heaven; small are his sufferings, great his reward. Not so the wretch who combats his passions, whose mind, weakened and dissolved by dissipation, foolish and hopeless, opposes his own strength. What mean hours, a day, a year of pain, to him who thus is lost!

Enter Trueman.

Trueman. Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou employ'd?

Maria. He! I know not. What of him? Speak, say, what is Barnwell?

Trueman. 'Tis not to be conceal'd. I've news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Maria. Bless us, Heaven!

Trueman. I cannot speak it. See there.

[Trueman gives a letter, Maria reads.]

I know my absence will surprize my honour'd mother, yourself; and the more, when you shall understand, that the reason of my withdrawing is, my having expended part of the cash with which I was intrusted. I fear 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been prevented by examining my accounts, yet to prevent that would have been trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations on my return, I have left this from the lost

GEORGE BARNWELL."



*Fr.* Lost indeed ! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought he practised ; never was life more regular than his. An understanding uncommon at his years ; an open, generous manliness of temper ; his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

*Ma.* This, and much more might you have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, the joy of every heart that knew him.

*Fr.* Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss ? See, the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor, ruin'd Barnwell !

*Ma.* Trueman, do you think a soul delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice ?

*Fr.* Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

*Ma.* Is there no means yet to preserve him ?

*Fr.* Oh, that there were ! but few men recover their reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, tho' I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd master in the face.

*Ma.* I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

*Fr.* That's impossible.

*Ma.* What's the sum ?

*Fr.* 'Tis considerable ; I've mark'd it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

*Ma.* If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father ?

*Fr.* Nothing more easy. But can you intend it ? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin ? Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's ! Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

*Ma.* Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found ?

*Fr.* Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time,

I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuse for it, that the mistake shall never be suspected.

— In attempting to free from shame, one whom we have so often praised in virtue, to Heaven, and you, the only person concerned in this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing to diminish my own good character.

— With regard to the deed, and Heav'n, I doubt not, will reward it.

— Heaven surely will. I am well rewarded. A woman's mind is filled by suspicion's lightest breath : and I desire as this may be secret from my father and the world. For Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him. [Exit.

S. H. M. *Enter in Millwood's house.*

*Enter Lucy and Blunt.*

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprising. I don't know which to admire most, her foresight or her passion ; tho' I have sometimes been afraid that her artifice would discover her. But his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he doesn't want understanding. But you men are much less susceptible of love in these affairs, than you women will allow you to be more. Let me see the world of you all as much in love with me as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And, all circumstances consider'd, to make as much money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her artifice in making him ob his matter at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, are all even now, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money

is all gone. — The difficulty of it. Had it been otherwise, it had been nothing. — Were the world his, it would have been for a smile. But those golden days are ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther fortune are at an end.

*Blunt.*

*Blunt.* That's no more than we all expected.

*Lucy.* Being call'd by his master to make up his accounts, he was forc'd to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

*Blunt.* I have not heard of this before : how did she receive him ?

*Lucy.* As you would expect. She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his impudence, and with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

*Blunt.* That's much indeed ! But how did Barnwell behave ?

*Lucy.* He grieved ; and at length, enraged at his barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone ; and making toward the door, shew'd a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

*Blunt.* But then, Millwood—

*Lucy.* Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling ; hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest. The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

*Blunt.* Strange infatuation !

*Lucy.* But what ensued was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconciliation, ever increases love where the passion is sincere ; so in him it caus'd so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature seem'd sinking with the weight, and his charm'd soul dispos'd to quit his breast for hers. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise——what I tremble but to think on.

*Blunt.* I am amaz'd ! What can it be ?

*Lucy.* You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

*Blunt.* His uncle ! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character, in the country where he lives !

*Lucy.*

Lady. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the  
last dear purchase of his time; but her avarice, insatiate  
at the grave, demanded this annual sacrifice. Barnwell's  
dear relation, 'and unsuspected virtue, must give too  
' easy means to seize this golden treasure; ' whose  
blood must seal the dreadful deed, and prevent the ter-  
rors of her guilty fears.

Bliss. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an  
ill like that? He is by nature honest, grateful, com-  
passionate, and generous: ' and thus his love, and her  
' awful perfections, have wrought him to practise what  
' he must abhor; yet we all are sinners for him, with  
' what instances he has still complied: so many years  
' he shed over each offence, so might, if possible, sanc-  
' tify the crime, and make a merit of a crime.

Lady. 'Tis true, at the mention of the murder of his  
niece he started and stagger'd; and, breaking from her arms,  
where she still clung and held him with well-dissembled  
love, and false endearments, called her cruel, monster,  
devil, and told her she was born to his destruction. She  
thought it not for her purpose to vent his rage with her  
rage, but affected a more painful way of grief, railed at  
his fury, and curst her wretched stars, that still her  
wants should force her to permit him to act such deeds, as  
he must needs abhor as well as she. She told him ac-  
cursed was the law, and those who made it; that therefore  
he never truly lov'd, but did out of his necessity, to for-  
get her. Then she lov'd and lov'd, that since by his  
scandal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she ne-  
ver would let him more, unless to prove it true, he  
should his niece restore to her, and murder'd him  
as soon as from discovery.

Bliss. I am Astonish'd! What said he?

Lady. Speechless he stood, but in his face you might  
have read, that various passions torn his very soul. Oft  
he sigh'd, then shook his eyes toward heav'n, ' and then  
' as if he sent their beams no more, then wept and  
curst, and then his troubled heart, at length, with  
a voice that seem'd to come from hell, ' Thou curst fair,  
' what drew thee from my arms? What drew thee from my  
' arms? What drew thee from my arms? What drew thee from my  
' arms? What drew thee from my arms? What drew thee from my  
' arms? What drew thee from my arms? What drew thee from my  
me

air,

me now a fugitive from his service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture never felt on this side death before? Why love, love, love! And why, above all, do I resolve (for tearing his hair, he cried, I do resolve) to kill my uncle?

*Blunt.* Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

*Lucy.* Yes—with joy, that she had gain'd her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

*Blunt.* 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

*Lucy.* If we don't use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we shall be as bad as she.

*Blunt.* 'Tis too late.

*Lucy.* Perhaps so. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. I have run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself so wicked, as I find, upon reflection, we are.

*Blunt.* 'Tis true, we have been all too much so. But there is something so heinous in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that; I would not be involv'd in the guilt of it for all the world.

*Lucy.* Nor I, Heaven be my guide. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, which to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect the cursed design?

*Blunt.* With all my heart. I know no one knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason is a murderer.

*Lucy.* Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [*Ex. act.*]

SCENE, a walk at some distance from a country seat.

*Enter Barnwell.*

*Barn.* A dismal gloom obscures the face of day. Eith' the sun has slipp'd behind a cloud, or journey'd down to the west of Heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd design, where'er I tread, methinks, the



forms of dreary graves, and bodies chang'd by death;  
 when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each eye,  
 and fills the musing soul at once with horror,  
 pity and aversion. I will indulge no more.  
 The wise man prepares himself for death,  
 it familiar to his mind. When strong reflection  
 the mirror near, and the living in the dead  
 their future self, how does each inordinate passion  
 desire cease, or sicken at the view! The mind  
 moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps  
 thro' the veins; fix'd, still, and motionless we  
 so, like the solemn object of our thoughts, we  
 most at present what we must be hereafter; till  
 awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry.

*Enter George Barnwell, at a distance.*

Oh, Death! thou strange mysterious power, seen every  
 day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative  
 dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that  
 with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to  
 the centre, or ascends above the stars! that worlds ex-  
 otic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts  
 to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid  
 gloom, defeated, she retains more doubtful than be-  
 fore, of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

*[During this speech Barnwell sometimes presents the  
 tal, and draws it back again.]*

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible! *[Throwing down the tal]*

*[Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his sword.]*

Uncle. A man so near me! arm'd and mask'd—

Barn. Nay, then, there's no retreat.

*[Plucks a poignard from his bosom, and stabs him.]*

Uncle. Oh, I am slain! All gracious Heaven, receive  
 the prayer of thy dying servant; bless, with the choicest  
 blessings, my dearest nephew; so give my murderer  
 and take my fleeing soul to endless mercy!

*[Barnwell strains off his mask, runs to him, and  
 ing by him, raves and chafes him.]*

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murder'd martyr'd un-  
 cle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in  
 your murderer—Oh, do not look so tenderly upon  
 me—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and  
 blast me ere you die—By Heaven, he weeps, it is  
 of

—The murder'd, his murderer.—  
 I would pronounce my pardon  
 I would, but cannot.  
 —[Swears away.] 'What I  
 expir'd on his lips but  
 enough expired. He's  
 —[Swears away]  
 still breathe, and  
 wholesome air?—  
 office or in mercy  
 ed saint, and me  
 spares, let pity  
 Murder the worth  
 of murders, and  
 who stands on  
 must to its last  
 brother favoured  
 brother's hand, dis-  
 and hated: but I,  
 a brother, mo-  
 and beloved.  
 —The evil without a parallel,  
 last of murders

and despair,  
 prayer.  
 fain be wise  
 it denies.  
 stand or fall;



## A C T IV.

SCENE, *a room in Thorowgood's house.**Enter Maria meeting Trueman.*

MARIA.

• **H**OW falsely do they judge, who censure or ap-  
 • plaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here! I  
 • know I am unhappy; yet cannot charge myself with  
 • any crime, more than the common frailties of our  
 • kind, that should provoke just heaven to mark me  
 • out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely to  
 • accuse ourselves, heaven must abhor. Then 'tis just  
 • and right that innocence should suffer; *Heaven*  
 • must be just in all its ways. Perhaps by *that* we are  
 • kept from moral evils much worse than penal, or  
 • more improved in virtue. Or may not the lesser ills  
 • that we sustain be made the means of greater good to  
 • others? Might all be joyless days and sleepless nights  
 • that I have past, but purchase peace for thee!  
 • Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain;  
 • Small were the loss, and infinite the gain,  
 • Though to the grave in secret love I pine,  
 • So life and fame, and happiness were thine!

What news of Barnwell?

*Tr.* None; I have sought him with the greatest dili-  
 gence, but all in vain.

*Ma.* Does my father yet suspect the cause of his ab-  
 sence?

*Tr.* All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not  
 possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer  
 be concealed. Your father is wise; and though he  
 seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make  
 for Barnwell, yet, I am afraid he regards 'em only as  
 such, without suffering them to influence his judg-  
 ment.

*Ma.* How does the unhappy youth defeat our  
 designs to serve him! yet I can never repent that we  
 have done. Should he return, 'twill make recon-  
 ciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from  
 future reproach of a malicious unforgiving world.

*Enter*

and Lucy.

Given me a sad, and,  
on probable an account of

frank confession of  
should cause you to

on has in it all the  
other particulars,  
been influenced to  
eral times, of con-  
I know this to be  
of her relation, too

self on a sudden so  
vidence opposes all  
Arnwell! Wretch-  
*Aside. Exit Maria.*  
ery side! Pity for  
of a much valued  
only joy and hope  
increases hourly,  
of her loss—Oh,  
at your friend, at  
is gone to rob

d with the horror

w not. That he  
he rest may be so

se all true, than  
horrid deed may  
t may be done,  
means to prevent

, that he knows  
that, ho! without

herse, and pre-  
para

## GEORGE BARNWELL.

pare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For your whole behaviour on this occasion I have no time to censure, as it deserves, I must engage your further assistance. Return and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] Trueman, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Tr. He only who is a friend can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Millwood's house.

*Enter Millwood.*

Mil. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt without success would ruin him. Well; what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done; then, and then only, I shall be secure—Or what if he returns without attempting it at all!—

*Enter Barnwell bloody.*

But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly, to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mil. Dismiss your fears: though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eye of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. Oh, hide me—from myself if it be possible, for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor lightning's downward, were all in vain. For, Oh, that mate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and condemn me with never-ending torment. Behold these hands, all crimsoned with my dear uncle's blood. Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

you are afraid of your shadow, your con-

I did the accursed act, all-seeing eye?

What advantage have advantage may yet be keys of his treasure, ? What gold, what you brought me?

ge to murder! Oh, from him in a crim- or me by the double alas, alas, he knew arderer!) how would you had a thousand ven them all to have ing dead, I fled the nor could I, to have ve violated by these

ting villian! to mur- nature's first, last, re's no injury, then ed, and bring to me think I'll hazard my tain you?

from thee!——But if you with me dead, his sure my grief will

discover all and involve recipice from whence hen to premove myself no other way.—— nes to late when dan- om for choice.——

[Bell, enter a servant.] this villian. He has would I let him escape, I he. [Exit servant.] you do not, you cannot mean

»&

mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I'll  
 you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not for  
 you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands  
 of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But  
 thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worth ten  
 thousand times than death with torture.

*Mil.* Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and  
 live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

*Barn.* If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the  
 author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be  
 secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon,  
 hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious  
 death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorred? After  
 death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a  
 dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping  
 croud! This I could bear, nay wish not to avoid,  
 had it but come from any hand but thine.

*Enter Blunt, Porter, and attendants.*

*Mil.* Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here,  
 Sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of  
 murder, and will make good my charge.

*{They seize him.*

*Barn.* To whom, of what, or how shall I complain?  
 I'll not accuse her. The hand of heaven is in it, and  
 this the punishment of lust and parricide. Yet hea-  
 ven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live;  
 perhaps to punish others. Tremendous mercy! So  
 fiends are curs'd with immortality to be the execu-  
 tioners of heaven.

Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair;  
 Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair.

By reason guided, honest joys pursue:

The fair, to honour and to virtue true,

Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.

By my example learn to shun my fate.

(How wretched is the man who's unprovoked)

Free innocent, and tame, and life to lose.

Here purchase wisdom cheaply, at my age.

*{Exeunt Barnwell, officer, and attendants.*

*Mil.* Where's Lucy? Why is she absent at such a  
 time?

WELL. 45

! Lucy will soon be  
thou devil!

of the devil is, that  
trays to punishment.

[Exit Blunt.  
conduct then, " and  
in let up themselves"  
see my danger, but  
been to fall by such

[Going.

and curfs

When do you

I am Mill-

etch that

expected  
believe your  
you not.  
better; I am

Oh, I think,

above thy arts, as my  
used not have blushed

you, Sir; if he has  
Was he my servant,  
him better."

and such uncommon  
right of wickedness?  
deity soon follows."

of any of the arts  
thy youth. I know

, reluctant and un-

me, to this last horrid act,  
which

which you contrived, and by your cursed will, even forced him to commit.

*Mil.* Hal Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and lay it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Afide.*]

*Ther.* Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But heaven who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, though man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judged by the outward action.

*Mil.* I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprized at such ill treatment without cause from a gentleman of your appearance. And therefore too hastily returned for which I am your partner. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in your correspondence with your servant, and some other accessory to his undoing.

*Ther.* I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

*Mil.* 'Tis very strange! But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So fast I am contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he hath of late frequented my house; if she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

*Ther.* I hear you; pray go on.

*Mil.* I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to dissipated pleasures. Now, who can tell but she has seduced the amorous youth to commit the crime, in order to supply her extravagant passions.——It must be so, I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her, and a man servant whom I suspect an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will stay

lay with me, and join  
to punish the bloody deed.

[*Offers to go.*

But, Othello, I see your de-  
sign, and I see your malice.

But, Othello, I see your de-  
sign, and I see your malice.  
influence, and the  
guilty wretches.  
leading a thought-

him when it was

ng him may con-  
loves him, though  
er he delivered  
b horror

to escape her  
vit and form  
ce, and fire the  
Even I, that  
had by her artful  
conviction of her  
[*side.*] Those whom  
are your accusers;  
their innocence and  
the deed was done,  
to prevent it.

be convinced; but I  
d, will silence all

[*Exit Millwood.*  
officers, &c.

selves, some on one  
other; watch her  
all direct you. This  
behaviour. I have  
extremity, and is  
as at her design.  
[*Trueman secures her.*  
chief ends, deceit-

thou canst not

Tr.



*Tr.* To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

*Mil.* That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

*Ther.* Think not by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

*Mil.* If such I had, yet I cry I curse your barbarous sex who robbed me of 'em ere I knew their worth, then left me, too late, to covet their value by their loss. Another and another spoils me, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd and yet disdain'd, dependence and contentment. Riches, as matters by what means obtained, I still secure the notion of men from both. I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that end I summoned all my arts. You 'em wicked, because they were such as my conversation with your sex has furnished me withal.

*Ther.* Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

*Mil.* Men of all degrees, and all professions, I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From suburb magistrates, who live by ruined reputations, as the unboastable natives of Cornwall do by shipwrecks, I learned, that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection: for to screen the guilty is the least scandalous, when many are suspected; and a traction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects and levels all distinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who are none but such as by their office they are sworn to punish. With them, not to be guilty is the worst of all, and large fees privately paid are every day to be seen.

*Ther.* Your practice is sufficiently proved your contempt of laws, both human and divine. Consider then that you should hate the officers of it, the

*Mil.* I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I followed my inclinations, and

and

day, ' All actions  
ent to man and beast,  
as they meet with  
themselves.

ed for comprehensive,  
be a stranger to reli-

be an atheist, though  
hypocrisy to make a  
whatever religion is in  
it has caused the  
cure. War, plague,  
many of the human  
lone; and with such  
way to honour hea-  
into hell.

om an enemy, and  
blind, and super-  
er this?

which you make  
and the coward's  
all your villainies?  
you act yourselves,  
in their circum-  
the poor man for  
himself had he been  
and being deceived,  
one another. But

source of joy,

roy:

rsue,

ught by you.

and maid,

man betray'd,

Virgin fame,

and a Roubler name,

sev's wrongs devote their infn l,  
oods prove to plague mankind.

{ Exit.

he Fourth Act.

ACT

## A C T V.

' SCENE, *A room in a prison.*

' *Enter Thorowgood, Blunt, and Lucy.*

THOROWGOOD.

' I Have recommended Barnwell a reverend divine whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with. Nor has Millwood been negligent; but this unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

' *Lucy.* This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; let me know me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at the trial.

' *Thor.* I knew it was impossible to save her, and my family bore so great a part in the matter, that to have been present would but have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

' *Blunt.* It was most remarkable. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he passed, drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs, he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin. But she, dauntless and unconcerned, stood by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who all with sympathizing sorrow wept for the wretched youth. Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and a bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she escape herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind. But what could that avail? She was condemned, and is this day to suffer with him.

' *Thor.* The time draws on. I am sorry to see Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

' *Lucy.* We have not wronged her, yet I shall have an interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be so branded in a public place, to suffer in her shame, and sympathize with her

we must pay for the confederacy with

What you have done, I know proceeded from a desire to be free from in-  
deligence to virtue  
your purposed refor-  
your friend.

It was for as unme-  
from impending  
to secure us

your deliverance  
disposed than  
in the manner he  
their safety rather to  
with pity and com-  
his faults, but  
ruin teach us dis-  
for if we,  
been tried, like

*Barnwell reading.*

*passion's detested  
severe reflections,*

whose goodness  
shame, forgive  
I saw you not.

better employed in  
long, your time  
a reverend di-  
should be glad to

he recommended  
retirement,  
laboured under.  
the extent of bea-  
gh great, are not

unpardonable: and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty, to believe and to rejoice in my hope. So shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

*Flor.* Proceed.

*Barn.* 'Tis wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace and mercy to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy have a certain sentence, attended with force and evidence, which I doubt not will describe my present state of mind. I have no doubt, and trembling I rejoice; my grief increases, and my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now furnish more arms than the horror and anguish of despair beget.

*Flor.* These are the good effects of true repentance, the only preparatory to the certain way to eternal peace. "Oh, the joy to see a soul thus engaged, and prepared for heaven! this the faithful suffer devotes himself to prayer, abstinence, prayer, shunning the vanities of sensual pleasures, and daily dies, that others may live for ever. For he turns the sacred volumes o'er, and spends his time in painful search of truth. The love of riches, the lust of power, he looks upon with just contempt and detestation; he only counts for wealth the forgiveness of sins, and his highest ambition is to serve mankind. If the reward of all his pains be to preserve one soul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours everpaid!"

*Barn.* What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you.

*Flor.* To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee. *Barn.* All.

*Barn.* Oh, Sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

*Flor.* Give it vent a while, and try.

*Barn.* I had a friend, a true friend, methinks your generous example might persuade— Could not I see him before I go, there's no return?

*Flor.* He's coming, and for such thy friend as ever. I will not anticipate his sorrow, but soon he'll see the



me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to guile, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had he insisted on my murdering thee,——I think——I should have done it.

Fr. Pr'ythee, aggravated

Barn. I think I should? *(He looks at her.)*  
you are, I should have murdered *(He looks at her.)*

Fr. We have not yet embraced. Come to my

Barn. Never, never will I raise my hand against the honest arm and faithful plow that support a murderer? and flinty pavement the ground.] Even the monster.

Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our sighs shall echo to each other through the dreary vale of life, and we shall number the moments as they pass, giving tears communicants such anguish, as words never made to express.

*Bara.* Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that you promised? You've taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow can't approach me while I am here. 'This too is true,' says heaven, which I having before spoke peace and pardon to you, now sends thee to confirm it.' Oh, take, take the joy that overthrows my breast.

Fr. I do, I do. Almighty power! how bad thou  
made us capable to bear the extremes of  
fure and ut pain.

**Environ Monit Assess** (2008) 142:111–120

Kord, Sir,

843

My friends

[Exit Keeper.

What! Must you learn that Death would soon have  
 parted us for ever?

Oh, my friends, I should yet another task be-  
 lieve, to save your hearts from being laid for others' woes.

What! To let you live with you I thought was all  
 that I could do for you. Here more for me to

it must be known!

various daughter?

as reached that maid!  
 all, to shew mankind

happy friend, have  
 have felt, and more,

lie, and would not  
 his is indeed the bit-

[Aside.

you all observed it) for  
 weighed her down.

and languished from  
 your dreadful fate,

she wept, and  
 her hair,' and in the

her own lost state,

Will all I feel restore thy ease,  
 Why did you not

no secret of her  
 to see you are you

her.

[Exit Trueman.

ughts, be still! What avails it  
 I might have been! I now am

made myself.

Enter Trueman and Maria.

Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene.  
 This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice

reserves



reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to a shameful death.

*Ma.* To this sad place then, no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and sees the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind, yet that so perfect, that beauty and death ever at enmity, now seem united there.

*Barn.* 'I groan, but murmur not.' Just as I am your own; do with me what you please.

*Ma.* Why are your streaming eyes as though thou'dst given me greedy ear, and rob me of my duty? Were happy power, you should bestow it where you will, in your misery I wait and will partake.

*Barn.* Oh say not that fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate! Consider what you are, 'how vast your fortune, and how bright your name. Have pity on your youth, your beauty, and unequalled virtue; for which so many noble spirits have sighed in vain. Bless with your charms some honourable lord. Adorn with your beauty, and by your example improve, the English court, that justly claims such merit:' so shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been.

*Ma.* When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women like Millwood, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity shake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the pain such have made.

*Fr.* Lovely ill-fated maid! 'there ever generous distress before! How must this pierce your grateful heart, and aggravate your woes!'

*Barn.* Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled, and when my youthful hopes were at the height; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me never to have been pardon'd, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now!

*Ma.* Let her bliss, who proffering love, invades the freedom of your sex's choice, and meanly sues in hopes

‘ hopes of a return. Your inevitable fate hath rendered hope impossible and vain. Then why should I fear to avow a passion so just and so disinterested ?

‘ *Tr.* If any should take occasion from Millwood’s crimes to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, here let them see their error. The most distant hopes of such a tender passion from so bright a maid, might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud: yet here ’tis lavished in vain. Though by the rich present, the generous donor is undone, he on whom it is bestowed receives no benefit.

‘ The most distant hopes of such a tender passion from so bright a maid, might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud: yet here ’tis lavished in vain.

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‘ Though by the rich present, the generous donor is undone, he on whom it is bestowed receives no benefit.

*Barn.* Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace,  
nor let her death be added to my crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I  
am summoned to my fate.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keeper.* Sir, the officers attend you. Millwood is al-  
ready summoned.

*Barn.* Tell 'em, I'm ready: And now, my friend,  
farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort, the best  
you can, this mourning fair.—No more—Forget  
not to pray for me. [*Turning to Maria.*] Would you,  
bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste  
embrace, the last happy in this world could give were  
mine. [*She inclines towards him, they embrace.*] Exalted  
goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me to  
heaven, where virtue like yours, is ever heard! Pray  
for the poor suffering soul. Early my race of  
wickedness began, and I reached the summit. 'Ere  
' nature has finished her work, and stamped me man,  
' just at the time when others begin to stray, my course  
' is finished. Though short my span of life, and few  
' my days; yet count my crimes for years, and I have  
' lived whole ages.'—Then, in compassion to  
mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one such ex-  
ample to secure thousands from future ruin. 'Justice  
' and mercy are in heaven the same: its utmost seve-  
' rity is mercy to the whole; thereby to cure man's  
' folly and presumption, which else would render even  
' infinite mercy vain and ineffectual.'

If any youth like you in future times

Shall mourn my fate, tho' he abhors my crimes,

Or tender maid like you my tale shall hear,

And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;

To each such melting eye and throbbing heart,

Would gracious heaven this benefit impart,

Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,

Then must you own, you ought not to complain.

Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and O'Connell.*]

SCENE

• **SCENE.** *The place of execution. The gallows and ladder at the farther end of the stage. A crowd of Spectators, Blunt and Lucy.*

• **Lucy.** Heavens! What a throng!

• **Blunt.** How terrible is death when thus prepared! Supports them, Heaven! thou only canst support them, if vain.

make way,

How

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and!

• **Blunt.** *Continued.* something that men and fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, on this devoted head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid defiance to thy utmost power.

• **Barn.** Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulph of death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting woe, Oh, bend your stubborn knees, and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine! Who knows, but heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow that grace which your life despised!

• **Blunt.** O you mercy to a wretch like me! O any hope, almost beyond my wish. O to ask to be forgiven.

• **Barn.** O to ask what 'tis to be for ever, ever mine! O to ask what 'tis to be for ever, ever mine! O to ask what 'tis to be for ever, ever mine!

• **Mil.**

*Mil.* That will destroy me! I feel it will. A deluge of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp-stinged scorpions, molten lead, and whole seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

*Barn.* Oh, add not to your vast account despair; a sin more injurious to heaven, than all you've yet committed.

*Mil.* Oh, I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy!

*Barn.* Oh, say not so; 'tis blasphemy to think it. As yon bright roof is higher than the earth, so, and much more, does heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. Oh, wretched being shall presume to circumscribe mercy, for knows no bounds!

*Mil.* This is your hope. Though pity may be boundless, my pains are not. I was doomed before the world began to endless pains, and thou to joys eternal.

*Barn.* Oh, grant, O heaven! extend thy pity to her; let thy rich Mercy flow in plenteous streams to chase her fears, and heal her wounded soul.

*Mil.* It will not be: your prayers are lost in air, or else returned perhaps with double blessings to your bosom: they help not me.

*Barn.* Yet hear me, Millicent.

*Mil.* Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee, youth, I am by heaven devoted to a dreadful instance of its power to punish. [Barnwell seems to pray.] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and both ascend to heaven! that heaven, whose gates are shut with adamant bars against my prayers, had I the will to pray. I cannot bear it! Sure 'tis the worst of torments to behold others enjoy that bliss which we must never taste.

*Officer.* The utmost limit of your time's expired.

*Mil.* Uncompassed with horror, whither wilt I go? I would not live—nor die—That I could cease to be—or ne'er had been!

*Barn.* Since peace and comfort are denied her here, may the God mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her hell. From our example may all be taught to fly the first approach of vice: but if mistaken,

By

- By strong temptation, weakness, or surprize,
- Lament their guilt, and by repentance rise.
- Th' impenitent alone die unforgiven!

...wretched, wretched

\* Dr. Henry J. Deane, "The Great Fate,"

\* *Wolfgang Iser: Was ist eine literarische Textur?*

... with horror.  
No tongue can

...fears. May  
...of mercy

... break, my

...and, as we show,

A. Nelson et al. / *Journal of Macroeconomics* 25 (2003) 101–114 103

Let's go back to the first example. We have a function  $f(x)$  defined on the interval  $[a, b]$ . We want to find the maximum value of  $f(x)$  on this interval. We start by finding the critical points of  $f(x)$ , which are the points where the derivative  $f'(x)$  is zero or undefined. In this case, the derivative is  $f'(x) = 2x - 4$ , which is zero when  $x = 2$ . So,  $x = 2$  is a critical point. We also need to check the endpoints of the interval,  $x = a$  and  $x = b$ . The function values at these points are  $f(a) = 2a^2 - 4a + 1$  and  $f(b) = 2b^2 - 4b + 1$ . The function value at the critical point is  $f(2) = 2(2)^2 - 4(2) + 1 = 1$ . Comparing these values, we see that the maximum value of  $f(x)$  on the interval  $[a, b]$  is  $1$  if  $a \leq 2 \leq b$ , and  $\max\{f(a), f(b)\}$  otherwise.

And by avoiding that—putting it off—

NO 98-7042 JHJH ACT

## EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Spoken by MARIA.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,  
 For whom my heart had bound up its truth;  
 By all the laws of love and honour, now  
 I'm free again to choose ——— and one of you.

But first ——— With whom first I'll round me  
 Maids, in my cabinet, I'll lock before they leap?  
 Here's choice ——— various sort and hue,  
 The cit, the wit, the good, the bad, the true,  
 The fair spruce mermaid, and the tawny Jew.

Suppose I search the other gallery? ——— No;  
 There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all-a-row;  
 And these, I doubt, are those that make them so.

[Pointing to the boxes,

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest: ——— But you,  
 Fine powder'd sparks, ——— nay, I am told 'tis true,  
 Your happy spouses ——— can make cuckolds too.

'Twill suit you and them the difference this perhaps,  
 You cit's ashamed whenever his duck be traps;  
 But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,  
 Cock up your bass, and take no shame at all.

What if some favour'd poet I cou'd meet,  
 Whose love wou'd lay his laurels at my feet.

No ——— Painted passions real love abhors ———  
 His flame wou'd prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer pause,  
 In short, my heart to this conclusion draws;  
 I yield it to the hand that's thine in applause.

Art

ISABELLA or the FATAL MARRIAGE. Scene.



J. B. Kneller del.

Published for W. D. Kneller, Painter, 1777.

ACTRESS in the Character of ISABELLA.

*Indeed, I am most Wretched!.*



BELL'S EDITION.

ISABELLA;

OR, THE

FATAL MARRIAGE.

A TRAGEDY,

Drawn from SOUTHERN.

ANTIQUE AND THE

VARIATIONS OF THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal of Covent-Garden.

Revised from the French Book,

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,

JOHN CROMPTON, Prompter.

OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the mixed drama of the last age, called Tragi-comedy, has been generally condemned by the critics, and not without reason; yet it has been found to succeed on the stage: both the comic and tragic scenes have been applauded by the audience, without any particular exception; and as it has been observed, that the effect of either was less flexible, than it would have been, if either had not been related to the other in the progress of the action. The comic part of this play has been always thought extremely natural and interesting; and some have been of opinion, that, if the tragic part had been omitted, the play would have been a perfect comedy. The inter-est of the story, however, is not so much mixed with it: the comic scenes, though they have the thought of removing chains, if they will not, are an exceptionable in themselves, yet not so ridiculous as to be immoral; for this reason we have taken so much of the characters of the comic and the tragic scenes, as is not liable to the charge of immorality. The comic part, not only for what he has taken away, but for what he has added. It will still be remembered, that the leaving out some-thing of a play is necessary that something should be supplied; and the public will be the more easily re-convinc'd of this, when they are acquainted that the additions are of considerable, and that the edi-ting has been done to render them of a piece with the original, particularly in the style of the dialogue, though they are omitted in the original. Many things please in the reading, which have no effect upon the stage. When the scenes are short, and the speeches long, the audience will not spare their powers, or shorten the play. Mrs. Cibber\* chose the latter; by which she has given that force and expression which has made it so highly valued, and so sincerely applauded.

Printed and sold by W. Dilly at Drury-Lane theatre Mrs. Cibber's  
 and sold by W. Dilly at Drury-Lane theatre Mrs. Cibber's

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Count Baldwin, father to *Biron* and  
*Carlos*,

*Biron*, married to *Isabella* supposed  
dead,

*Carlos*, his younger brother,

*Villevoy*, in love with *Isabella*, mar-  
ries her,

*Sampson*, porter to count Baldwin,

A Child of *Isabella's*, by *Biron*.

*Bellford*, a friend of *Biron's*,

*Pedro*, a friend to *Carlos*.

*Drury-Lane*

Jefferson.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Alckin.

Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Bransby.

Master Pullen.

Mr. Usher.

Mr. Wroughten.

### WOMEN.

*Isabella*, married to *Biron* and *Vil-*  
*levoy*,

Nurse to *Biron*,

Mrs. Yates.

Mrs. Johnson.

Officers, Servants, Men and Women.

SCENE, BRUSSELS.

## I S A B E L L A.

\* \* The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatre.

## ACT I.

*Scene* *Louise Baldwin's House.*

*Enter* *William* *and* *Carlos.*

*Carlos.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*William.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*Carlos.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*William.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*Carlos.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*William.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*Carlos.* *Thou art the father of your country; and wilt establish an immortal name for ever.*

*Exit.*

*Vil.* I'm going to visit her.

*Car.* What interest a brother-in-law can have with her, depend upon.

*Vil.* I know your interest, and I thank you.

*Car.* You are prevented; see, the mourner comes;  
She weeps, as seven years were seven hours;  
So fresh, unfading, is the memory  
Of my poor brother's, Biron's, death:  
I leave you to your opportunity. [Exit Vil.]

Tho' I have taken care to root her from our house,  
I would transplant her into Villeroy's——

There is an evil fate that waits upon her,  
To which, I wish him wedded—Only him:

His upstart family, with haughty brags  
(Tho' Villeroy and myself are seeming friends)

Looks down upon our house; his sister too,  
Whose hand I ask'd, and was with scorn refus'd,  
Lives in my breast, and fires me to revenge.——

They bend this way——  
Perhaps, at last, she seeks my father's doors;

They shall be shut, and he prepar'd to give  
The beggar and her brat a cold reception.

That boy's an adder in my path—they come,  
I'll stand a-part, and watch their motions. [Retires.]

*Enter Villeroy, with Isabella and her little Son.*

*Isa.* Why do you follow me? you know I am  
A bankrupt every way; too far engag'd  
Ever to make return; I own you have been  
More than a brother to me, my friend;  
And at a time when friends are found no more,  
A friend to my misfortunes.

*Vil.* I must be always your friend.

*Isa.* I have known, and found you  
Truly my friend; and would I could be yours;  
But the unfortunate cannot be friends:

'Fate watches the first motion of the soul,  
'To disappoint our wishes; if we pray  
'For blessings, they prove curses in the end,  
'To ruin all about us.' Pray be gone.

Take warning, and be happy.

*Vil.* Happiness!

There's

I S A B E L L A.

There's none for me without you : ' Riches, name,  
' Health, fame, distinction, place, and quality.  
' Are the incumbrances of groaning life,  
' To make it but more tedious without you.'  
What serve the goods of fortune for ? To raise  
My hopes, that you at last will share them with me.  
' Long life itself, the universal prayer,

I have since liv'd in contemplation,  
 And long experience of your growing goodness :  
 What then was passion, is my judgment now,  
 Thro' all the several changes of your life,  
 Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

*Isa.* Nay, then I must be gone. If you're my friend,  
 If you regard my little interest ;

No more of this ; you see, I grant you all  
 That friendship will allow : be still my friend ;  
 That's all I can receive, or have to give.  
 I'm going to my father ; he needs not an excuse  
 To use me ill : pray leave me to the trial.

*Vil.* I'm only born to be what you would have me,  
 The creature of your power, and must obey  
 In every thing obey you. I am not free.  
 But all good fortune go along with you. [Exit.

*Isa.* I shall need all your wishes— [Knocks.  
 Lock'd ! and fast !

Where is the charity that us'd to stand  
 In our forefathers' hospitable days  
 At great men's doors, ready for our wants,  
 Like the good angel of the family,  
 With open arms taking the needy  
 To feed and cloath, to comfort and relieve 'em ?  
 Now even their gates are shut against their poor.

[She knocks again.

*Enter Sampson to her.*

*Samp.* Well, what's to do now, I trow ? You knock  
 as loud as if you were invited ; and that's more than I  
 heard of ; but I can tell you, you may look twice about  
 you for a welcome, in a great man's family, before you  
 find it, unless you bring it along with you.

*Isa.* I hope I bring my welcome along with me : Is  
 your lord at home ?

*Isa.* Count Baldwin lives here still ?

*Samp.* Ay, ay, Count Baldwin does live here ; and I  
 am his porter : but what's that to the purpose, good  
 woman, of my lord's being at home ?

*Isa.* Why, don't you know me, friend ?

*Samp.* Not I, not I, mistress ; I may have seen you  
 before, or so ; but men of employment must forget their  
acquaintance,

acquaintance; especially such as we are never to be the better for.

[*Going to shut the door. Nurse enters, having overheard him.*

*Nurse.* Handfomer words would become you, and mend your manners, Sampson: do you know who you prate to?

*Isa.* I'm glad you know me, nurse.

*Nurse.* Marry, heav'n forbid, Madam, that I should ever forget you, or my little jewel: pray go in—[*Isabella goes in with her child.*] Now my blessing go along with you, wherever you go, or whatever you are about. Fie, Sampson, how couldst thou be such a Saracen? A Turk would have been a better Christian, than to have

been so long a time for such a lady.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

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*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Nurse.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.

*Isa.* I know not what you mean, nurse, but I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake. I am old: by your leave, I will not be so long a time for such a lady's sake.



I'll tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

*Samp.* Ay, marry, nurse.

*Nurse.* My lord's eldest son, Biron by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have lov'd best, if he had as many as king Pyramus of Troy.

'*Samp.* How! King Pyramus of Troy! Why, how many had he?'

'*Nurse.* Why, the ballet sings he had fifty sons; but 'no matter for that.' This Biron, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman, and indeed, nobody could blame his father for loving him: he was a son for the king of Spain; God bless him, for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, Sampson, this Biron, without asking the advice of his father, hank' over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this Isabella.

*Samp.* How, wilfully! he should have had her consent, methinks.

*Nurse.* No, wilfully marries her; and which was worse, after she had settled all her fortune upon a nunnery, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

*Samp.* Why in good truth, these nunneries, I see 'no good they do. I think the young lady was in the 'right to run away from a nunnery:' and I think our young master was not in the wrong but in marrying without a portion.

*Nurse.* That was the quarrel, I believe, Sampson: upon this, my old lord would never see him; disinherited him; took his younger brother, Cloten, into favour, whom he never car'd for before; and at last sent Biron to go to the siege of Candy, where he was killed.

*Samp.* Alack-a-day, poor gentleman.

*Nurse.* For which my old lord hates her as if she had been the cause of his going thither.

*Samp.* 'Tis, alas, poor lady! she has suffer'd for it she has liv'd a great while a widow.

*Nurse.* A great while indeed, for a young widow, Sampson.

*Samp.*

ISABELLA.

11

*Samp.* Gad so! here they come; I won't venture to be seen.

*Enter Count Baldwin, followed by Isabella and her Child.*

*C. Bald.* Whoever of your friends directed you,  
Misguided, and abus'd you—There's your way;  
I can afford to shew you out again;  
What could you expect from me?

I/a. Oh, I have nothing to expect on earth !  
But misery is very apt to talk :  
I thought I might be heard.

C. Bald. What can you say?  
Is there in eloquence, can there be in words  
A recompens'g pow'r, a remedy,  
A reparation of the injuries,  
The great calamities that you have brought  
On me, and mine? You have defied those hopes  
I fondly rais'd, through my declining life,  
To rest my age upon; and now undone me.

*Ma.* I have undone m

C. Bald. Spent 10 years in the  
Say will you be my friend, and I will hear you,  
With pleasure and with care.

...done.  
...av'n has

And here I found a little white girl, like  
 a white dove, with wings in death in the grave.  
 And she was looking at me with the light,  
 like a white dove, and I was looking at her.  
 And I was looking at her with the light,  
 like a white dove, and I was looking at her.

...of the ...

1. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be achieved.

It is a little bit of a warm.

At last have left us : now bereft of all,  
 But this last trial of a cruel father,  
 To save us both from sinking. Oh, my child !  
 Kneel with me, knock at nature in his heart :  
 Let the resemblance of a once-lov'd son  
 Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,  
 And plead the fatherless and widow's cause.  
 Oh, if you ever hope to be forgiven,  
 As you will need to be forgiven too,  
 Forget our faults, that heaven may pardon yours !

*C. Bald.* How dare you mention heav'n ! Call to mind,  
 Your perjur'd vows ; your plighted, broken faith  
 To heav'n, and all things holy : were you not  
 Devoted, wedded to a life recluse,  
 The sacred habit on, profess'd and sworn  
 A votary for ever ? Can you think  
 The sacrilegious wretch, that robs the shrine,  
 Is thunder-proof ?

*Isa.* There, there, began my woes.

- Let women all take warning at my fate ;
- Never resolve, or think they can be safe,
- Within the reach and tongue of tempting men.

Oh ! had I never seen my Biron father,  
 Had he not tempted me, had not fall'n,  
 But still continued innocent and free  
 Of a bad world, which only he had pow'r  
 To reconcile, and make me try again. [thoughts,

*C. Bald.* Your own inconstancy, ' your graceless  
 ' Debauch'd and' reconcil'd you to the world :

He had no hand to bring you back again.

But what you gave him. Circe, you prevail'd

Upon his honest mind, transforming him

From virtue, and himself, into what shape

You had occasion for ; and what he did

Was first inspir'd by you. ' A cloyster was

• Too narrow for the work you had in hand :

• Your business was more general ; the whole world

• To be the scene : therefore you spread our chain

• To catch his soul, to be the instrument,

• The wicked instrument of your wickedness.

• Not that you valued him ; for any one,

• Who could have serv'd the turn, had been as welcome

*Isa.* Oh ! I have sin'd to heav'n, but none to him.

*C. Bald.* Had my wretched son  
Marry'd a beggar's bastard; taken her  
Out of her rags, and made her of my blood.  
The mischief might have ceas'd, and ended there.  
But bringing in his family,

Entails a curse upon the house and name.

That takes you in, till you are out of it.

That will not let you go, till you are dead.

'Tis a curse to be a beggar's son.

Barely enough to live, and yet to die.

Will he not let you go, till you are dead?

Are you not dead, and yet to die?

Are you not dead, and yet to die?

Are you not dead, and yet to die?

*To the Father.*

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

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Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

Oh, how I love you, and how I love you.

*Samp.* Good, my lord, what I did was in perfect obedience to the old nurse there. I told her what it would come to.

*C. Bald.* What! this was a plot upon me. And you too, beldam, were you in the conspiracy? Begone, go all together; 'I have provided you an equipage, now 'set up when you please. She's old enough to do you 'service; I have none for her. The wide world lies 'before you: begone;' take any road but this to beg or starve in—'I shall be glad to hear of you;' but never, never see me more— *[He drives 'em off before him.]*

*Isa.* Then Heav'n have mercy on me!

*[Exit with her Child, followed by Sampson and Nurse.]*

END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

### S C E N E *continues.*

*Enter Villeroy and Carlos, meeting.*

VILLEROY.

**M**Y friend, I fear to ask—but Isabella—  
The lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries,  
'Thy father must feel for them—*[He reads,]*  
I read their cold reception in thine eyes—  
Thou pitiest them—*Thou Baldwin—* but I spare him  
For Carlos' sake; thou art no son of his.  
There needs not this to endear thee more to me *[Embrace.]*

*Car.* My Villeroy, the fatherless, the widow,  
Are terms not understood within these gates—  
You must forgive him; Sir, he thinks this woman  
Is Biron's fate, that hurried him to death—  
I must not think on't, lest my friendship stagger.  
My friend's, my sister's mutual advantage  
Have reconcil'd my bosom to its task.

*Vil.* Advantage! think not I intend to raise  
An interest from Isabella's wrongs.  
Your father may have interested ends  
In her undoing; but my heart has none;  
Her happiness must be my interest,  
And that I would restore—

*Car.* Why so I mean.

These hardships that my father lays upon her,  
I'm sorry for; and wish I could prevent;

But

But he will have his way.

Since there's no hope from her prosperity, her change of fortune may alter the condition of her thoughts, and make for you.

*Fil.* She is above her fortune.

*Car.* Try her again. Women commonly love according to the circumstances they are in.

*Fil.* Common women may.

*Car.* Since you are not accessory to the injustice, you may be persuaded to take the advantage of other people's crimes.

*Fil.* I must despise all those who are so.

*Car.* That indirectly can advance your love.

No, though I live in the arms of Isabella, I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

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*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

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*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

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*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

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*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Car.* I will not be a part of her sin.

*Fil.* I will not be a part of her sin.

Then all alike lie down in peace together.  
 When will that hour of peace arrive for me !  
 In heav'n I shall find it—not in heav'n,  
 If my old tyrant father can dispose  
 Of things above—but, there, his interest  
 May be as poor as mine, and want a friend  
 As much as I do here.

[Weeping.]

*Nurse.* Good Madam, be comforted.

*Isa.* Do I deserve to be this out-cast wretch ;  
 Abandon'd thus, and lost ? But 'tis my lot,  
 The will of heav'n, and I must not complain :  
 I will not for myself : let me bear all  
 The violence of your wrath ; but spare my child :  
 Let not my sins be visited on him :  
 They are ; they must ; a general ruin falls  
 On every thing about me : thou art lost,  
 Poor nurse, by being near me.

*Nurse.* I can work, or beg, to do you service.

*Isa.* Could I forget  
 What I have been, I might the better bear  
 What I am destin'd to : I'm not the first  
 That have been wretched : but to think how much  
 I have been happier !——With my thoughts  
 Start every way from my distressed soul,  
 To find out hope, and only meet despair.  
 What answer have I ?

*Enter Sampson.*

*Samp.* Why truly, very little to the purpose : like a  
 Jew as he is, he says you have had more already than  
 the jewels are worth : he wishes you would rather think  
 of redeeming 'em, than expect any more money from  
 'em.

*Enter*

*Isa.* 'Tis very well——  
 So :—Poverty at home, and debts abroad !  
 My present fortune bad ; my hopes yet worse !  
 What will become of me ?  
 This ring is all I have left of value now  
 'Twas given me by my husband : his last gift  
 Upon our marriage : I've always kept  
 With my best care :—  
 And now but part with it to support life,  
 Which only can be dearer.

'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time ;  
 • Provide us bread, and bring a short reprieve,  
 • To put off the bad day of beggary,  
 • That will come on too soon.' Take care of it :  
 Manage it as the last remaining friend  
 That would relieve us. [*Exit Nurse.*] Heav'n can only  
 tell

Where we shall find another——My dear boy !  
 The labour of his birth was lighter to me  
 Than of my fondness now ; my fears for him  
 Are more, than in that hour of hovering death,  
 They could be for myself——He minds me not,  
 His little sports have taken up his thoughts :  
 Oh, may they never feel the pangs of mine.  
 Thinking will make me mad : why must I think,  
 When no thought brings me comfort ?

*Nurse.* Oh, Madam ! you are sadly ruin'd and un-  
 done ; your constitution of all R. . . come in upon you :  
 they have no . . . of rogues, that are  
 come to pl. . . , and seize upon all you  
 have in the world ; they are . . . What will you  
 do, Madam . . .

*Isa.* Do I nothing ? no, for I am born to suffer.

*Enter Carlos to her.*

*Car.* Oh, sister ! can I call you by that name,  
 And be the son of this inhuman man,  
 Inveterate to your ruin ? Do not think  
 I am a-kin to his barbarity :

I . . . your usage of you ;  
 . . . honest heart must pity,  
 . . . Can you think  
 . . . serve you in ?  
 . . . my sense of grief,  
 . . . is, that my father,  
 . . . that was to fill,

*Exit.*

*Determine*



Determine for me; I shall be prepar'd,  
 The worst that can befall me, is to die: [A noise.  
 ' When once it comes to that, it matters not  
 ' Which way 'tis brought about: whether I starve,  
 ' Or hang, or drown, the end is still the same;  
 ' Plagues, poison, famine, are but several names  
 ' Of the same thing, and all conclude in death.  
 ' —But sudden death! Oh, for a sudden death,  
 ' To cheat my persecutors of their hopes,  
 ' Th' expected pleasure of beholding me  
 ' Long in my pains, ling'ring in misery.  
 ' It will not be, that is deny'd me too!  
 Hark, they are coming; let the torrent roar:  
 It can but overwhelm me in its fall;  
 And life and death are now alike to me.

[Exit, the Nurse leading the Child.

SCENE opens, and serves Carlos and Villeroy  
 with the Officers.

Al. No farther violence ———

The debt in all is but four thousand crowns:  
 Were it ten times the sum, I think you know  
 My fortune very well can answer it.  
 You have my word for this: I'll see you paid.

Off. That's as much as we can desire: for we have  
 the money, no matter whence it comes.

Al. To-morrow you shall have it.

Car. Thus far all's well——

Enter Isabella, and Nurse with the child.

And now my sister comes to crown the work. [Noise.

Is. Where are the raving blood-hounds, that purr  
 In a full cry, gaping to swallow me?

I meet your rage, and come to be devoured.

Say, which way are you to dispose of me

To dungeons, darkness, death!

Car. Have patience.

Is. Patience!

Off. We'll excuse you, we are but in  
 Debtis must be paid.

Is. My death will pay 'em all.

Off. While there is law to be had, people will  
 their own.

They may fit they should; but pray be gone.  
 They are certainly——— [Exeunt Officers.

Of to-morrow?

Am I then the sport,

The game of fortune, and her laughing fools?

The common spectacle, to be expos'd

From day to day, and baited for the mirth

Of the lewd rabble? Must I be reserv'd

For fresh afflictions?

*Al.* For long happiness

Of life, I hope.

*Isa.* There is no hope for me.

The load grows light, when we resolve to bear:

I'm ready for my trial.

*Car.* I pray be

And know your

*Al.* I shall

*Isa.* I shall

*Car.* I shall

*Al.* I shall

*Isa.* I shall

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And mention my unlucky love no more.

*I/a.* This generosity will ——— *[Exit.*

*Vil.* Nay, if the blessing of my lord  
Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can  
To keep away, and never see you more.

*Car.* You must not go.

*Vil.* Could Isabella speak

Those few short words, I should be rooted here,  
And never move but upon her commands.

*Car.* Speak to him, sister; do not throw away  
A fortune that invites you to be happy.  
In your extremity he begs your love;  
And has deserv'd it nobly. Think upon,  
Your lost condition, helpless and alone.  
Tho' now you have a friend, the time must come  
That you will want one; him you may secure  
To be a friend, a father, a husband to you.

*I/a.* A husband!

*Car.* You have discharg'd your duty to the dead,  
And to the living; 'tis a willfulness  
Not to give way to your necessities,  
That force you to this marriage.

*Nur.* What must become of this poor innocence?

*Car.* He wants a father to protect his youth,  
And rear him up to virtue: you must bear  
The future blame, and answer to the world,  
When you refuse the easy honest means  
Of taking care of him.

*Nur.* Of him and me,  
' And every one that must depend upon you:  
' Unless you please now to provide for us,  
' We must all perish.'

*Car.* Nor would I press you——

*I/a.* Do not think I need  
Your reasons, to confirm my gratitude;  
I have a soul that's truly sensible  
Of your great worth, and busy to contrive,  
If possible, to make you a return.

*Vil.* Oh, easily possible!

*I/a.* It cannot be your ways: my pleasures are  
Bury'd, and cold is my heart;  
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you.

' can ever love again.  
 declaration to myself;  
 that I owe all to you.  
 If after what I have said, you can resolve  
 To think me worth your love—Where am I going?  
 You cannot think it; 'tis impossible.

*Fil.* Impossible!

*Isa.* You should not ask me now, nor should I grant;  
 I am so much oblig'd, that to consent  
 Wou'd want a name to recommend the gift:  
 'Twould shew me poor, indebted, and compell'd,  
 Designing, mercenary; and I know  
 You would not wish to think I could be bought.

*Fil.* Be bought, where is the price that can pretend  
 To bargain for you?—You are all my power.  
 The joys of Heav'n are all my portion;  
 They are not to be sold, nor can I be sold.

*Isa.* Some other price, I'll find you a subject.

*Fil.* Nay, then I'll be your subject.

Since you consent  
 That you may grant: you are at home;  
 The little forth which circumscribe your sex;  
 We differ but in time, let that be mine.

*Isa.* You think fit  
 To get the better of me, and you shall;  
 Since you will have it so—I will be yours.

*Fil.* I take you at your word.

*Isa.* I will be yours;  
 I had a heart to give:  
 I'll be your own again,

joy!  
 all my services.  
 and kind indulging nights;  
 I'll do or do,

Let me command in this, and all my  
Shall be devoted to you.

*Isa.* On your word,  
Never to press me to put off these weeds,  
Which best become my melancholy thoughts,  
You shall command me.

*Vil.* Witness, Heaven and earth  
Against my soul, when I do any thing  
To give you a disquiet.

*Car.* I long to wish you joy.

*Vil.* You'll be a witness of my happiness?

*Car.* For once I'll be my sister's father,  
And give her to you.

*Vil.* Next, my Isabella,  
Be near my heart: I am for ever yours.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE, *Count Baldwin's House.*

*Enter Count Baldwin and Carlos.*

COUNT BALDWIN.

**M**ARRIED to Villeroy, say'st thou?

*Car.* Yes, my lord.  
Last night the priest perform'd his holy office,  
And made 'em one.

*C. Bald.* Misfortune join 'em!  
And may her violated vows pull down  
A lasting curse, a constancy of sorrow  
On both their heads— 'I have not yet forgot  
' Thy slighted passion, the refus'd alliance;  
' But having her, we are reveng'd at full.  
' Heav'n will pursue her still, and Villeroy  
' Share the judgments she calls down.'

*Car.* Soon he'll hate her;  
Tho' warm and violent in his raptures now;  
When full enjoyment palls his sicken'd sense,  
And reason with satiation turns,  
Her cold constrain'd acceptance of his

*Vil.*

Wife's pride, which (tho' of late o'erpower'd  
By passions) will, as they grow weak,  
Kneel to its force, and pour its vengeance on her.

*C. Bald.* Now, Carlos, take example to thy aid;  
Let Biron's disobedience, and the curse  
He took into his bosom, prove a warning,  
A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty  
Firm and unshaken.

*Car.* May those rankling wounds  
Which Biron's disobedience gave my father,  
Be heal'd by me.

*C. Bald.* With tears I thank thee, Carlos—  
And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys,  
Thy duty gives thy father—but, my son,  
We must not let resentment choke our justice;  
'Tis fit that Villeroy know he has no claim  
From me, in right of Isabella—Biron,  
(Whose name brings tears) when wedded to this woman,  
By me abandon'd, sunk the little fortune  
His uncle left, in vanity and fondness:  
I am possess of those your brother's papers,  
Which now are Villeroy's, and thou'd aught remain,  
In justice it is his, from me to him  
You shall convey them—follow me, and take 'em.

[Exit C. Baldwin.]

*Car.* Yes, I will take 'em; but e'er I part with 'em,  
I will be sure my interest will not suffer  
By these his high, refin'd, fantastic notions  
Of equity and right—What a paradox

Is it to see a man here, who boasts his honour,  
Who was warm in praise of justice,  
Who sets his face against the widow's tears,  
Who courts the wretched; the widow and the infant  
Whom he has wrong'd, his far'rite son.

Weak minds, who court opinion,  
Who seek to please the multitude, who feel  
The power of popular feeling, who shall

SCENE, a Ball in Villeroy's House.  
with the Friends of Villeroy.

*Enter a Servant.*

1st Fr. Where's your master, my good friend?

Ser. Within, Sir,

Preparing for the welcome of his friends.

1st Fr. Acquaint him we are here: yet stay,  
The voice of music gently shall surprise him,  
And breathe our salutations to his ear.  
Strike up the strain to Villeroy's happiness,  
'To Isabella's'—But he's here already.

*Enter Villeroy.*

Vil. My friends, let me embrace you:  
Welcome all——

What means this preparation? [Seeing the Music.

1st Fr. A slight token  
Of our best wishes for your growing happiness——  
You must permit our friendship——

Vil. You oblige me——

1st Fr. But your lovely bride,  
That wonder of her sex, she must appear,  
And add new brightness to this happy evening.

Vil. She is not yet prepar'd; and let her will,  
My worthiest friend, determine her behaviour;  
To win, and not to force her disposition,  
Has been my seven years task. She will anon,  
Speak welcome to you all. The music plays.

[Villeroy and his Friends seat themselves.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

A I R.

Women. Let all, let all be gay,  
Begin the rapt'rous lay;  
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,  
That happy hour employ

Men.

1711.





' Busy on such occasions to enquire,  
' Had it been private.'

*I/a.* I have no more to say.

*Enter Carlos.*

*Vil.* My Carlos too, who came in to the support  
Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,  
In better times, to share the good with us.

*Car.* I come to claim that right, to share your joy;  
To wish you joy; and find it in myself;  
' For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,  
' A kindly comfort, into every heart  
' That is not envious.

*Vil.* ' He must be a friend,  
' Who is not envious of a happiness  
' So absolute as mine; but if you are,  
' (As I have reason to believe you are)  
' Concern'd for my well-being, there's the cause;  
' Thank her for what I am, and what most be.'

*[Music finishes.]*

I see you mean a second entertainment.  
My dearest Isabella, you must hear  
The raptures of my friends; from thee they spring;  
Thy virtues have diffus'd themselves around,  
And made them all as happy as myself.

*I/a.* I feel their favours with a grateful heart,  
And willingly comply.

#### RECITATIVE.

Take the gifts the gods intend ye;  
Grateful meet the proffer'd joy;  
Truth and honour shall attend ye  
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.

#### DUETTO.

*Man.* Oh, the raptures of possessing,  
Taking beauty to th' arms!

*Woman.* Oh the joy, the lasting blessing,  
When with virtue beauty charms!

*Man.* Pure flames shall gently warm ye;

*Woman.* Love and joy both shall charm.

*Both.* Oh the raptures of, &c. &c.

*Carlos.*

## CHORUS.

hence be care and strife,  
 the pang that tortures life :  
 the circling minutes prove  
 One sweet round of peace and love !

*Car.* 'Tis fine, indeed !

You'll take my advice another time, sister.

*Fil.* What have you done ? A rising smile  
 Stole from her thoughts, just red'ning on her cheek,  
 And you have dash'd it.

*Car.* I'm sorry for't.

*Fil.* My friend, when I own,  
 I must prefer her to all the world,  
 Come, Isabella, let us go  
 Within we'll find our friends,  
 And crown the day. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE

*Enter Sampson and Nurse.*

*Samp.* Ay, marry norie, here's a master indeed ! He'll  
 double our wages for us ! If he comes on as fast with  
 my lady, as he does with his servants, we are all in the  
 way to be well pleased.

*Nurse.* He's in a rare humour ; if she be in as good a  
 one—

*Samp.* If she be, marry, we may e'en say, they have  
 been it upon one another.

Well ; why don't you go back again to your  
 ant ? You thought your throat cut, I warrant you,  
 turn'd out of a nobleman's service.

For the future, I will never serve in a house,  
 the master or mistress of y<sup>e</sup> single : they are  
 humour with every body when they are not pleased

Now, this matrimony makes every thing  
 when

those occasions, if my lady love's company. This 'east-  
ing looks well, nurse.

*Nurse.* Odso, my master! we must not be seen. *[Exit.*

*Enter Villeroy with a letter, and Isabella.*

*Vil.* I must away this moment—see his letter,  
Sign'd by himself: alas! he could no more;  
My brother's desperate, and cannot die  
In peace, but in my arms.

*Isa.* So suddenly!

*Vil.* Suddenly taken, on the road to Brussels,  
To do us honour, love; unfortunate!  
Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms,  
'Tho' cold to me and dead.

*Isa.* I'm sorry for the cause.

*Vil.* Oh! could I think,  
Could I persuade myself that your concern  
For me, or for my absence, were the spring,  
The fountain of these melancholy thoughts,  
My heart would dance, spite of the sad occasion,  
And be a gay companion in my journey;  
But——

*Enter Carlos from supper.*

My good Carlos, why have you left my friends?

*Car.* They are departed home.

They saw some sudden melancholy news  
Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek——  
You had withdrawn, the bride, alarm'd, had follow'd:  
Mere ceremony had been constraint; and this  
Good-natur'd rudeness——

*Vil.* Was the more obliging.

There, Carlos, is the cause.

*[Gives the Letter]*

*Car.* Unlucky accident!

Th' archbishop of Malines, your worthy brother——  
With him to-night! Sister, will you permit it?

*Vil.* It must be so.

*Isa.* You hear it must be so.

*Vil.* Oh, that it must!

*Car.* To leave your bride so soon!

*Vil.* But having the possession of my love,  
I am the better able to support

My absence, in the hopes of my return.

*Car.* Your stay will be but short!

seem long!

at my Isabella sighs:

of this rival, grief,

bulge and fondle in my absence.

possession of thy heart,

enough for mighty love.

*Enter Servant, and bows.*

My horses wait: farewell, my love! You, Carlos,

Will act a brother's part, 'till I return.

And be the guardian here. All, all I have

That's dear to me, I give up to your care.

*Car.* And I receive her as a friend and brother.

*Isa.* Nay, stir not, love! for the night air is cold,

And the dews fall—Here be our end of parting;

Carlos will see me to my horse. [*Exit with Carlos.*]

*Isa.* Oh, may thy brother better all thy hopes! Adieu.

A sudden melancholy takes my blood!

Forgive me, Villeroy—I do not find

That cheerful gratitude thy service asks:

Yet, if I know my heart, and sure I do,

'Tis not averse from honest obligation.

I'll to my chamber, and to bed; my mind,

My harra's'd nance, is weary. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter Biron and Belford, just arriv'd.*

*BIRON.*

THE longest day will have an end; we are got home  
at last.

We have got our *freedom* at liberty; and liberty is  
where'er we go; though mine lies most in Eng-

land. Pray let me call this yours: for what I can com-  
mend in myself, you shall find your own. I have a fa-  
ther here, who, perhaps, after seven years absence, and  
collecting him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see

me. You know my story—How does my disguise become me?

*Bel.* Just as you would have it; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

*Bir.* To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please. This is the house, you have observed the street.

*Bel.* I warrant you; I haven't many visits to make before I come to you.

*Bir.* To-night I have some affairs, that will oblige me to be private.

*Bel.* A good bed is the privatest affair that I desire to be engaged in to-night; your directions will carry me to my lodgings. [Exit.]

*Bir.* Good night, my friend. [Knocks.]  
The long expected moment is arriv'd!  
And if all here is well, my past sorrows  
Will only heighten my excess of joy;  
And nothing will remain to wish or hope for!

[Knocks again.]

*Enter Sampson.*

*Samp.* Who's there? What would you have?

*Bir.* Is your lady at home, friend?

*Sam.* Why, truly friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions: but for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

*Bir.* But how shall I know, whether it pleases her or no?

*Sam.* Why, if you'll take my word for it, you may carry your errand back again: she never pleases any body at this time of night, that she does not; and by your dress and appearance, I am sure, you are a stranger to her.

*Bir.* But I have business; and you don't know that may please her.

*Sam.* Nay, if you have business, she is the best judge whether your business will please her or no: therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady, whether or no she's pleas'd to be at home, or no. [Going.]

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Who's that you are so busy withal? Methinks you might have found out an answer in fewer words:

but Sampson, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him. Who would you speak with, stranger?

*Bir.* With you, mistress, if you could help me to speak to your lady.

*Nurse.* Yes, Sir, I can help you in a civil way: but can nobody do your business but my lady?

*Bir.* Not so well; but if you carry her this ring, she'll know my business better.

*Nurse.* There's no love-letter in it, I hope; you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer. *[Exit.*

*Bir.* My old nurse, only a little older! 'They say the tongue grows always: mercy on me! then her's is seven years longer, since I lost her.' Yet there's something in these servants' folly pleases me: the cautious conduct of the family appears, and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress—

*Nurse returns.*

*Nurse.* I have deliver'd your ring, Sir! pray heav'n, you bring no bad news along with you.

*Bir.* Quite contrary, I hope.

*Nurse.* Nay, I hope so too; but my lady was very much surpriz'd when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant: as a body may say; but if you'll walk in, that I may shut the doors, for we keep very orderly hours; I can show you into the parlour, and help you to an answer, perhaps as soon as those that are wiser. *[Exit.*

*Bir.* I'll follow you—

all my spirits hurry to my heart,

every sense has taken the alarm

in approaching interview!

'Tis now I tremble! *[Exit into the house.*

SCENE II. A Chamber.

*Enter Isabella.*

I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,

'Tis true, have made nature start from her old course:

The sun has been eclips'd, the moon dash'd down

From her career, still paler, and subdu'd

To the shufles of this under world!

Now I believe all possible. This ring,

This

'This little ring, with necromantic force,  
Has rais'd the ghost of pleasure to my fear  
Conjur'd the sense of honour, and of love  
Into such shapes, they fright me from me  
I dare not think of them—

'I'll call you when I want you.' [Sergeant goes out.]

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam, the gentleman's below.

*Isa.* I had forgot, pray let me speak with him:

[*Exit Nurse.*]

This ring was the first present of my love  
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush  
To think I have a second. Biron dy'd  
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.  
Oh, do I live to hope that he dy'd there!  
It must be so: he's dead, and this ring left  
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,  
'To bring me back again;

[*Biron introduc'd—Nurse retires.*]

That's all I have to trust to—

My fears were woman's—I have view'd him all:  
And let me, let me say it to myself,  
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

*Bir.* Have you forgot me quite?

*Isa.* Forgot you!

*Bir.* Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes.  
My Isabella!

[*He goes to her; she shrieks, and falls in a swoon.*]

*Isa.* Ha!

*Bir.* Oh! come again:

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;

'Once I had charms to wake thee:'

Thy once lov'd, ever-loving husband calls—

Thy Biron speaks to thee:

*Isa.* My husband! Biron?

*Bir.* Excess of love and joy, for my return,  
Has overpower'd her—I was to blame  
To take thy sex's softness unprepar'd:  
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,  
This ecstasy has made my welcome more  
Than words could say: words may be counterfeit,  
False-coin'd, and current only from the tongue.

Without

mind ; but passion's in the soul,  
speaks the heart.

Where have I been ? Why do you keep him  
me ?

My voice : my life upon the wing,  
Henceforth lure that brings me back again ;

Myself, my Biron, the dear man !

My dear husband ! Do I hold you fast,

Never to part again ? Can I believe it ?

Nothing but you could work so great a change,

There's more than life itself in dying here.

If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

*Bir.* Live ever in these arms.

*Isa.* But pardon me,

Excuse the wild disorder of my soul :

The joy, the strange surprizing joy of seeing you,

Of seeing you again, distracted me—

*Bir.* Thou everlasting goodness !

*Isa.* Answer me :

What hand of Providence has brought you back

To your own home again ? O, satisfy

Th' impatience of my heart : I long to know

The story of your sufferings. You would think

Your pleasures sufferings, so long remov'd

From Isabella's love.' But tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

*Bir.* My best life, at leisure, all.

*Isa.* We thought you dead ; kill'd at the siege of  
Candy.

*Bir.* There I fell among the dead ;

My hopes of life reviving from my wounds,

As preserv'd but to be made a slave :

I then writ to my hard father, but never had

Answer ; I writ to thee, too—

*Isa.* What a world of love

Was prevented but in hearing from you !

*Bir.* Alas ! thou could'st not help me.

*Isa.* You do not know how much I could ha' done ;

At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all :

I would have sold myself to slavery,

Without redemption ; giv'n up my child,

The dearest part of me, to basest wants—

*Bir.*



*Bir.* My little boy!

*Isa.* My life, but to have heard  
You were alive—which now too late I find.

*Bir.* No more, my love, complaining of  
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price  
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again—  
I have a thousand things to say to thee—

*Isa.* Wou'd I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*]

*Bir.* How does my child, my boy, my father, too?  
I hear he's living still.

*Isa.* Well both, both well;  
And may he prove a father to your hopes,  
Though we have found him none.

*Bir.* Come, no more tears.

*Isa.* Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,  
Have mourn'd with me—

*Bir.* And all my days behind  
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompence  
For thy afflictions.—Can't I see my boy?

*Isa.* He's gone to bed: I'll have him brought to you.

*Bir.* To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest  
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

*Isa.* Alas! what shall I get for you?

*Bir.* Nothing but rest, my love! To night I would not  
Be known, if possible, to your family;  
I see my Nurse is with you; her welcome  
Wou'd be tedious at this time;  
To-morrow will do better.

*Isa.* I'll dispose of her, and order every thing  
As you wou'd have it.

*Bir.* Grant me but life, good heav'n, and give the  
means,

To make this wond'rous goodness some amends:

And let me then forget her, if I can!

O! she deserves of me much more, than I  
Can lose for her, though I again cou'd venture  
A father, and his fortune, for her love!

You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!  
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth  
Weights down the portions you provide your sons:  
What is your truth, what all your heaps of gold,

Compar'd

his, my heart-felt happiness?

[*Bursts into tears.*]

in my absence, undergone?

Think of that; it drives me back

myself, the fatal cause of all.

*Ifabella returns.*

*I/a.* I have obey'd your pleasure;  
Every thing is ready for you.

*Bir.* I can want nothing here; possessing thee,  
My desires are carry'd to their aim

Happiness; there's no room for a wish,

But to continue still this blessing to me:

Now be way, my love, 'I shall sleep sound.'

Shall I attend you.

*Bir.* By no means;

I've been so long a slave to others' pride,

To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;

You'll make haste after—

[*Goes in.*]

*I/a.* I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—

My prayers! no, I must never pray again.

Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,

But I have nothing left to hope for more.

What Heaven could give, I have enjoy'd; but now

The baneful planet rises on my fate,

And what's to come, is a long line of woe,

Yet I may shorten it—

I promis'd him to follow—him!

Is he without a name! Biron, my husband,

Follow him to bed—my husband! ha!

Who is Villeroy? But yesterday

My bed receiv'd him for its lord,

Warm witness of my broken vows.

Now, hadst thou come but one day sooner,

I have follow'd thee through beggary,

Through all the chances of this weary life:

I'd the many ways of wretchedness

Traverse, to find a hospitable grave;

But this is the only bed that's left me now. [*Weeping.*]

—What's to be done—for something must be done.

Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoy'd,

And yet a wife to neither! Hold my brain—

'This is to live in common! Very beasts,

That

' That welcome all they meet, make just such wives  
 ' My reputation ! Oh, 'twas all was left me !  
 ' The virtuous pride of an uncensur'd life ;  
 ' Which the dividing tongues of Biron's wrongs,  
 ' And Villeroy's relentments, tear asunder,  
 ' To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.  
 ' This is the best of what can come to-morrow,  
 ' Besides old Baldwin's triumph in my ruin :  
 ' I cannot bear it——  
 ' There are no morrow : ' Ha ! a lucky thought  
 Works the right way to rid me of 'em all ;  
 All the reproaches, intamies, and scorns,  
 That every tongue and finger will find for me,  
 Let the just horror of my apprehensions  
 But keep me warm——no matter what can come.  
 'Tis but a blow——yet I will see him first—  
 Have a last look to heighten my despair,  
 And then to rest for ever.——

*Biron meets her.*

*Bir.* Despair and rest for ever ! Isabella !  
 These words are far from thy condition !  
 And be they ever so. I heard thy voice,  
 And could not bear thy absence : come, my love !  
 You have staid long, there's nothing, nothing sure  
 Now to despair of in succeeding fate.

*Isa.* I am contented to be miserable,  
 But not this way : I've been too long abus'd,  
 And can believe no more.  
 Let me sleep on to be deceiv'd no more.

*Bir.* Look up, my love, I never did deceive thee,  
 Nor never can I believe myself, thy eyes  
 That first inflam'd, and lit me to my love,  
 Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys.

*Isa.* And me to my undoing : I look round  
 And find no path, but leading to the grave.

*Bir.* I cannot understand thee.

*Isa.* My good friends above,  
 ' I thank 'em, have at last found out a way  
 ' To make my fortune perfect ; having you,  
 ' I need no more ; my fate is finish'd here.'

*Bir.* Both our ill-fates, I hope.

*Isa.* Hope is a lying, sawning flatterer,

That

the fair side only of our fortunes,  
easier into our fall;  
friend, who only can betray you;  
believe him more.—If marriages  
be in heav'n, they should be happier:  
Why is I made this wretch?

*Bir.* Has marriage made thee wretched?

*I/a.* Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

*Bir.* Do I live to hear thee say so?

Why! what did I say?

That I have made thee miserable.

No: you are my only earthly happiness;

False tongue bely'd my honest heart,

And otherwise.

And yet you said,

Marriage made you miserable.

*I/a.* I know not what I said:

I've said too much, unless I could speak all.

*Bir.* Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,

Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd

In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it;

Now I perceive it plain——

*I/a.* You tell no body——

[*Distraughtly.*]

*Bir.* Thou art not well

*I/a.* Indeed I am not; I knew that before;

But where's the remedy?

*Bir.* Rest will relieve thy cares: come, come, no more;

I'll banish thee from thee.

He cause.

How willingly.

Only cause.

Cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?

Occent cause of all my woes.

—Come back? This the reward

Of my toils, my labours, pains,

And long wants of wretched slavery,

Which I've out-liv'd, only in hopes of thee,

Am I thus paid at last for deathless love:

And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now?

*I/a.* Enquire no more; 'twill be explain'd too soon.

[*He's going off.*]

*Bir.* What! Canst thou leave me too? [*He says ber.*]

D

I/a.

*I/a.* Pray let me go :

For both our sakes, permit me——

*Bir.* Rack me not with imaginations  
Of things impossible——Thou can'st not mean  
What thou hast said——Yet something she must mean.  
——'Twas madness all——Compose thyself, my love !  
The fit is past ; all may be well again :  
Let us to bed.

*I/a.* To bed ! You've rais'd the storm  
Will sever us for ever : oh, Biron !

• While I have life, still I must call you mine :  
• I know I am and always was, unworthy  
• To be the partner of your love ;  
• And now I never share it more.  
• But oh ! to you,  
• As so I have brought me, on my knees,  
(The innocent believ'd)  
I beg as innocent,  
Clear on as can banish me  
From this world, in my losing you.

• *Bir.* Where end ?

• *I/a.* The rugged road of fate has got between  
• Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their joys :  
Since we must part——

*Bir.* Nothing shall ever part us.

• *I/a.* Parting's the least that is set down for me :  
• Heav'n has decreed, and we must suffer all.

• *Bir.* I know thee innocent : I know myself so :  
• Indeed we both have been unfortunate ;  
• But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love.

*I/a.* Oh ! there's a fatal story to be told ;

Be deaf to that, as heav'n has been to me !

• And rot the tongue that shall reveal my shame  
When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wrang'd,  
How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,  
Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,  
And throw me like a pois'nous weed away :

• Can I hear that ? Bear to be curst and torn,  
• And thrown out of thy family and name,  
• Like a disease ? Can I bear this from thee ?  
• I never can——No, all things have their end.

When I am dead, forgive and pity——

{*Exit.*

*Bir.*

Stay, my Isabella——

What can she mean? These doubtings will distract me:  
Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;

I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——

'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.

She shall—if the sad tale at last must come!

She is my fate, and best can speak my doom. *[Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

*Enter Biron, Nurse following him.*

BIRON

I know enough: th' important question  
Of life or death, fearful to be resolv'd,  
Is clear'd to me: I see where it must end;  
And need enquire no more—Pray, let me have  
Pen, ink, and paper; I must write a-while.  
And then I'll try to rest—to rest for ever!

*[Exit Nurse.]*

Poor Isabella! now I know the cause,  
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder  
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back  
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.  
Oh, any curse but this might be remov'd!  
But 'twas the rancorous malignity  
Of all ill stars combin'd, of heav'n and fate——  
Hold, hold my impious tongue—Alas! I rave:  
Why do I tax the stars, or heav'n, or fate?  
They are all innocent of driving us  
Into despair; they have not urg'd my doom;  
My father and my brother are my foes,  
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well  
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear  
My Isabella——Oh, my wife no more!  
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,  
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,  
And saw her give up all my happiness,  
The treasure of her beauty to another;  
'Stood by, and saw her marry'd to another;  
Oh, cruel father! and unnatural brother!  
'Shall I not tell you that you have undone me?'

D 2

. I have

I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,  
And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death  
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains:  
Either is welcome; but the hand of death  
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.

[Exit Biron.]

*Enter Nurse and Sampson.*

*Nurse.* Here's strange things towards, Sampson: what  
will be the end of 'em, do you think?

*Sam.* Nay, marry, nurse, I can't see so far;  
law, I believe, is on Biron, the first husband.

*Nurse.* Yes; no question, he has the law.

*Sam.* I have heard, the law says, a  
be a \_\_\_\_\_ before in  
again.

*Nurse.* \_\_\_\_\_ has not done  
widow

*Sam.* \_\_\_\_\_ say words, and say  
I told y \_\_\_\_\_ his wife again, and  
all will do well.

*Nurse.* But if our master visit, comes back again—

*Sam.* Why, if he does, he is not the first man that  
has had his wife taken from him.

*Nurse.* For fear of the worst, will you go to the old  
mount, desire him to come as soon as he can; there may  
be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

*Sam.* Now you say something; now I take you, nurse;  
that will do well, indeed: mischief should be prevented,  
a little thing will make a quarrel, when there's a woman  
in the way. I'll about it instantly. — [Exit.]

SCENE *draws, shows Biron asleep on a Couch.*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isa.* Asleep so soon! Oh, happy!  
Who thou can sleep! I never shall  
If then to sleep be to be happy, he  
Who sleeps the longest, is the happy.  
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, h  
Mischief will thrive apace. Never  
If thou didst ever love thy Isabella.  
To-morrow must be doomsday to t  
—The sight of him disarms ev'n death itself.

—The

G. quick'ning life  
W. e grows again  
Bu. ok my last —  
Si. love!

am I going!  
Mountains and seas  
Divide your love, never to meet my shame.

*[Throws herself upon the Floor: after a short Pause, she raises herself upon her Elbow.]*

will this battle of the brain do with me!

all, this ravag'd province, long  
itain—The globe of earth wants room

such a war—I find I'm going—  
gues, and flame;

and desolation, to your work

void, and then devour yourselves.

shifts fast—*[She rises.]* and now 'tis bet-

ter with me;

Conflicting passions have at last unhing'd  
The great machine! the soul itself seems chang'd!

Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here!

• The reason'g faculties are all depos'd;

• Judgment, understanding, common-sense,

• Deduction, all to the public peace.

• None remain upon my memory,

• Here all the images

• Of life, were rising still,

• To the recollection of my crimes,

• To see thro' 'em! You are safe,

• No mischief! What a change!

• Still! This is the infant state

• Ere the birth of care.

• As smooth as the Elysian plains,

• He drowsy falling Arcades

• Of humbles.

• And at the—*[Glides into a Chair.]*

• A knocking at the gate!

• — No matter who.

•abella, come—

• A call'd!

• How long from me.

• Since! in my bed! How came he there?

• Laid in this bad world; *[Rises.]*

D 2

• Coveting



• Coveting neighbours goods, or neighbours wives:  
Here's physick for your fever.

*[Draws a Dagger, and goes backward to the Couch.]*

• Breathing a vein in the old remedy.

If husbands go to heav'n,

Where do they go that send 'em?—This to try—

*[Jas. going to stab him, & rises, she knows him, and shrieks.]*

What do I see!

*Bir.* Isabella, arm'd!

*Isa.* Against my husband's life!

• Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace?

• Despair e'er harden'd for damnation,

• Could think

my husband

*Bir.* Thou

*Isa.* Madne

gates of hell

And there has

rightful change

• Of my distr

erval

• Of reason

woes,

• To drive th

reater force

• Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?

*Bir.* Why dost thou fly me so?

*Isa.* I cannot bear his sight, distraction, &c.

Possess me all, and take me to thyself!

Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;—

'Thou art my only cure——Like other friends,

• He will not come to my necessities;

• Then I must go to find the tyrant out;

• Which is the nearest way?

*[Ringing, &c.]*

*Bir.* Poor Isabella, she's not in a condition

To give me any comfort, if she could:

Let it to herself——as quickly I shall be

To all the world——Terrors come fast around

My mind is overcast—the gathering clouds

Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,

And soon must leap the precipice! Oh, Heaven!

While yet my senses are my own; thus kneel:

Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:

Release her from her pangs; and if my reason

O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tempest,

Pardon these crimes despair may bring upon me. *[Rings.]*

*Exit*

*Enter Nurse.*

's somebody at the door must needs  
f. . . . . won't tell his name.

him.

[*Exit Nurse.*

ppose; he litle knows  
Of what has . . . pen'd here; I wanted him,  
Must employ his friendship, and then—

[*Exit.*

SCENE, the Street.

*Enter Carlos with three Russians.*

ger brother! I was one too long,  
my being so ap. . . .  
den. Younger brothers are  
s. . . . . aids of another name,  
their nobility of birth  
and tainted into trade.

of them—P. . . . . and retire,

To make more room for the unwieldy heir  
To play the fool in? No—

But how shall I prevent it?—Biron comes

To take possession of my father's love—

Would that were all; there's a birth-right too

That he will seize. Besides, if Biron lives,

He will unfold some practices, which I

Cannot well answer—therefore he shall die;

This night must be dispos'd of; I have means

That will not fail my purpose.—Here he comes.

*Enter Biron.*

R. . . . . I beset? I live but to revenge me,

and him, fighting, Villeroy enters with two

try rescue him; Carlos and his Party fly.

you, Sir? Mortally hurt, I fear.

Send him in.

in for the goodwills, Sir; tho' 'tis

ery wretched, and death,

you a villain's hand, had been to me

An . . . . . of kindness, and the height of mercy—

But I . . . . . Sir.

[*He is led in.*

E, the Inside of the House.

*Enter Isabella.*

husband! Oh! I must not dare

on; my desperate hand

Is

In a mad rage may offer it again :  
 Stab me any where but there. Here's room enough  
 In my own breast, to act the fury in,  
 The proper scene of mischief. Villeroi comes ;  
 • Villeroi and Biron come ! Oh ! hide me from 'em—  
 • They rack, they tear ; let 'em carve out my limbs,  
 • Divide my body to their equal claims !  
 • My soul is only Biron's ; that is free,  
 • And thus I strike for him and liberty.'

*[Going to stab herself Villeroi runs in and prevents her, by taking the Dagger from her.]*

*Vil.* Angel, defend and save thee !

Attempt thy precious life ! the treasury  
 • Of nature's sweets ! life of my little world :  
 Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self !

*Isa.* Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you.  
 What would you have with me ? Pray let me go.

• —Are you there, Sir ? You are the very man  
 • Have done all this—You would have made  
 • Me believe you married me ; but the fool  
 • Was wiser, I thank you : 'tis not all gospel  
 • You men preach upon that subject.'

*Vil.* Dost thou not know me, love ?

*Isa.* O yes : very well. *[Staring on him.]*

You are the widow's comforter ; that marries  
 • Any woman when her husband's out of the way :  
 • But I'll never, never take your word again.

• *Vil.* I am thy loving husband.'

• *'Tis Villeroi, thy husband.*

*Isa.* I have none ; no husband— *[Weeping.]*

Never had but one, and he dy'd at Candy,  
 • Did he not ? I'm sure you told me so ; you,  
 • Or somebody, with such a lying look,  
 • As you have now. Speak, did he not die there ?

*Vil.* He did, my life.

*Isa.* But swear it, quickly swear ;

*[Biron enters bloody, and leaning upon his sword. Before this screaming evidence appears, In bloody proof against me—]*

*[She seizes Biron, throws into a Chair ; Vil. helps her.]*

*Isa.* Help these ! haste, where are you ?

Ha !

traffed too! [*Going to call for help, sees Bir*

wretch on earth that must not live.

Villeroi must not, that's decreed.

from the hands of murderers:

'Tis my greatest plague—

A. Villeroi, you are the man

I would have kill'd—Isabella!

I came to kill thee—But I dy'd

—Villeroi here:

—Kissing kifs. [*Kisses her.*

—It must be your last. [*Draws.*

—Here I give up that death

—What's past has been

—Thus we must finish it.

—Be sure.

[*Faints.*

*Vil.* Alas! he faints: some help there.

*Bir.* 'Tis all in vain, my sorrows soon will end—

Oh, Villeroi! let a dying wretch intreat you

To take this letter to my father. My Isabella!

Couldst thou but hear me, my last words should bless thee.

I cannot tho' to death, bequeath her to thee. [*To Vil.*

But could I hope my boy, my little one,

Might find a father in thee—Oh, I faint—

I can no more—Hear me, Heav'n! Oh! support

My wife, my Isabella—Bless my child!

And take a poor unhappy—

[*Dist.*

*Vil.* He's gone—Let what will be the consequence,

I'll give it him. I have involv'd myself,

And would be clear'd; that must be thought on now.

My care of her is lost in wild amaze. [*Going to Isa.*

Are you all dead within there? Where, where are you?

Good Nurse, take care of her; I'll bring more help. [*Exit.*

Isabella comes to herself.

*Isa.* Where have I been?—Methinks I stand upon

The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph

That lies between me and the realms of rest:

But still detain'd, I cannot pass the strait;

Deepl'd to live, and yet I must not die:

Down'd to come back, like a complaining ghost,

To my unbury'd body—Here it lies—

[*Throws herself by Biran's body.*

My body, soul, and life. A little dust,

To

To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave—  
There, there we shall sleep safe and sound together.

*Enter Villeroy with Servant*

*Vil.* Poor wretch; upon the ground! She's not herself—  
Remove her from the body. *[Servants going to raise her.]*

*Isa.* Never, never—

You have divorc'd us once, but shall no more—  
Help, help me, Biron?—Ha!—bloody and dead!  
Oh, murder! murder! you have done this deed—  
Vengeance and murder! bury us together—  
Do any thing but part us.

*Vil.* Gently, gently raise her.  
She must be forc'd away.

*[She drags the Body after her; they get her into Arms, and carry her off.]*

*Isa.* Oh, they tear me! Cut off my hands—  
Let me leave something with him—  
They'll clasp him fast—  
Oh, cruel, cruel men!  
This you must answer one day.

*Vil.* Good nurse, take care of her. *[Nurse follows her.]*  
Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,  
Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.

'Be sure you do,' *[Enter a Servant.]*

'Just as I order'd you.' The storm grows loud—  
*[Knocking at the Door.]*

I am prepar'd for it. Now let them in.

*Enter Count Baldwin, Carlos, Belford, Friends, with Servants.*

*C. Bald.* Oh, do I live to this unhappy day!  
Where is my wretched son?

*Car.* Where is my Mother?

*[They see him, and gather about the Body.]*

*Vil.* I hope in heav'n.

*Car.* Canst thou pity him!

With him in heav'n, when thou hast done a deed,  
That must for ever cut thee from the hopes  
Of ever coming there.

*Vil.* I do not blame you—  
You have a brother's right to be concern'd  
For his untimely death.

*Car*

Unnecessarily death, indeed!

But you must not say, I was the cause.

What cause! Why, who should murder

And accuse yourself;

You have murder'd him;

And, 'g else, till justice draws

The loud call of blood,

Will murder.

But this thy welcome home!

There is a comfort in revenge,

[To C. Bald.

Hence. [Biron carried off.

What could provoke you?

Nil. Nothing could provoke me.

To a base murder, which, I find, you think

Me guilty of. I know my innocence;

My servants too can witness that I drew

My sword in his defence, to rescue him.

And all'd.

Can say.

Why, what should servants

Tell of his instruments,

And of themselves. If they could do

As they can lie,

Lie nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.

You say you drew your sword in his defence:

Who were his enemies? Did he need defence?

Had he wrong'd any one? Could he have cause

To apprehend a danger, but from you?

And yet you rescu'd him!—No, no, it came

Unseasonably (that was all his crime)

Unluckily to interrupt your sport:

You were new marry'd—marry'd to his wife;

And therefore you, and she, and all of you,

(For all of you I must believe concern'd)

Combin'd to murder him out of the way.

Bal. If I do—

Car. It can be only so.

Bal. Indeed it has a face—

Car. As black as hell.

C. Bald.

*C. Bald.* The law will do me justice: send for the magistrate.

*Car.* I'll go myself for him——

*[Exit.]*

*Vil.* These strong presumptions, I must own, indeed are violent against me; but I have a witness, and on this side heav'n too——Open that door.

*Door opens and Pedro is brought*  
*Servants.*

Here's one can tell you all.

*Ped.* All, all; save me but  
selves all.

*Vil.* You and your accomplices design  
To murder Biron?——Speak.

*Ped.* We did.

*Vil.* Did you engage upon your private wrongs,  
Or were employ'd?

*Ped.* He never did us wrong.

*Vil.* You were set on then?

*Ped.* We were set on.

*Vil.* What do you know of me?

*Ped.* Nothing, nothing:

You sav'd his life, and have sav'd me.

*Vil.* He has acquitted

If you would be re-

He stands upon

*Rel.* Who set you

*C. Bald.* I'll know the

Or I will tear it from thy

*Ped.* I will confess.

*C. Bald.* Do then.

*Ped.* It was my master, Carlos, you

*C. Bald.* Oh, monstrous! monstrous! me

*Rel.* Did he employ you to murder his own

*Ped.* He did; and he was with us when 'twas

*C. Bald.* If this be true, this horrid, horrid  
It is but just upon me: Biron's wrong

Must be reveng'd; and I the

*Fr.* What will you do with him.

*C. Bald.* Take him a-part——

I know too much.

*Vil.* I had forgot—Your wretch.

*Exit*

for you. [Gives it to Baldwin.  
(speaks of me,

the hand.  
Baldwin's hand.

Bald. I may read it. [Bellford reads the Letter.

only to lay my death at your door.  
of the world; but cannot forgive  
Carlos, for not hindering my poor  
carrying with Villeroy; when you  
any letters, that I was alive.—  
BIRON."

How!—Did you know it then?

C. Bald. Amazement, all!

Enter Carlos, with Officers.

Carlos! are you come? Your brother here,  
Here, in a scolded letter, says his death  
you and me—have you done any thing  
to make him read!

Sir, I do any thing! Who, I?  
talks of letters that were sent to us.  
If any—Did you know  
He ...?

Car. Alive! Heav'n knows, not I.

C. Bald. Had you no news of him, from a report,  
Or letter, never?

Car. Never, never, I.

B. That's strange, indeed: I know he often writ  
To lay before you the condition [To C. Baldwin.  
Of his hard slavery: and more, I know  
That he had several answers to his letters,  
He said, they came from you; you are his brother.  
Car. Never from me.

B. That will appear,  
The ... are still about him;  
For ... but yesterday.

those answers say;  
to the particulars;  
the sum of 'em  
And all agreed,  
to be hop'd from you;



That 'twas your barbarous resolution  
To let him perish there.——

*C. Bald.* Oh, Carlos! Carlos! hadst thou been  
brother——

*Car.* This is a plot upon me. I never knew  
He was in slavery, or was alive,  
Or heard of him, before this fatal hour.

*Bel.* There, Sir, I must confront you.  
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night; I  
And you sent him word you would come to him——  
I fear you came too soon.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis all too plain.——  
Bring out that wretch before him! [*Pedro enters.*]

*Car.* Ha! Pedro there!—Then I am caught, indeed.

*Bel.* You start at sight of him;  
He has confess'd the bloody deed.

*Car.* Well then, he has confess'd,  
And I must answer it.

*Bel.* Is there no more?

*Car.* Why!—what would you have more? I know  
And I expect it. [*the worst,*]

*C. Bald.* Why hast thou done all this?

*Car.* Why, that which damns most me has ruin'd  
The making of my fortune. Biron flood [*me;*]  
Between me and your favour: while he liv'd,  
I had not that; hardly was thought a son,  
And not at all a-kin to your estate.  
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,  
To live depending upon courtesy——  
Had you provided for me like a father,  
I had been sister's brother.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis too true;  
I never lov'd thee, as I should have done:  
It was my sin, and I am punish'd for't.  
Oh! never may distinction rise again  
In families: let parents be the same  
To all their children; common in their care,  
And in their love of 'em—I am unhappy,  
For loving one too well.

*Bel.* You knew your brother liv'd; why did you take  
Such pains to marry me to Isabella?

*Car.* I had my reasons for't——

*Is.* More than I thought you had.

*Car.* But one was this—

I knew my father lov'd his wife so well,

That if he ever should come home again,

He could not long outlive the loss of her.

*Is.* If you rely'd on that, why did you kill him?

*Car.* To make all sure. Now, you are answer'd all.

Where must I go? I am tir'd of your questions.

*C. Bald.* I leave the judge to tell thee what thou art;

My father cannot find a name for thee.

But *murder* is his highest treason. Sure,

To sacred nature's laws, and must be so,

So sentenc'd in thy crimes. *Takes him away—*

The violent remedy is found at last,

That drives thee out, thou poison of my blood.

Infected long, and only foul to thee. [*Carlos led off.*]

Grant me, sweet Heav'n! the patience to go thro'

The torment of my cure—Here, here begins

The operation—Alas! she's mad.

*Enter Isabella, distracted, held by her Women; her Husband disrobell'd; her little Son running in before, being afraid of her.*

*Is.* My Isabella! poor unhappy wretch!

What can I say to her?

*Isa.* Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world—

I'll hear no more on't. When does the court sit?

'I'll not be bought—What! to sell innocent blood!'

You look like one of the pale judges here;

*Mentor, or Radamanth, or Aacus—*

I have heard of you.

I have a cause to try, an honest one;

Will you not hear it? Then I must appeal

To the bright throne—Call down the heav'nly powers

To witness how you use me.

.. *Hem.* Help, help, we cannot hold her.

*Is.* You but enrage her more.

*C. Bald.* Pray give her way; she'll hurt nobody.

*Isa.* What have you done with him? He was here but

I saw him here. *Oh, Biron, Biron!* where, [*now;*]

Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone—

But here's a little flaming cherubim—

*Child.* Oh, save me, save me! [*Running to Bald.*]

*Ija.* The Mercury of Heav'n, with speed  
Impt for the flight, to overtake his ghost,  
And bring him back again.

*Child.* I fear she'll kill me.

*C. Bald.* She will not hurt thee.

*Ija.* Will nothing do? I did not hope to find  
Justice on earth; 'tis not in Heaven either.  
Biron has watch'd his opportunity  
Softly; he steals it from the sleeping gods  
And sends it thus—

Now, now I laugh at you, defy  
You tyrant-murderer!

*Vil.* Call, call for help!—Oh, Heaven,  
too much.

*C. Bald.* Oh, thou most injur'd innocence! Yet live,  
Live but to witness for me to the world,  
How much I do repent me of the wrongs,  
Th' unnatural wrongs, which I have heap'd on thee,  
And have pull'd down this judgment on us all.

*Vil.* Oh, speak, speak but a word of comfort to me!

*C. Bald.* If the most tender father's care and love  
Of thee, and thy poor child, can make men—  
Oh, yet look up and live!

*Ija.* Where is that little wretch? [They raise her.  
I die in peace, to leave him to your care.  
I have a wretched mother's legacy,  
A dying kiss—pray let me give it him,  
My blessing; that, that's all I have to leave thee.  
Oh, may thy father's virtues live in thee,  
And all his wrongs be buried in my grave! [Diss.

*Vil.* She's gone, and all my joy of life with her.  
Where are your officers of justice now?  
Seize, bind me, drag me to the bloody bar.  
Accuse, condemn me; all the sentence reach  
My hated life—No matter how it comes.  
I'll think it just, and thank you as it falls.  
Self-murder is deny'd me; else, how soon  
Could I be past the pain of my remembrance?  
But I must live, grow grey with my own grief,  
To die at last in telling this sad tale.

*C. Bald.* Poor wretched orphan of most wretched  
parents!

• 'Scap-

"Scolding the storm, thou'rt thrown upon a rock,  
 'To melt the stone.' The very rocks would melt,  
 Should thou be sure, to foster thee;  
 And in my breast: my flinty heart,  
 That barren rock, on which thy father star'd,  
 Sent its springs of nourishment to thee.  
 There's not a drop of milk for thee.  
 No, nor a drop of milk for Biron's fault,  
 No, nor a drop of milk for this had not been '

To some compassion due;  
 But still, I'll leave you on their crimes pursue,  
 And leave you to your fate, as I have done for you.  
 And leave you to your fate, as I have done for you.  
 And leave you to your fate, as I have done for you.

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